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TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

WHAT THE *VESTRIS* TRAGEDY TEACHES

NEED THE TRAGIC STORY of the *Vestris* have been written? The question is asked on every hand by editors pondering over the mass of conflicting testimony being brought up day by day at the inquiries in New York City. As surviving passengers, officers, members of the crew, inspectors ashore, retell their stories, the horror grows. For instance, in spite of all that is known, the narrative of the Chief Officer of the *Vestris* startled and shocked spectators at the United States Government inquiry, as, in the words of the New York *Times*, he drew a picture of the wreck which “flattered neither himself nor the rest of the officers, including the dead skipper, nor the ship itself; it was the picture of a ship with some mysterious weakness fighting an unknown danger, of fatal delay in calling for help, and of equally fatal blunders, confusion, and lack of discipline in the emergency of abandoning ship and taking to the life-boats.” The Lamport & Holt liner, *Vestris*, it will be remembered, bound from New York to South American ports, sank off the coast of Virginia on November 12. Altho the ship had been listing badly for hours and had been leaking at coal ports and elsewhere until the incoming water was past control, Captain Carey, a veteran, experienced officer, for some unaccountable reason delayed sending out an S O S signal until it was too late for rescue ships to reach the *Vestris* before she sank. Out of the company of 326 on board the *Vestris*, 113 perished, including the Captain, who went down with his ship. Many drowned when leaky life-boats sank, and two life-boats loaded with women and children could not be cast loose, and were dragged down with the ship. Only a few women and no children survived, and more of the crew than passengers were saved. Survivors' stories of the sinking of the ship and their own rescue are reprinted in the illustrated article beginning on page 34.

A GOLDEN-RULE OPPORTUNITY

HUNDREDS of thousands of our readers have given generous support, during recent years, to the splendid work of the Near East Relief in the rescue and care of many thousands of motherless and fatherless children.

Golden Rule Sunday, December 2, this year is to be the occasion of a special nation-wide effort to bring this beautiful work to a successful termination. LITERARY DIGEST readers will be glad and thankful to have a final part in a service which appeals to every heart, and which has been so richly blest by God.

The opportunity will come to you in your own church, in your own community, during Golden Rule Week in December. So give with a zest, and give your best, and the best will come home to you.

“When in a great modern harbor people go aboard of a good-sized steel ship of an old and well-known line, they have every right to assume that it will not founder under mere stress of not unusual weather in open sea,” bluntly declares the New York *World*. But at any rate, it insists, just what happened to the *Vestris* need never happen again—“the dead of the *Vestris* make mute appeal that their lives may not wholly in vain have been snuffed out in the great disaster.” While the death of 113 persons on the *Vestris* is numerically a smaller loss than that of 1,595 on the *Titanic*, the newspapers perceive a definite likeness between the two catastrophes. As the Washington *Star* notes, “both were avoidable, and in both there was evident mismanagement after the fact to cause increase in the casualties.” In both radio played an important part in summoning aid and preventing still heavier loss of life. And it is now evident that the loss of the *Vestris*, like that of the *Titanic*, will be followed by a series of official inquiries. That these investigations be thorough is the unanimous desire of the press. In this way, we are told, the *Vestris* disaster can be made an object lesson to prevent the recurrence of such a catastrophe. The New York *American* insists that “there must be additional safeguards thrown around American citizens who sail the seas.” Two inquiries have been started in New York, and others may follow. The British Board of Trade will make its own searching investigation. Senator Robert F. Wagner, of New York, urges a United States Senate inquiry to consider primarily four main issues:

> “What is the truth about the *Vestris?* That would be the first. This is no private matter between a steamship company and its passengers, and the public is entitled to all the facts.
>
> “The second would be: Are the laws which are supposed to guarantee safety adequate? The third: Is there proper enforcement machinery? And the fourth: Are the agencies of enforcement operating properly?
>
> “It is tragic that human life has to be lost before we learn how to save it. The Triangle factory fire taught us how to keep a thing like that from ever occurring again. The *Titanic* drove home to us certain lessons, and led to some very salutary legislation. But the *Vestris* raises the question of whether we have forgotten the *Titanic* disaster.”

Representatives of the British and American governments are planning to meet to frame regulations which will make steamship inspection more rigid, we read in a New York *American* dispatch from Washington. The sinking of the *Vestris* at this time, say several newspapers, has given extraordinary impetus to the International Conference for the Safety of Life at Sea scheduled to meet in London next spring, as the successor of a similar conference held in 1914 largely as a result of the *Titanic* disaster. A Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* learns that—

> “British shipping interests are anxious that too many restrictions shall not be placed on commercial shipping in the zeal to emphasize safety of passengers. This point makes it certain that the economic side of the question must be studied.
>
> “American experts in their preparation for the conference have

devoted special study to six main subjects which they will stress at the Safety for Life at Sea conference. These are the construction of ships now regarded as the most important because of the location of sea scuttles, bilge valves, bulkheads, and other apparatus which the *Vestris* disaster has brought to public attention; life-saving appliances, wireless telegraphy, fire-extinguishers aboard ships, collision regulations, and ice patrol."

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JUST BEFORE THE *VESTRIS* SANK

From a last-minute snapshot, showing the slanting deck and the final frenzied rush to the remaining life-boats, or to the plunge into the waters of the Atlantic.

The *Vestris* disaster, declares the New York *Telegram*, is not just a horror to get wildly excited about for a time and then to forget. "Sea hazards can be reduced"; "modern science tames other elements; it can conquer the sea." Continues this Scripps-Howard paper:

> "The first problem here is a matter of science and invention. The second is a matter of laws and regulations. The third is the problem of enforcement, that the purpose of safety inventions and laws shall not be destroyed by carelessness of crews nor by the owners' itch for greater profits."

"There has not been a major disaster at sea in the last fifty years that was not due to the rapacity and greed of the ship owners." The statement is made by an experienced officer in the mercantile marine and reported by Charles Johnson Post, writer, investigator, and marine expert, in *The Telegram*. Mr. Post insists that the same opinion is held by all the other men of the sea whom he has consulted. This writer is convinced that

> "There was not the slightest excuse from an engineering point of view for the *Vestris* sinking at all had she been properly constructed in the light of modern safe principles, or had she been reconditioned in accordance therewith.
>
> "The sinking of a ship to-day is not a matter of seamanship; it is a matter of ship design. The unsinkable commercially practical ship is here, and perfectly available to any shipowner. But not at the price of a sinkable ship.
>
> "We accept the shipowners' word that ships must sink—the hazard of the sea, you know!—and shut our eyes to the fact that ships, commercial vessels, can be and have been designed and built that are under any conceivable hazard of the sea unsinkable. And, as in the dramatic case of the *Malolo*, have been proven so.
>
> "It is a fact that, with present-day engineering skill in design, ships can be built, and have been built, that are commercial vessels for cargo and passengers, that are unsinkable in any of the normal hazards of the sea.
>
> "They cost more than those that only narrowly comply with the strict legal requirements. No thrift of owners should prevent the requirement that only such vessels as these of modern safety be permitted to engage in passenger service, and that vessels of lesser stability and floatability in the event of damage be prohibited from such service unless and until reconditioned to meet these modern standards."

And "there is no more excuse for leaky life-boats, in these days of metal," continues Mr. Post, "than there is for a sinkable ship like the *Vestris* that foundered in its own officially reported 'moderate gale.'"

"The margin of safety allowed in the construction of the *Vestris* was as slim as it could possibly be, and there are plenty of other ships sailing the seas to-day that are just like her." So N. J. Brazell, naval architect and marine engineer, is quoted by Talcott Powell, another New York *Telegram* writer.

Competent shipping circles in London, according to Constantine Brown, Chicago *Daily News* correspondent, "are inclined to believe that responsible New York port authorities have been treating lightly the question of the seaworthiness of the ship and the efficiency of the life-saving apparatus; the *Vestris* was 'good enough for the South American trade,' according to statements heard here." Without being so emphatic as some of the writers just quoted, the New York *Journal of Commerce* believes that:

> "What can be said is that steamship companies carrying passengers, with but few exceptions, have been inclined of late years to 'let down' in the care for safety and in the precautions against accident which were so greatly emphasized at the close of the war and for some time thereafter. Boat drills, explanations to passengers as to the use of life-saving equipment, and other matters of the same sort have quite obviously been allowed to sink into comparative neglect, and on not a few lines are entirely omitted. Resistance and opposition on the part of passengers is no doubt responsible for a good deal of this inclination to become careless. There is probably more attention to the maintenance of boats in satisfactory and available condition than there was before the war, but it may well be questioned whether the amount of attention to these details is what it should be.
>
> "After each great accident or disaster at sea public attention is recalled to precautions that have been allowed to become disused. Constant vigilance is the price of safety, and when accidents have been avoided for a long period such vigilance becomes relaxed. Responsibility for this condition is partly that of the public authorities charged with the function of inspection and partly that of steamship companies."

After hearing all sides of the case in thorough investigations, says the New York *Evening Post*, "we must turn our best technical brains toward devising life-saving apparatus to meet the problems raised anew by the sinking of the *Vestris*":

"There is the old problem of the life-boat that can not be used at the only moment for which it is designed to be of use. Can not something be done to make sure and safe the launching of these boats? Experts told us that nothing could be done to save lives in an injured submarine on the ocean floor; yet so great was the public outcry over the deaths in the *S-4* that our naval technicians invented this marvelous new 'bell' method by which a human being can come to the surface from a depth of 100 feet.

"Modern ship engineers may bring to an old problem a new eye trained in the marvelous mechanical developments. No one can say to-day that any problem of mechanics, whether on land or sea or in the air, must be set down as unsolvable."

Unfortunately, too little attention is given to life-boats, thinks the Troy *Record:*

"Before every voyage of a steamer the life-saving equipment should be thoroughly tested as well as inspected. These little boats covered up in their positions might appear serviceable, but be defective through disuse. There should be no doubt about the smooth working of the mechanism that lowers or launches them, and above all the men who would have to operate them in emergencies should be drilled into the highest standard of efficiency."

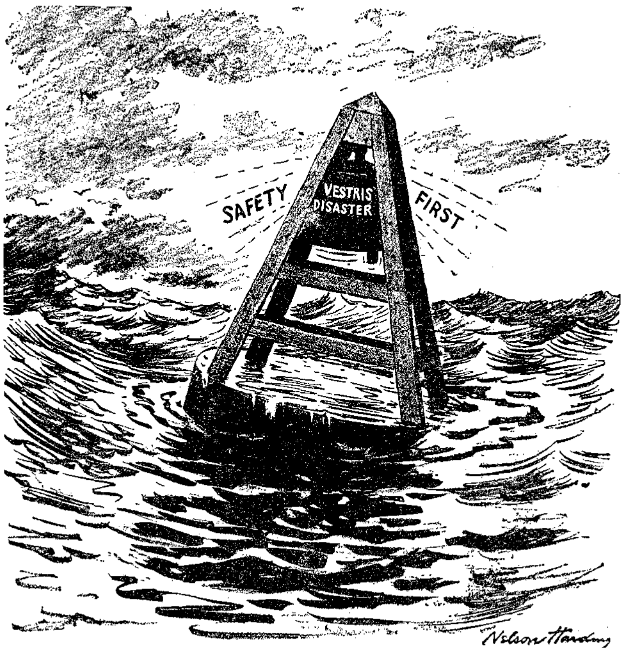
The need of compulsory life-boat drills is insisted on by the Philadelphia *Inquirer:*

"It is within the power of the United States Government to require that every ship carrying passengers out of an American port, no matter what her nationality, shall conduct a thorough life-boat drill for crew and passengers once during each voyage, shall regularly launch her life-boats so as to keep them from drying out and opening their seams, and shall lower and raise the boats in their falls at least once during every round trip to make certain that they are efficient and that the crew is trained in their use.

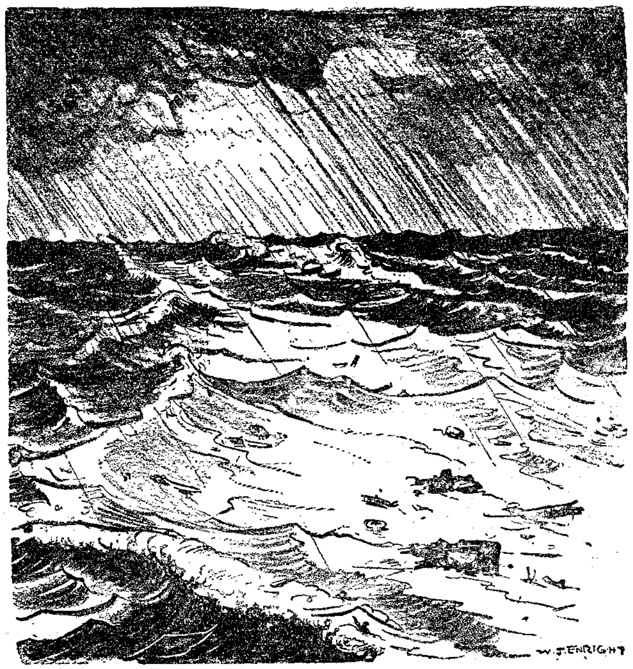
"Any ship which fails to show such performance entries in her log could be refused the right to embark passengers at any port under the jurisdiction of the United States. It is fairly certain that no legislation by Congress would be needed to carry out such a requirement, but in any event it is only a few weeks until such a proper bill could be presented and enacted.

"This is no drastic suggestion. Many of the transatlantic steamship lines voluntarily carry out every one of these operations at the present time, and they regularly lower and float the life-boats from the side away from the pier to which they are moored while in port. Davits and falls are overhauled regularly, painting and scraping and repair work go on seemingly without a halt during the voyages, passengers are called together and assigned to life-boat stations and instructed in what they should provide and what they should do in case of emergency.

"Contrast this practise with that which condemned men, women, and children by the score to death in the *Vestris* disaster. There was neither order nor efficiency in the loading and lowering of the boats, the members of the crew assigned to them did not know where to find the stored supplies or equipment, and there were no boat officers. British seamen, famed for centuries for their efficiency, must writhe in anguish at the picture which has been drawn of their craft by the appalling chaos aboard the *Vestris*. But she was not alone. There are others, and the men who go down to the sea in ships have no need to hunt for them. They're known the seven seas over, and spoken of in scornful whispers that seldom reach the ears of passengers."



WARNING TO MARINERS
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*



PASSED AS SEAWORTHY
—Enright in the New York *World.*

There has been much talk about "deterioration in sea personnel and the era of incompetence in the handling of ships," but regardless of charges and denials, says Harvey Anderson of the Consolidated Press, writing on the *Vestris* tragedy—

"There is an admission that there is to-day more hurried and scrambled assembling of ships' crews, more use of untrained personnel, and more complete changes between voyages than ever in the past. In the old crimping days they picked up able seamen. But black stoker gangs, oilers, stewards, pantrymen and other members of the crew are picked up in many instances wherever possible, out of a city's dregs, if necessary. Many of the coastwise black gangs are capable of polishing brass, but unstable and untrained in emergencies."

Some have little hope that the *Vestris* tragedy will really teach us anything, says the Boston *Post:*

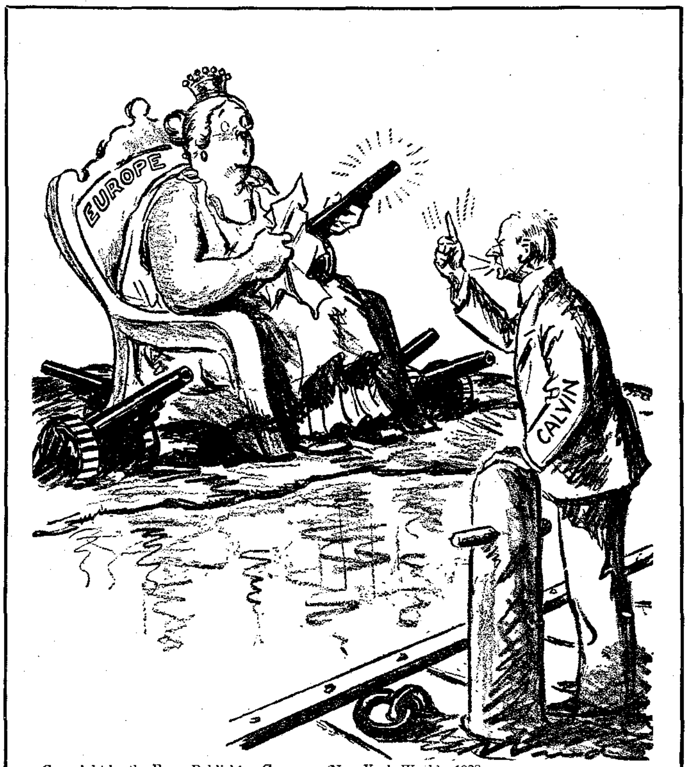
"We have learned nothing from a long succession of disasters. We shall probably learn nothing from this new tragedy of the sea. There will be talk of investigation, there will be solemn pronouncements from Washington that such things must never be allowed to happen again, there will be assurances that our Government will take additional precautions in regard to coastwise ships over which it has authority (it had virtually none over the *Vestris*), but in the end things will go on as before."

Moreover, the South Bend *Tribune* declares, little, if anything, is being done to prevent automobile accidents, which have taken a toll of 18,200 lives in the first nine months of this year:

"To-day, to-morrow, the next day the slaughter continues. Probably 5 per cent. of the fatal accidents are unavoidable. It is a national disgrace."

COOLIDGE'S "CALL DOWN" TO EUROPE

PAIN AND SURPRIZE seem to predominate in Europe's reaction to the straight-from-the-shoulder language of President Coolidge's Armistice Day address, in which he struck back at foreign critics of Uncle Sam, served notice that "we do not wish to finance [European] preparations for a future war," and remarked pointedly in regard to the Washington Conference for naval limitation: "It no doubt has some significance that foreign governments made agreements limiting that class of combat vessels in which we were superior, but refused limitation in the class in which they were superior." Mr. Coolidge also stated that our contribution to the cost of the World War will probably "run well toward $100,000,000,000"; he called attention to the fact that Great Britain, at the completion of her present naval-building program, "would have sixty-eight cruisers," while "when ours is carried out, we would have forty"; and he declared: "It is obvious that eliminating all competition, world standards of defense require us to have more cruisers." Moreover: "Having few fueling stations, we require ships of large tonnage, and having scarcely any merchant vessels capable of mounting five- or six-inch guns, it is obvious that, based on needs, we are entitled to a larger number of war-ships than a nation having these advantages." And on the subject of further financial aid, he said: "Europe on the whole has arrived at a state of financial stability and prosperity where it can not be said we are called on to help or act much beyond a strict business basis." More extensive quotations from the President's address will be found at the end of this article.



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FOUND HIS VOICE!

—Weed in the New York *Evening World.*

These blunt statements, while addrest to an American Legion audience in Washington, were obviously intended for the enlightenment of certain nations across the Atlantic, especially Great Britain and France, where they certainly did not fall upon deaf ears. "A few well-chosen words from 'Silent Cal' apparently have knocked Europe speechless," remarks Gene Morgan in the Chicago *Daily News;* and the Detroit *Free Press,* noting that "Europe is deeply hurt that President Coolidge, in his Armistice Day speech, went American," sees in this "merely a confirmation of the idea that nothing hurts like the truth."

Altho the President's purpose was admittedly to advance world peace and disarmament, many of his critics insist that the actual effect of his speech has been to retard and imperil the cause he would serve. Thus in Rome *L'Avoro d'Italia* predicts that his words, "inspired more by the dark atmosphere of the Anglo-French naval agreement than by the iridescent fog of the Kellogg Treaty," make virtually inevitable a naval armament race between England and America. Says this Italian paper:

> "Things have reached such a point that open rivalry between America and England culminating in an armaments race can not be avoided except by one or the other giving up her imperial program. Such a hypothesis is absurd with Hoover as President. It is equally absurd for England, with a three-century tradition of naval hegemony. In fact, Coolidge's statement has attained the miracle of achieving England's national unity, the general outcry being joined even by the Liberals and Laborites, who have been the sharpest critics of the Government's foreign policy."

In London, according to a dispatch from Raymond Gram Swing to the New York *Evening Post,* the President's speech is interpreted as settling four specific points regarding the future policy of America toward Europe. These, we are told, are:

> "The American cruiser program will be carried out.
>
> "Washington still hopes for the limitation of armaments through the work of the Preparatory Commission at Geneva.
>
> "America will be more cautious in lending to Europe than heretofore.
>
> "The United States will be guided by business principles rather than motives of national generosity and, therefore, there will be no relief from the war debts."

"Intensely bitter" is the phrase used by John L. Balderston, in a London dispatch to the New York *World,* in characterizing the British comment on the Coolidge speech even in "most responsible quarters"; and this correspondent fears that we are facing "a dangerous era in Anglo-American relations." "I am frankly alarmed over our relations with America," declares David Lloyd George, who is further quoted by the New York *Times* as saying:

> "It is no use outlawing war when we are building cruisers, heavy guns, and bombing machines, and turning out the most poisonous gases. All Europe is engaged in it, and even President Coolidge is joining in.
>
> "So long as we go on with huge armaments in the face of our pledged word, the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Locarno Treaty, and the Kellogg pact are mockeries."

Two days after the delivery of the President's speech, the London correspondents report, something like an anti-Coolidge demonstration started among the Tory benches of the British Parliament. Especially bitter are the comments of some of the London weeklies. Thus *The New Statesman,* in an editorial entitled: "Pecksniffian Guff," says of President Coolidge:

> "After years of sonorous silence, only punctuated now and then by the utterance of some discreet inanity, he suddenly delivered a sort of dying kick with a viciousness of which few people on this side of the Atlantic would have supposed him capable. His Armistice Day speech was in effect a denunciation of Europe and all its works from the standpoint of a 100 per cent. New England backwoodsman."

"It may be regretted that on this particular day President Coolidge should have clothed himself so ostentatiously in the spotless toga of American virtue," remarks the London *Nation.* Other British observers find fault with the tone and manner rather than with the substance of the President's speech. Says C. P. Scott, octogenarian editor of the Manchester *Guardian,* in a dispatch to the New York *World:*

"Mr. Coolidge, while advocating disarmament in principle, uses exactly the same arguments in favor of armaments as those European countries whose frontiers are exposed to mutual invasion, and whose very existence can be menaced by blockades.

"Nevertheless, much of what he says about the Old World is unfortunately true. His implied charge that Europe shows excessive concern about military preparations can not be refuted.

"The hint given by Mr. Coolidge when he says, 'We do not wish to finance preparations for a future war,' deserve to be taken very seriously by all Europe. His implied criticism of the Anglo-French naval compromise is, unhappily, not undeserved.

"It is, nevertheless, regrettable that the United States should be moving away from Europe."

And *The World* publishes the following interesting communication from Maj. John Evelyn Wrench, editor of the London *Spectator:*

"England is determined that, whatever happens, there shall be no armaments race with the United States. From our point of view, America is perfectly entitled to build 1,000 cruisers, if she likes to do so. There is not an Englishman with an ounce of common sense who will have a sleepless night if America decides to do so.

"At the same time, I . . . am afraid British American naval relations have got into rather a tangle. I think we must start from zero. I would like to see a round-table conference at which half a dozen American and half a dozen Englishmen sat down to discuss the whole problem, including such matters as freedom of the sea and blockades."

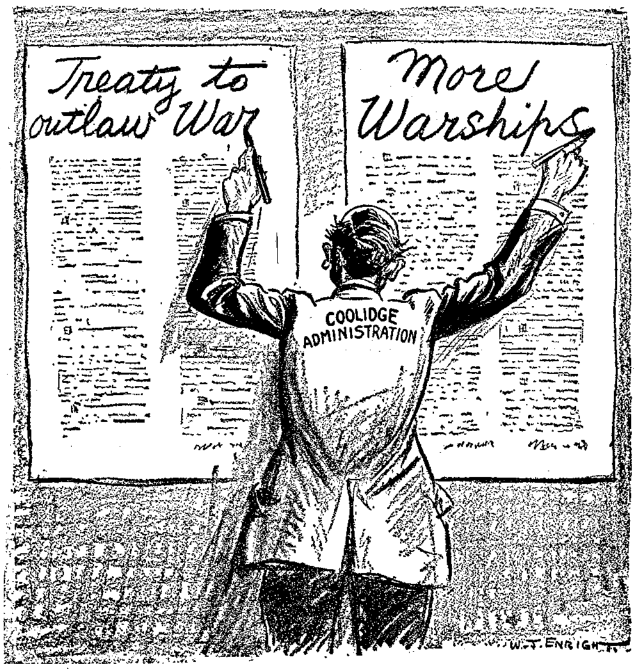
Premier Baldwin himself, in the House of Commons, uttered a plea for better understanding between Europe and America, and suggested meetings between European and American statesmen as a means of bringing about an understanding.

President Coolidge's statement of the relative strength of Great Britain and the United States in cruisers is challenged by the London *Daily Telegraph* in the following editorial comment:

"Mr. Coolidge quoted comparative figures of British and American naval strength which create an erroneous impression. He said when the present programs are completed, Great Britain will have 68 cruisers to America's 40. Yet the British Navy list shows the British total of 68 includes some 40 small cruisers which can be used only in the North Sea and are useless for ocean work, and other ships which are almost obsolete.

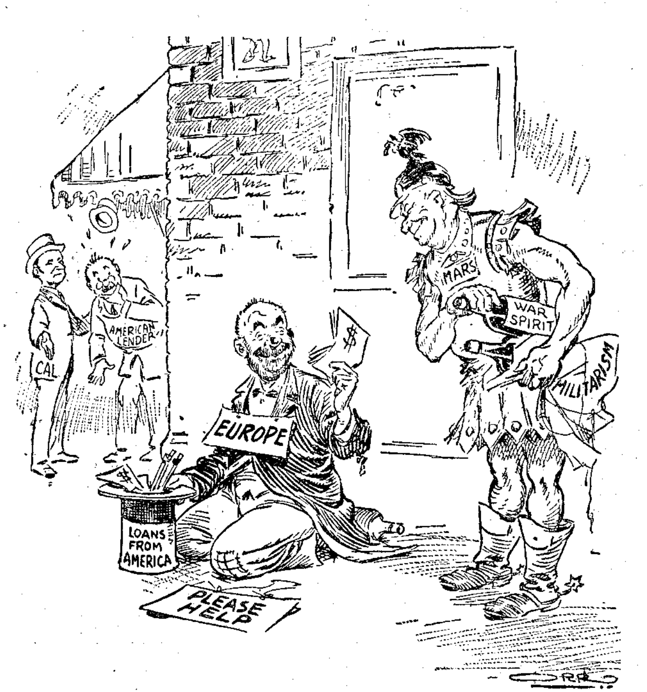
"It may also be noted that in big cruisers built, building or projected, Great Britain has 26—of pre-war design—against America's 33, all post-war types. Moreover, America's program of capital ships will, when completed, give her a definite superiority in large craft, which she already possesses in respect to destroyers, submarines, and aircraft.

"These facts make it difficult to understand how President Coolidge can suppose Great Britain is seeking to compete with America in naval armaments."



AMBIDEXTROUS

—Enright in the New York *World.*



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SPENDING IT ON THE BOOTLEGGER

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune.*

Tables issued by the Navy League of the United States show that we have no modern cruisers of 10,000 tons completed, but eight "building, or authorized and appropriated for," while Great Britain has seven modern 10,000-ton cruisers completed, and six "building, or authorized and appropriated for."

In France the interest aroused by President Coolidge's address is scarcely less than in England. In the opinion of the Paris *Soir,* "Mr. Coolidge's speech has one clear meaning: he is going to ask Congress to carry out his naval program." Says Edwin L. James in a Paris dispatch to the New York *Times:*

"There is no particular objection on this side of the Atlantic to the President of the United States making a nationalistic speech if he feels like it, for after all Europe has always thought America rather nationalistic, despite former governmental protestations of altruism. But two matters Europe singles out are, first, the President's statement about what America did or did not get out of the World War, and second, his declarations about disarmament.

"It must be borne in mind that the average European has not studied the speech closely. He has made up his mind about it largely from excerpts and general interpretations given by the editors of his newspapers.

"There is practically no one in Europe willing to admit that America did not gain from the war. It is argued over here that 'the war left America richer and Europe poorer.' There is no direct criticism of the United States for that, but what Europe can not forgive is the way President Coolidge talked about it.

"On disarmament, resentment is more real. As the average European understands the Coolidge speech, the American President said America needed more ships for self-defense, but in hinting the need of disarmament elsewhere he seemed to say that other folks wanted armaments for other purposes. This does not go down well."

"This speech seems to do three things," says Paul Scott Mowrer in a Paris dispatch to the Chicago *Daily News.* And he goes on to explain:

> "It reopens a brisk polemic with Europe regarding misunderstandings between the two continents. It clarifies and emphasizes the new international situation and the foreign policies of the United States. And finally it hints, somewhat enigmatically, at the terms on which the United States would be ready to compromise with Europe in some kind of new financial settlement."

"More cruisers for our national defense, more reciprocity in the mutuality of duty between Europe and the United States, and less American money poured into European countries under present conditions"—these, as the Washington *Post* notes, are the outstanding features of President Coolidge's Armistice Day address. The President said in part:

> "It is sometimes represented that this country made a profit out of the war. Nothing could be further from the truth. With what has been paid out and what is already apparent it is probable that our final cost will run well toward $100,000,000,000, of half the entire wealth of the country when we entered the conflict.
>
> "Such benefits as came to our country from our war experience were not represented by material values, but by spiritual values.
>
> "In common with most of the great Powers we are paying the cost of that terrible tragedy. The whole essence of war is destruction. It is the negation and the antithesis of human progress. No good thing ever came out of war that could not better have been secured by reason and conscience."

For purely defensive purposes our Army is adequate but, "when we turn to the sea, the situation is different":

> "We have not only a long coast line, distant outlying possessions, a foreign commerce unsurpassed in importance, and foreign investments unsurpassed in amount, the number of our people and value of our treasure to be protected, but we are also bound by international treaty to defend the Panama Canal. Having few fueling stations, we require ships of large tonnage, and having scarcely any merchant vessels capable of mounting five- or six-inch guns, it is obvious that, based on needs, we are entitled to a larger number of war-ships than a nation having these advantages."

Turning naturally to naval limitation, the President notes that the Washington Conference put no limit on the number of cruisers, lesser craft, and submarines. He continues:

> "It no doubt has some significance that foreign governments made agreements limiting that class of combat vessels in which we were superior, but refused limitation in the class in which they were superior. At that time we had twenty-three cruisers and ten more nearly completed. One of these has since been lost, and twenty-two are nearly obsolete. To replace these we have started building eight. The British have since begun and completed seven, are building eight, and have five more authorized. When their present legislation is carried out, they would have sixty-eight cruisers. When ours is carried out, we would have forty. It is obvious that, eliminating all competition, world standards of defense require us to have more cruisers."

Attention is called to the failure of recent moves for naval limitation and then to what has been done to secure the peace of the world "by another method": "Representatives of fifteen Powers have met in Paris and signed a treaty which condemns recourse to war, renounces it as a national policy, and pledges themselves not to seek to resolve their differences except by peaceful action without recourse to force."

The attitude of the United States toward European nations is described by President Coolidge as "one of patience, consideration, restraint, and assistance":

> "We have heard an impressive amount of discussion concerning our duty to Europe. We do have such duties. We have acknowledged them and tried to meet them. They are not all on one side, however. They are mutual.
>
> "Immediately following the war we went to the rescue of friend and foe alike in Europe, on the grounds of humanity. Later our experts joined with their experts in making a temporary adjustment of German reparations and securing the evacuation of the Ruhr. Our people lent $110,000,000 to Germany to put that plan into immediate effect. Since 1924 Germany has paid on reparations about $1,300,000,000, and our people have lent to national, State and municipal governments, and to corporations in Germany, a little over $1,100,000,000. We also lent large sums to the governments and corporations in other countries to aid in their financial rehabilitation.
>
> "Both [England and France] are making very large outlays for military purposes. Europe on the whole has arrived at a state of financial stability and prosperity where it can not be said we are called on to help or act much beyond a strict business basis. The needs of our own people require that any further advances by us must have most careful consideration.
>
> "If we could secure a more complete reciprocity in good-will, the final liquidation of the balance of our foreign debts, and such further limitation of armaments as would be commensurate with the treaty renouncing war, our confidence in the effectiveness of any additional efforts on our part to assist in the further progress of Europe would be greatly increased."

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

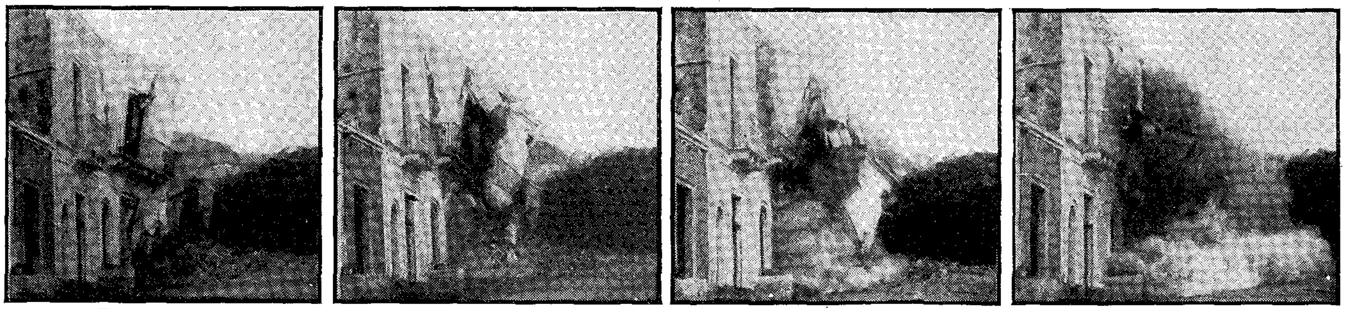
Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. Where was the *Vestris* built? (p. 40).
2. How many stations broadcast Al Smith's acceptance speech? (p. 13).
3. What was John Bunyan's trade? (p. 30).
4. Who is the Duke of Gloucester? (p. 16).
5. What is the Neanderthal man? (p. 20).
6. Under what circumstances is it traditional that a sea captain should go down with his ship? (p. 34).
7. What science is taught by road-signs in Oklahoma? (p. 22).
8. Why does Viscount Ennismore choose to be known as "Mr. Hare"? (p. 18).
9. What plant deposits its seed with a "ratchet-brace-and-bit"? (p. 21).
10. What company is selling a subsidiary concern to its employees? (p. 14).
11. What State, by vote of the people, has lifted the ban against Sunday sports? (p. 29).
12. What British colony is more than twice as large in area as the British Isles? (p. 16).
13. Where is a pagan community to be found in the United States? (p. 59).
14. How old a man was Captain Carey of the *Vestris?* (p. 34).
15. What service did the *Vestris* render the Allied cause during the war? (p. 40).
16. What epithet did Carlyle apply to Robespierre? (p. 26).
17. In what three States is the teaching of the theory of evolution in tax-supported schools banned by law? (p. 28).
18. Name the latest maritime radio operator to win posthumous fame. (p. 56).
19. What advantage has the Christmas campaign over the political? (p. 15).
20. What two famous motor-racers were lost in the *Vestris* disaster? (p. 58).
21. Where does M. N. Roy, an Indian Communist, live? (p. 19).
22. How would you journey to Lac Vieux Desert? (p. 59).
23. What does "VA" mean in radio shorthand? (pp. 56 and 57).
24. What New York family name is said to have hereditary social prestige comparable to that of Britain's royal family? (p. 18).
25. Who are the East African natives described by Cecil Rhodes as "these poor children"? (p. 17).

MOUNT ETNA'S RIVERS OF MOLTEN LAVA

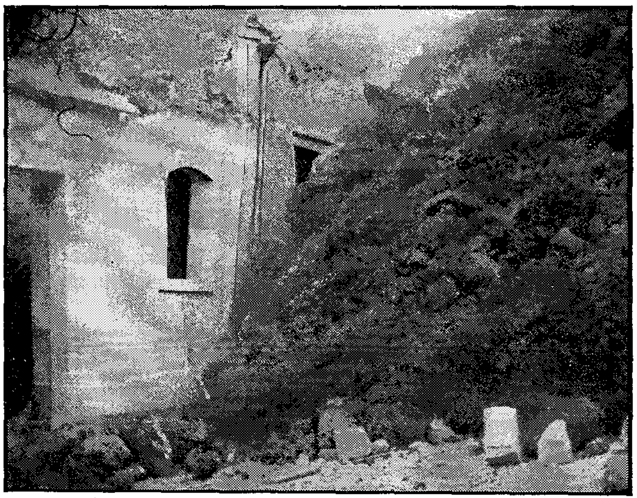
International Newsreel photograph

MOUNT ETNA SENDING FORTH ITS LAVA STREAMS, WHICH ENGULFED SICILIAN CITIES AND SWEPT ON TO THE SEA



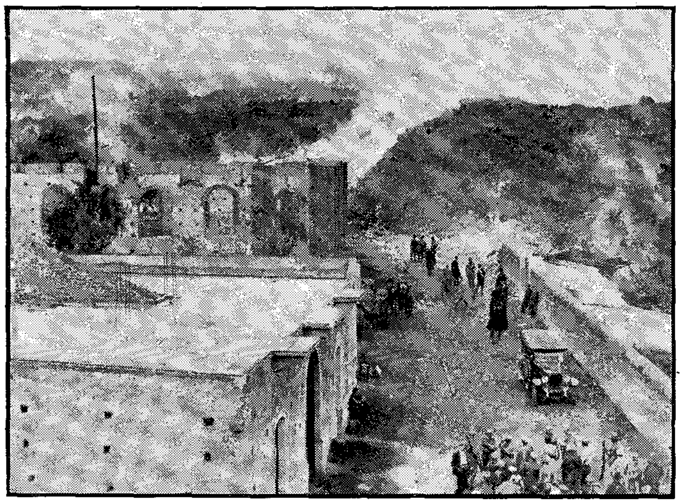
By courtesy of The Associated Press—Paramount News

THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF A HOUSE IN MASCALI, A CITY OF 10,000 PEOPLE, WHICH WAS DESTROYED



By courtesy of The Associated Press—Paramount News

A STREAM OF LAVA ABOUT TO ENGULF A HOUSE



P. & A. photograph

GIANT WAVES CREEPING DOWN UPON A CITY

ONE OF MT. ETNA'S worst eruptions began the first week in November, sending down rivers of fuming, semiliquid volcanic matter that left several thriving Sicilian cities virtually buried. Stone houses, bridges, railway stations, and the railway tracks themselves were covered by streams of molten lava. To quote from the dispatches of Arnaldo Cortesi, Rome correspondent of the New York *Times:* "Mt. Etna has laid fiery hands on Mascali and Annunziata, destroying them both almost completely. It is now sending a stream of fiery liquid toward Giarre, a city of 25,000. These molten rivers are cutting communications, isolating the whole zone from the outside world, and snapping power lines, plunging the entire region in darkness. They are also cutting off the water supply from these cities. Slowly but inexorably the lava advances. One house after another yields to its terrific thrust. The air in the town [of Mascali] is as hot as a furnace. . . ." The next day Mr. Cortesi wrote: "Where Mascali, a city of 10,000 people, flourished yesterday, there is to-day a molten waste. Only a few heaps of charred wreckage remain. High up on the slope the cemetery, untouched, its marble tombstones showing white through the cinder-laden air, seems to be mourning the death that has overtaken the city below. The belfry of Mascali's main church was the last thing to be submerged in a river of fire. Just before it disappeared it rocked with the lava's mighty force, and its bells rang out mournfully, tolling without a bell-man a death-knell for this Sicilian town."

EYES OF BUSINESS ON SOUTH AMERICA

THE EYES OF THE WORLD, RIGHT NOW, and particularly the eyes of business men, are on President-elect Hoover and his pilgrimage of good-will to the vast domain below the Rio Grande. Moreover, as the tour continues, the American business man is beginning to recognize, more than he ever did before, how necessary is the first-hand knowledge and understanding of South American questions which Mr. Hoover is adding to his store. Here is a potential market, declares the New York *Evening Post*, of far greater importance to the United States than our present trade with the twenty republics to the southward would seem to indicate. "No other part of the world," it adds, "offers such opportunities for the exporter."

While it is perfectly natural that the business man should see the visit of the President-elect from the purely material point of view, that, observes Mark Sullivan, Washington correspondent, "is far short of the true spirit of the journey. The emphasis on trade arises chiefly from the fact that Mr. Hoover recently held the position of Secretary of Commerce." Continues Mr. Sullivan in a dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"It is a fact that American exports to the South are destined to increase. Already there is formally under way a project of road-building all over South America which, if carried out, will result, among other things, in an unbroken automobile highway from Boston or any point in the United States all the way to the southernmost cities of South America.

"What this road building will mean in exports of American automobiles, to name only one commodity, goes without saying.

"Mr. Hoover, as the most important individual in the United States, will become acquainted with Latin America by direct contact. South America will become acquainted with him."

The business aspect, indeed, looms large in many articles on the Hoover pilgrimage. True, the President-elect will be confronted with international problems of wide variety and great complexity, but beyond the fact that mutual understanding and good-will should greatly facilitate our diplomatic negotiations with our southern neighbors, "there is also the important one of international trade," notes *The Manufacturers Record.* "Our exports to Latin America," says this authority, "are made up largely of machinery in wide variety, typewriters, motor-trucks, buses and passenger automobiles, tires and accessories, electrical machinery and apparatus, cotton goods, boots and shoes, lard, flour, and a variety of other material. From Latin America we take in turn hides, furs, wool, crude petroleum, coffee, bananas, coco beans, nitrates, copper, manganese ore, crude rubber, flaxseed, and a few chemicals." As John Walker Harrington, in a New York *Herald Tribune* article, explains:

"Commercial and financial relations between Latin America and the United States have been increasing constantly since the beginning of the World War. In the last five years the gain has been so great that only business interests engaged in heavy export trade have sensed it. The Year Book of the Department of Commerce sets forth that, of all the large trade regions in the world, Latin America stands now only second to Europe as a market for the products of the United States. Latin America is third in supplying us with commodities, being surpassed only by Europe and Asia. Altho there was a slight drop in 1927, as compared with 1926, there are gains in 1928 which are most significant. They show that South American commerce with this country has been steadily increasing, while that with other important trade regions, such as Europe and the Orient, has been receding.

"South America, Central America, Mexico, and the West Indies form an area of at least 9,000,000 square miles. In many regions there is hardly more than one inhabitant to the square mile. Here are forests of fine woods, scarcely touched mineral riches, *pampas* where roam cattle by the million, fields of grain for the feeding of a world. In some of these southern republics the population could be increased tenfold without crowding."

According to the Chilean Ambassador at Washington, 39 per cent. of the total imports going into Latin America are purchased from the United States, as against a combined total of 31 per cent. from Great Britain, France, and Germany. We are Latin America's banker and chief customer, says the Philadelphia *Bulletin*. In fact, "the United States uniformly buys more from its sister republics to the south than it sells to them. From 1912 to 1927 the balance of trade in favor of Latin America totaled $4,000,000,000." Of our growing trade with South America the New York *Times* says editorially:

"Altho complete statistical information for last year is not yet available, reports for 1926 and preceding years clearly indicate the trend. Whereas in 1913 we furnished 16.2 per cent. of South America's imports, in 1926 our share was 29.1 per cent. Of South America's exports we took 17.1 per cent. in 1913, and 27.5 per cent. in 1926.

"Our share of the trade of the Central American countries is much greater, running from 50 per cent. to as high as 80 per cent. of their total imports and exports. This increase in our Latin-American trade has been accompanied by a great increase in the amount of American capital invested in Latin America. The sum total, including Cuba and Mexico, is now over $5,000,000,000.

"Intimately bound up with these changes in trade and investment is the fact that the United States has been undergoing a radical change in its relations with the world. Formerly an exporter of raw materials and foodstuffs and an importer of manufactured goods, the United States is now preponderantly an importer of raw materials of all sorts and an exporter of manufactured goods. As the raw materials and foodstuffs which we now need are to be found in large quantities in Latin America, it is only natural that our purchases there have been enlarged.

"We have become more of a competitor of Europe, both in the field of raw materials and in the markets for our finished products. Mr. Hoover is fully aware of these changes, and has frequently emphasized their importance. By his present voyage he will be able to supplement the ties which these commercial interests have created, and to understand better the aspirations and ideals of the various Latin-American nations."

According to *The Manufacturers Record:*

"Mr. Hoover is coming into office at the beginning of a period of far closer contact with those countries by air and radio than has been possible in the past. Except Canada, they are our nearest neighbors. In their youthfulness they are closely akin to us in spirit; and in their vast undeveloped territories they are now in the stage through which our Western States only recently passed. Their aggregate area is 2.6 times ours, while their total population of about 73,000,000 is only 61 per cent. of ours. The density of their population, 9.27 per square mile, is less than one-fourth of ours now, or about what we had in 1856 or 1857.

"Mr. Hoover's visit to Central and South America opens up vast possibilities. Commerce between southern ports and those of the countries to the south of us is now on a large scale, and growing. Florida has been for some years connected by rail and ferry with Cuba, and within a short time an overseas railway ferry service will begin operation between New Orleans and Havana. Communication by air is soon to be a reality when the air terminals now nearing completion at Miami will be operating, linking up Cuba, the service later to extend to other southern countries. With the building of contemplated highways, and with the establishment of airways leading through the Southern States to Central and South America, the whole South will secure further advantages in the increased trade with Latin America which is sure to follow."

The amount of American capital invested in Cuba, Mexico, Central, and South America has been given by *The Times;* in South America proper, we are told, the figures were, at the beginning of 1928 as compared with 1912:

	1928	*1912*
Argentina	$ 484,000,000	$ 45,000,000
Bolivia	110,000,000	10,000,000
Brazil	417,000,000	50,000,000
Chile	520,000,000	15,000,000
Colombia	211,000,000	2,000,000
Ecuador	30,000,000	10,000,000
Guianas	9,000,000	1,000,000
Paraguay	15,000,000	1,000,000
Peru	150,000,000	35,000,000
Uruguay	67,000,000	5,000,000
Venezuela	172,000,000	3,000,000
Total	$2,215,000,000	$177,000,000

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RADIO "DEBUNKING" THE CAMPAIGNS

THE "HELL-ROARING ORATORS have had their day," is the sage conclusion of a keen observer who has pondered all the bright and dark sides of the use of radio in the campaign, and contributes his findings to the New York *Times*. The radio "will debunk politics," Robert L. Duffus declares cheeringly—but adds, "as far as that is humanly possible." Another strong point brought out by several journalistic onlookers is that now the campaign speaker can no longer pretend to be misquoted in the newspapers, nor, as the Philadelphia *Record* notes, can he say one thing in the East and deny it in the West, "for the radio instantly exposes this sort of duplicity." Every slip in speech and every rough witticism of the front-row listeners is echoed through the vibrating ether from sea to sea, and from Canada to Mexico. Even the remarkable increase in registration is generally credited to the interest aroused among women voters by this new campaigning medium. As a result, say Washington dispatches, the recent election brought out a higher percentage of registered voters than usual, and increased the total vote by approximately 10,000,000 over the 1924 figures. In fact, observes the Buffalo *Courier-Express*, "when one sets out to measure the effect of radio broadcasting on the election, he is trying to measure something for which no measuring stick has yet been invented." This paper believes, however, that radio has brought to the American people "a greater knowledge of campaign issues." As the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* explains:

COST OF RADIO CAMPAIGN

(*From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch*)

Time used in nation-wide hook-ups, 50 hours to a side.

Stations broadcasting Smith's acceptance speech, 115, a record number.

Stations broadcasting Hoover's acceptance speech, 107.

Average price an hour, about $7,500.

Democratic appropriation for radio, $600,000; spent, nearly $650,000.

Republican appropriation for radio, $400,000; believed to have spent practically as much as the Democrats.

Total radio expenditures of both parties, including local spot broadcasting, estimated at $2,000,000.

Replies from listeners: Democratic, 250,000 letters, 10,000 telegrams, $600,000 in cash contributions. Republican, 100,000 letters and heavy contributions.

"Not only are the citizens of this day thoroughly conversant with the issues at stake, but they are more interested in the outcome of the election by contact over the air with the men seeking their votes. Radio, besides centering interest in the home and increasing the general culture and information of citizens, already has become a powerful factor in the advancement of representative government.

"When Andrew Jackson was the Democratic candidate a hundred years ago, he was forced to wait for weeks before he knew whether he or his opponent would be the next President of the United States. The situation to-day is quite different. When Hoover and Smith spoke in the 1928 campaign, audiences ran literally into the millions.

"The character of political campaigns in the United States was greatly changed by the telegraph and the telephone; it was revolutionized by the radio. Men and women of the country went to the polls with a better understanding of the personalities of the candidates and of the issues involved."

Eight years ago, reports David Lawrence in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Washington, there were about fifty people at the capital who had radio sets sufficiently accurate to capture the broadcasting by KDKA at Pittsburgh. In 1924 there was a small hook-up of a few stations, through WEAF, reaching a few millions. But this year, says Mr. Lawrence, at least 40,000,000 people were able to listen in on the candidates' speeches. The returns were broadcast to Germany, England, Australia, and other foreign countries. The next step in making political history, we are told, is television, through which the 1932 candidates may not only be heard, but seen, by the country at large.

Radio is also a great revealer of personal qualities and defects, points out the Brooklyn *Eagle*. And it adds: "Besides bowling over these twin obstacles—time and distance—radio has forced a revolution in the technique of political speaking; the old-fashioned orator is passé." According to one authority, radio has rendered the "front-porch" campaign and the "swing around the circle" obsolete.

Mr. Duffus, writing in the New York *Times*, maintains that "radio is the greatest debunking influence that has come into American public life since the Declaration of Independence":

"Four years ago the radio telephone was still a baby, and its political possibilities were only partly realized. Broadcasting was confined to the two national conventions and to a limited number of speeches by the Presidential candidates. The Democratic appropriation for the radio in that year was about $40,000, and that of the Republicans not much more—perhaps $50,000. It is safe to say that the total this year for the two major parties will exceed $2,000,000.

"Eight years from now the political as well as the mechanical aspects of the radio campaign of 1928 will doubtless seem primitive. The effects of the wireless upon politics can only be guessed at. It is impossible to doubt, however, that it will become the most important means of political propaganda, with the exception of the printed word; that it will bring a new intimacy and informality into political discussions. Incidentally, the radio shows no signs of being about to put the ink and paper factories out of business. The public seems to like to read in its newspapers in the morning the speeches it has already heard over the radio the night before."

Of course, point out a number of editorials, radio broadcasting over a big hook-up costs money. The rates of the National Broadcasting Company, with its network of forty-nine stations, according to a company official, are about $11,500 an hour, while the Columbia Broadcasting System, with its hook-up of nineteen stations, has a rate of about $4,000 an hour. Democratic campaign officials, however, are quoted as saying that the funds received from radio audiences more than paid for the party's broadcasting charges. Certainly, agree a number of dailies, we have had a most amazing campaign—thanks to the radio. As the Omaha *World-Herald* puts it:

"The radio has made our national politics national in fact, rather than provincial or sectional. The important speeches are heard in every section of the country at the same time, and by all classes of people. The point of delivery makes little difference. What is said to an audience in Omaha is heard in Boston, in San Francisco, and in millions of city, village, and rural homes all the way between. The speaker talks literally to the nation. He does not have to go to fifty or a hundred points to make the same speech over and over again. Nor can any candidate make a sectional appeal in one part of the country without its being heard instantly in every other section. He can not change the slant of his appeal when he penetrates another section. He must be consistent throughout, and national-minded.

"Why, under these circumstances, must we any longer undergo the quadrennial agony of four and five months' campaigns?

"Dr. Albert Shaw, of *The Review of Reviews*, says we need not. Our national conventions, he suggests, should be held in September, instead of June. After a few addresses by the candidates, on nation-wide hook-ups, and a few others by eminent leaders on both sides, the country will understand what the issues are, be educated as to the merits of the opposing sides, and be ready to vote.

"Dr. Shaw is right. A month with the radio is equal to six months of the old-fashioned campaigning. A six weeks' campaign, rather than a sixteen weeks' campaign, would mean a net saving of ten weeks of valuable time and energy to devote to other purposes. There would still be ample time for newspapers and periodicals to put into print all there was to say; and for the voters to ponder the issues and reach a conclusion."

MORE WORKERS BECOME CAPITALISTS

IT IS A SAD SIGHT to apostles of discontent to see the American worker wearing good clothes, eating the best cuts of steak, driving around on rubber tires, and finally blossoming out as a stock- and bond-holder of the very concerns that are supposed to hold him in some awful kind of "wage-slavery." Moscow is said to be particularly disgusted, after spending large sums here, taken from the starving Russian peasants, to convince the American worker that he is wretched, only to find that the effort has all gone for nothing.

The latest example of this sort is the decision of the Western Electric Company, of New York City, to sell its subsidiary, the Graybar Electric Company, to the latter's employees. The largest distributor of electrical supplies thus becomes an independent organization, with an annual business of $75,000,000 and the exclusive sales rights for Western Electric products; the new owners will purchase the stock of the old company outright, or on the instalment plan, at a price not made public in the Western Electric Company's announcement. According to the New York *Times*, "there is no case in the financial records where a company of the importance of Graybar has changed ownership in such a manner." The move, we are told, is generally interpreted as an attempt on the part of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which is said to own 98 per cent. of the common stock of Western Electric, to confine its activities purely to the telephone business. As the Brooklyn *Eagle* explains:

"Because of the interrelation of electric patents and the close connection between various electric appliances, such as telephones, radio, loud-speakers, radio sets, and radio tubes, the telephone corporation has at various times gone into subsidiary fields. Other corporations have charged that in doing this it violated agreements made when radio patents were merged.

"The telephone corporation has apparently decided that the telephone business is big enough to give it all it can take care of properly. It sold its broadcasting station, WEAF, to the National Broadcasting Company, and now dissociates itself from the Graybar Company.

"The Western Electric Company, which owns the Graybar concern, and which, in its turn, is owned by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, will continue to serve as the manufacturing, supply, and warehousing organization of the Bell telephone system. But it proposes to dissociate itself from the ownership of the company which has been marketing its products.

"Employee ownership is a comparatively new development in American industry. In many large corporations to-day from one-third to three-fourths of the employees are shareholders. In our large railroad corporations this development has been particularly marked. Whereas in 1910 there were only 300,000 owners of railway securities, to-day there are 900,000.

"Sometimes corporation-stock ownership has encouraged employees to begin stock-market gambling instead of stimulating them to save, as was intended. But, on the whole, participation in profits on the basis of stock ownership has given employees a more active interest in the success of the corporation for which they work."

What makes the action of Western Electric especially noteworthy, remarks the New York *Evening World*, is that it is giving up a profitable business:

"Such corporations are not much given to parting with growing and paying businesses in their own full possession, either to employees or any one else. Indeed, it is said to be the first instance of the kind where a business of such magnitude and importance, and so promising of future growth, has been turned over to the men who have built it up.

"We are not told what price the workers will have to pay to get possession. No statement of the Graybar company's assets is made public. But it is fairly to be presumed that an attractive figure has been named."

Says the Nashville *Tennessean* of these developments:

"There has been no more significant advance in American financial operations in recent years than the wide distribution of corporate stock. Ten or fifteen years ago the capital stock of practically all the leading financial, industrial, and transportation concerns was in the hands of a comparatively few people. Now millions of men, women, and children own industrial, utility, and financial stocks. For years the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has encouraged the purchase of its stock by its employees. Stock has been offered to them on convenient payments and at prices substantially below the current market value. Other utility concerns—and especially those engaged in the generating and distribution of electric power—have followed the same course. Practically every public-utility corporation in Tennessee now numbers its stockholders by the thousands.

"The wisdom of this policy is apparent. People who have a direct and financial interest in the institution by which they are employed, are naturally more loyal and more zealous to promote its welfare than otherwise would be the case. This wide distribution of corporate stock is not without its political and social significance. It is unquestionably the chief factor in making the American people so conservative and so adverse to any radical political changes. It makes the people more loyal to the established order, and less likely to become victims of political fads and isms. They are loath to contribute to any movement that might jeopardize the industrial and financial fabric of the nation.

"This distribution of corporate ownership also means a wider diffusion of prosperity. It makes thousands of wage-earners the recipients also of annual or monthly dividends. It enables them, through purchases of the partial-payment plan, to save and to accumulate for the inevitable rainy day.

"It is, perhaps, the best bulwark that we could erect in America against Communism and Bolshevism."

Further consideration of the whole subject of employee stock ownership will be found on page 65.

WHY NOT EXPERIMENTAL RAIL MERGERS?

THE QUESTION IS PUT by the editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, as he considers the abandonment of the proposed merger of several large railroads in his section of the country and the almost simultaneous suggestion made to the Interstate Commerce Commission in the matter of the consolidation of the Northern Pacific with the Great Northern and Burlington systems. It will be remembered that the proposal to merge the so-called "Hill" roads has been pending for many months, without any apparent progress. And so, as the editor of *The Globe-Democrat* points out:

"Attorneys for the system have suggested that a conditional approval shall be granted it by the Commission. The idea is that authorization shall now be given it on the distinct proviso that it may be withdrawn at any time in the future if, because of a possible unification of all the rail mileage in the country, or for other reason, withdrawal is regarded as desirable. Furthermore, if the board does not see its way clear to sanctioning the full project now, it is asked to sanction a part of it—a merger, perhaps, with the Burlington left out.

"It seems a frank offer and one going far to meet objections in the mind of the Commission, and also indicating that unscrambling may not be as difficult as supposed, at least rail unscrambling. The reasons several ambitious mergers failed were because they seemed to inflate capital unduly, because they lessened competition, because the interests of both public and stockholders, especially minority stockholders, were not fully protected. However, most of the criticisms have been based on results that have been merely anticipatory, based on a crossing of bridges before getting to them. Who can be sure that, if some mergers had been put in actual operation, advance objections to them would not prove to be unfounded, and that the benefits would be so great that neither Commission, public, nor stockholders would consent to an unscrambling.

"Evidently something is to be said for experimental consolidations, particularly as no other kind of consolidations are being made. The testing laboratory will be a huge one, if the board is inclined to favor the novel suggestion. A unification into the greatest rail system in the world, with 26,000 miles of track, and $2,500,000,000 capital, is contemplated by the Northern project.

"Who can tell, without an actual trial, what the effect would be on interests so vast and complicated, and whether even a consolidation that seemed entirely unobjectionable in the plans might not develop serious objectionable features in its practical workings?"

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

And to think that Florida went for a Californian.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

Crime's story could be shortened by lengthening the sentences.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Just when the political orators stop spouting, Etna begins.—*Tampa Morning Tribune.*

Even in Mr. Hoover's California they are calling it a landslide and not a fire.—*Detroit News.*

It might have a suggestively salutary effect to make steering-wheels in the form of a harp.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The only way to try prohibition is to try those who violate it.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

In recent months, thousands of people have been talking about religion who never practised it.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Food specialists now are recommending spaghetti as containing all of the health-giving elements, including, of course, exercise.—*New York Evening Post.*

A certain American weekly's political as well as its literary digestive functions have been shown to be in good working order.—*Edmonton (Alberta) Journal.*

Kid McCoy, who has been married thirteen times, is now fire chief at San Quentin. Well, the kid certainly should know how to put out the old flames.—*Detroit News.*

The French system of government, also, has its entertaining features. It consists, if you hadn't heard, of kicking Poincaré out and then inviting him to come back.—*New Yorker.*

"A man has the right to control his wife," states a judge. And a left to defend himself if she resents.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Nothing has been heard from Senator Curtis since his election was announced, which would indicate he's gone into training for his office.—*New York Evening Post.*

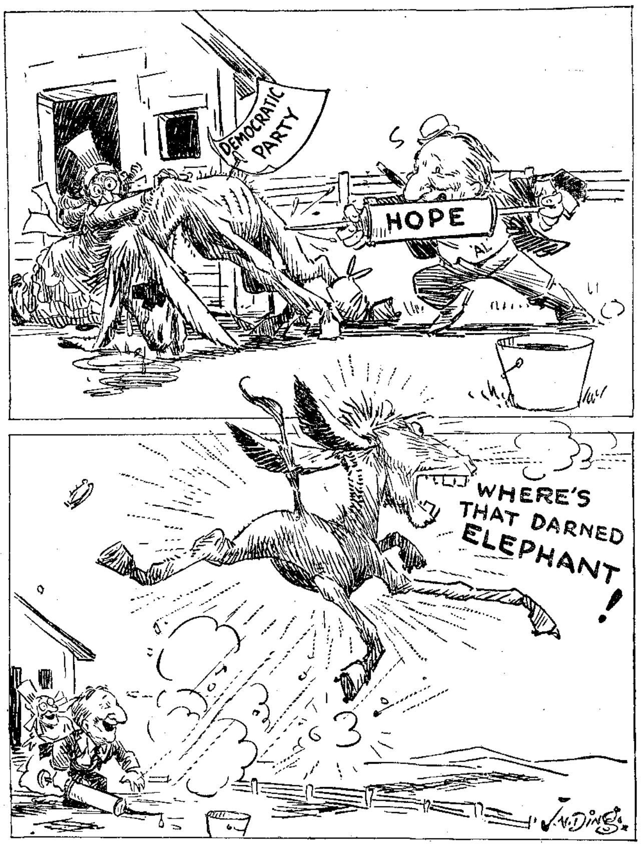
Washington has ordered patrols to stop firing across the Detroit River into Canada. It was, of course, endangering the lives of thousands of Americans.—*Judge.*

Bandits robbed a lunchroom the other day. One of the patrons says he owes his life to the fact he was protected by a bullet-proof steak.—*New York Evening Sun.*

Two hundred and eighty-three Americans have incomes above $1,000,000. If you can't get one of these incomes, you can at least have the satisfaction of contributing to them.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

A party of motorists who left New York in 1916 have been traveling round the world for the past twelve years. It is hoped that ultimately they will find somewhere to park their car.—*London Opinion.*

The younger generation may be dumber than the older generation, but you must admit they didn't blow in $12,000,000 on an election that had already been settled by The Literary Digest.—*Washington Post.*



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GOOD FOR FOUR YEARS MORE

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

Chicago, sick with crime, seems to have tried everything but arrest cure.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

German pianos, we are told, have been hard hit. This has occurred in our own hearing.—*Punch.*

Fact that silence is golden may account for prosperity of the past seven years.—*Wall Street Journal.*

What the world needs is a telephone bell that will tell who is ringing at the other end.—*Hiawatha World.*

"Brown eyes indicate a weak will" states an oculist. Black ones probably a weak defense.—*Wall Street Journal.*

John Barleycorn may have lost his place in the sun, but he has his moonshine still.—*Brooklyn Times.*

As we understand Governor Smith's valedictory, the Democratic party is out but not down.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Parfumier advertises a package containing chypre, rose, violet, lily of the valley and heliotrope for $10. Who'll give ten dollars for five scents?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

But if the school authorities of Arkansas want to make a hit with the Little Johnnie Joneses and the Little Sister Susies they will bar arithmetic too.—*Macon Telegraph.*

A real test of the Literary Digest's initiative, we suggest, would be a postcard poll of Italy with the view of determining how many citizens are tired of Mussolini.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

More will be spent on the Christmas campaign than the $12,000,000 of the one just ended, but you won't have to listen to any speeches for or against Santa Claus.—*Tampa Morning Tribune.*

Our notion of something mildly amusing is a good-will tourist doing his touring on a battle-ship.—*Macon Telegraph.*

It is well these days to remember that many who enter a bull market emerge with a bear pocketbook.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

An umbrella with teeth that grip the owner's sleeve has been invented. But will it snap at anybody who tries to steal it in a restaurant?—*Punch.*

As we understand it, France and Great Britain are agreeable to any limitations proposal that will leave France with the largest Army and Great Britain with the largest Navy.—*Judge.*

"Germania Earning Place in History by What She Did to Mark," reads a magazine head-line. But we doubt if she can oust Cleopatra from that particular niche.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

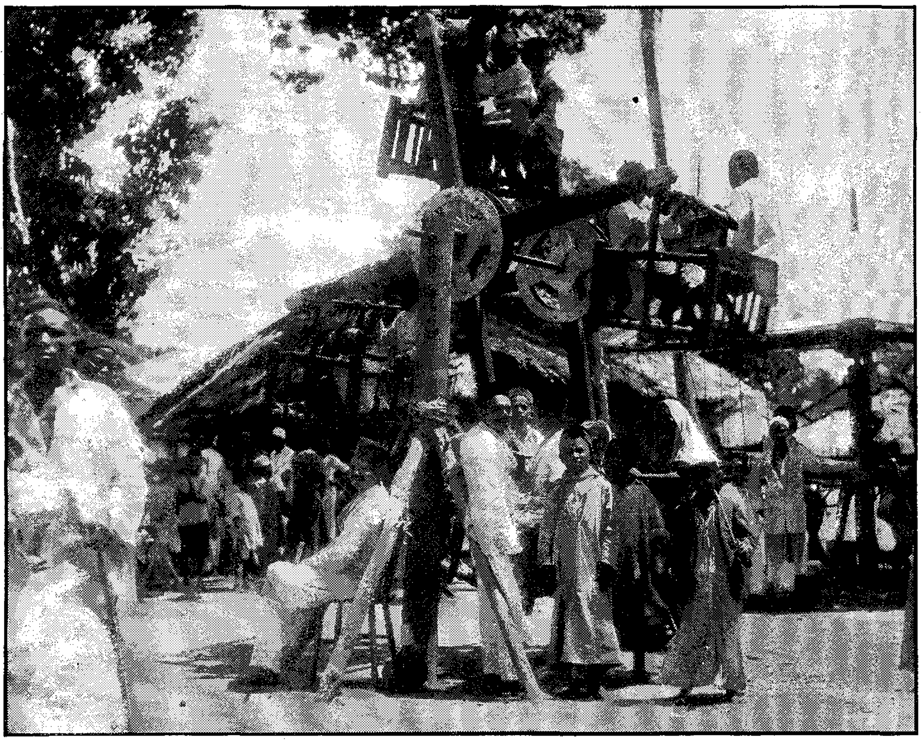
"One person is struck by an automobile in this country every forty-two seconds," says an informative contemporary. He must be in pretty bad shape by this time, whoever he is.—*New York Evening Post.*

Many sincere drinkers must have cast their ballots for the Republican nominee. The non-enforcement of the law, they said, should remain in the hands of a party which is experienced in that line of work.—*New Yorker.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

KENYA: A KEY PROBLEM FOR BRITAIN IN AFRICA

THE FIRST VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES and his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, to the British Colony of Kenya attracts wide-spread attention, because this British protectorate is being observed now, we are told, with extreme interest in all parts of the world. It is one of the most interesting colonies under the British flag, remarks the London *Daily Mail*, and, in an area more than twice that of the British Isles, it includes every climate, from that of the tropics to the cold of the eternal glaciers on its magnificent mountain. Moreover, this newspaper points out that it has—what is of special importance for our race—a considerable region which is in every sense of the term a white man's country. On his journey to Nairobi, the capital of the Colony, we are reminded, the Prince and his brother used the railway, built by the foresight and driving power of the late Joseph Chamberlain, at a time when most people believed that it could never pay its way, yet "to-day it is earning a million [pounds] or so a year in profit."



By De Cou, from Ewing Galloway, New York

"ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING COLONIES UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG"

In Kenya, of which it is said that no country in history has yielded so suddenly to the taming hand of the white man. Here is a Ferris wheel of a kind on the carnival grounds at Mombasa.

At the same time it is noted by various editors, including a Canadian, the editor of the Calgary *Daily Herald*, that grave problems are facing the local government of Kenya in "reconciling the demands and needs of an affluent employer class, directly represented in the legislature, and the 2,500,000 native inhabitants, agricultural and pastoral, whose labor is the mainspring of the country's prosperity." The vast and unique experience of the British Colonial Office and the highest qualities of fearless administrator and wise employer, it is declared, must be drawn upon if the interests of white employer, Indian trader, and African worker and cultivator are to be advanced equally, and this is why "the rule of Kenya is a key problem for Britain in Africa." A very vivid picture of Kenya in pioneer years is presented in *The Empire Review* (London) by Sydney Glanville, a settler of experience in Kitale, who says that no country in history has yielded so suddenly to the taming hand of the white man, and he continues:

"The old days of free, colonial pioneering are as extinct as the dodo. Wild beasts that have escaped the gun of the conqueror are gradually withdrawing farther and farther into the interior, and in their place roam car and locomotive. Towns, in which one can obtain the news of the world—never more than two days old—by wireless and cable, have sprung into existence with incredible rapidity.

"Where madam now buys the latest mode in gowns, and the various voices of the wild have been superseded by the clatter of office typewriters, I saw, in 1919, zebra and waterbuck grazing. In the same year I shot kongoni buck, upon the site of where stands at present the second largest hotel in Kenya.

"In 1913, it took two days of traveling from my farm to reach any sort of civilization whatever; now the sturdy young township of Kitale offers me dances and cinema shows to while away my evenings. The railway station was one hundred miles away in 1921; to-day it is one mile. Modern engineering is narrowing even 'darkest Africa.' We all have our cars or motorcycles to enable us to meet and talk with our fellow men whensoever we wish.

"Men of wealth, fully awake to the vast potentialities of the colony, are releasing her from her age-old bonds of savagery with a rapidity that stands unique in the annals of colonization. Farms frequently run into thousands of acres, and, where the lonely settler tilled the land with the aid of oxen a few short years ago, the native now drives merrily his master's steam tractor."

A presentation of a plague of locusts, as once experienced by him, is then afforded by this informant, who relates that northward, from Abyssinia and the Sudan, "swarms of locusts fly to harass us; they are myriads of reddish bodies darkening the sun." A swarm, six by ten miles in size, has come to visit this neighborhood, and "we must save what we can of our crops, tho that will be little enough," and he adds:

"We hear the news that these winged bandits, alighting to the north, have devoured eighty acres of maize in two hours: a loss to some unfortunate farmer of roughly $2,000. Blue skies, hitherto so peaceful, resound to the vibration of millions of tiny wings, beating in unison. Down come the evil-looking insects, bent on their work of the utter destruction of all that is green and edible. For three miles the road is thick with them. My car skids from right to left as I hasten home to lend a hand in the slaughter of the enemy; looking back, I can see the tracks of the 'flivver's' wheels like ruts, cut through a living mass.

"On the farm, pandemonium reigns supreme. Our native boys, armed with empty cans and sticks with which to beat them, run hither and thither in an attempt to scare the locusts away. Filled with anxiety, one behaves like an infuriated Touareg, which helps to keep the boys up to the mark in what seems a hopeless task. One requires several pairs of eyes and many limbs to deal satisfactorily with this crisis. Piles of rubbish have been lighted and are burning slowly; the thick smoke pours from them in volumes, to the obvious but trifling discomfiture of the enemy. One slides and slithers at every step; the smoke catches at one's throat and stings one's eyes. All around sounds the rattle and clash of the beaten tin cans and the yells of the boys, who look like grotesque black demons as they prance through the smoke. And yet, as if by magic, grass crops, and even the leaves of the trees, vanish before the greedy hordes of insects.

"The hoppers are, perhaps, even worse than the full-grown locusts. Like all healthy offspring, their appetites are insatiable. On their approach, we work with feverish energy to dig a trench across their line of progress and for a moment the rush is stemmed. But, urged on by their rear ranks, the hoppers fill it to the brim with their writhing bodies, and, while some of the boys hastily fill it in, others rush to dig another trench beyond. Life seems anything but 'beer and skittles' when we receive visits from these self-invited guests."

A night scene of the pioneer days in Kenya that must have been a fairly usual one, for all its shuddering horror, is presented by Mr. Glanville in his description of a leopard's raid on a farm. With the coming of night there is a stealthy movement in the bush, and he goes on to narrate:

"A great, spotted cat arises, stretching luxuriously, from his cosy bed of bracken and reeds. Padding silently through the undergrowth, he comes at length to where the bush meets the rolling plains. Here he halts for a second, and then continues his way, passing, like a dim ghost, by grassy stretch and leafy bower, maize field and plow land, until his keen nostrils catch the scent of his arch-enemy—man. Between a distant cluster of trees a light twinkles; he hears the dogs baying. The leopard crouches upon his belly and waits. The night is still, save for the myriad of insects which hum monotonously about him.

"Not until the twinkling light has disappeared does the great cat move. His going is as if a shadow had detached itself and moved away. By a roundabout route, he reaches the small shack which stands outside the ring of trees enclosing the farm. Again the dogs bark. The 'cluck' of a sleepy hen sounds from within the shack, and, with a single bound, the leopard is upon the roof. He searches for, and finds, a weak spot in the thatch, where he tears a large hole. Reaching in a paw, armed with murderous claws, he extracts a fat hen, her death squawk causing the dogs to bay frantically. At last, they succeed in arousing their tired master. There is a sleepy rush for gun and lights, but the leopard, his victim tightly clasped between his jaws, is speeding away across the plain to enjoy a well-earned supper by the little stream which runs through the forest.

"Dozing after the meal, hyrax come and play about him, uttering their queer, police-rattle cries: 'Crrrrrrack! crrack! crr!'—pretty little chaps, with quaint hands and feet and beady eyes, their bodies a browny-gray with a white spot in the center of the back which is distended when they are angry or alarmed.

"Presently, a deep-throated roar disturbs the peace of the night. The hyrax scuttle out of sight, and even the leopard, feeling his position insecure, darts, with a snarl, up a tree as a great, tawny, hunting lion appears. Spitting with fury, the leopard watches him pass majestically to join his mate in search of prey."

Together the great beasts stalk through the star-jeweled night, we read, until they catch the scent of a distant kraal. With infinite caution they move up-wind until near their quarry, and then, it is related, "the lady crouches and waits while her mate makes a wide detour in the opposite direction," thereby bringing their prey between them, and then—

"His scent and his nerve-shattering roar send a terror-stricken herd stampeding out through the kraal-fence, straight toward his watchful mate. One magnificent bound takes her on to the back of a great, lumbering trek ox, and, with a blow of her great paw, she fells it to the ground with a broken neck. Together, the couple drag their prey away for a few hundreds of yards. Hastily they feast, until lights, shots, and yells warn them to depart and leave the remainder to the hyenas."

On the subject of native laborers, Mr. Glanville observes that to be successful with them, one must be just, keep one's word; be generous, but not so much as you would wish to be; swiftly punish any wrong; feed them well, and always be ready to listen to their little complaints. What is more, he says that you must never wholly lose your temper, and know when to crack a joke with the laborers, and the boys will worship you. But allow them to get away unpunished for any misdeed, or be too generous, he avers, and their liking will instantly change to contempt. Leniency and generosity are beyond their comprehension, for to them these prize virtues of the white man are signs of weakness, and he proceeds:

By De Cou, from Ewing Galloway, New York

"HAPPY, IRRESPONSIBLE, AND LAUGHTER-LOVING"

Such are the natives of Kenya, whom Cecil Rhodes described as "these poor children."

"Such is the make-up of the sons of Ham at their present stage of evolution. Cecil Rhodes spoke of them as 'these poor children,' and the title is singularly apt, for, like children, they can appreciate justice, and are essentially happy, irresponsible, and laughter-loving at heart. Childlike, too, are their tantrums and their capacity for imitation.

"Indian labor has supplied us with two good stories which have probably run the length of Africa. A certain English nobleman, noted for his short temper, was delayed at a station some time ago, and, becoming impatient, he began abusing the Indian station-master. The latter was imprudent enough to argue on the principle of 'you're another,' and the Englishman promptly applied the toe of his boot to the station-master's anatomy. A few hours later officials in Nairobi were astonished to receive a wire containing the ambiguous message: 'The Lord has kicked me. What can I do?'

"The other story relates to a Sikh station-master posted at Voi, who received the news during the war that six hundred Germans were approaching his station. He immediately wired to his superiors in Nairobi the optimistic demand: 'Six hundred enemy coming. Please send gun and six hundred rounds of ammunition.'"

HE WILL NOT WEAR HIS TITLE

THE GRUELLING STRUGGLE to win a title in Britain is familiar by legend, tho it must be admitted that most of the hard fighting goes on "under cover." In fact, it will probably be considered rude by any successful aspirant for such honors that the world should think for one moment the honor was sought instead of being practically forced upon the title winner. But now to the delight of some observers of humorous mind who refuse to take titles too seriously, a personage no less than the heir of the Earl of Listowel, Viscount Ennismore, has decided not to use his title, and prefers to be known as "Mr. Hare." "It makes me feel uncomfortable to go through life as if I were superior to other people," he said. An expert examination of the attitude of some titled personages toward titles is elicited by "Mr. Hare's" decision from Viscount Castlerosse, who contributes an article to the London *Daily Express*, which is headlined: "Titles—Including Mine." Titles, he declares, are "like drink," and—

P. & A. photograph

MODEST "MR. HARE"

"It makes me feel uncomfortable to go through life as if I were superior to other people," says the son and heir of an earl, who has renounced his courtesy title of Viscount Ennismore, and is known as "Mr. Hare."

"To appreciate them at their true worth, you must go to the United States of America, for New York has become the home of those who study social values and all that appertains to them. Nevertheless, the hawking of European titles as an incentive to marriage is a declining industry. America to-day is making her own aristocrats as well as her own whisky.

"Mr. Vincent Astor's name causes the same reaction to the sycophantic public in America as, say, the name of—now really I am stumped. I can not think of any title in England outside our Royal Family that has equal hereditary social prestige with the Astor name in New York. Lord Derby, you say? That is no analogy. Every Lord Derby has to make his name himself; Lancashire is not a county to take anybody for granted. Lord Derby has played an important part in the politics of England, whereas Mr. Astor has never interested himself in public affairs. Yet Mr. Astor has more social power in New York than Lord Derby has in London.

"Does this imply that there is no value in titles? Not at all. It simply means that the Astors are the hereditary heads of the closest social circle in the world. Now, what may be social New York's gain is America's loss. In the United States political parties raise money by means of a 'slush fund,' and substantial donors expect preferment if the party to which they have subscribed proves successful in election. Ambassadorships are the particular plums at the disposal of party leaders. Anybody who associates much with Americans is forced to realize that this system does not lead to happy results, tho London, Paris, and Berlin are privileged.

"The English system is better. Instead of ambassadorships, and such like important posts, titles can still be bought, provided that the buyer understands his business. Everybody knows that a certain man is expecting a peerage. It has cost him more than $2,000,000, yet not even half of that sum has gone into a party chest. The reason for this is that he understands his business, and when he is ennobled he wishes the public to acclaim him as a benefactor who is only receiving his just reward. In this instance England benefits.

"Under Mr. Lloyd George, who employed mass-production methods, strangely enough, instead of titles becoming less sought after they became even more valued by the money-making classes. In those days there was a tariff of goodness and wickedness. Indeed, one man with a somewhat interesting name had to pay the enormous sum of $750,000 for a baronetcy.

"One would-be peer who had paid the price, only just escaped ennoblement by the discovery that in his early days he had been in prison. In these circumstances he did not dare face the red benches; nevertheless the peer whom many good judges consider to be the cleverest member of and the best speaker in the House of Lords has been in prison. In his case, however, there was no dishonor."

Mr. Lloyd George overdid the business, according to Viscount Castlerosse, and his party fund, instead of being a political asset, has proved to be exactly the contrary, and we are advised:

"Nevertheless, financial experience in Mr. Lloyd George's case has not come amiss, because it enabled him to become a rich man. By this, of course, I am not for a moment suggesting that Mr. Lloyd George used improperly the funds he controlled. Party funds in every country are a present-day necessity, and it is better for men in power to raise money for political purposes by selling titles than by selling something which is more valuable to the State. The sale of titles is one of the few monopolies left to the State. I must say this seems rather hard. If Governments sell titles with the tacit consent of Parliament, which includes a nucleus of bishops, there can not be anything immoral in the transaction.

"Why, then, should not peers themselves be allowed to sell their peerages? I agree that a restriction Act would have to be evolved, because it would be disastrous to flood the market. The Government would naturally insist on a stamp on the transfer—say 30 per cent. on the consideration money. Surely that is fair. This plan would place a premium on good behavior in peers. Obviously an honored earldom would be much more valuable than a bankrupt dukedom. As it is, certain peers sell their names in a much more questionable manner."

JAPANESE PARTY POLITICS—The future of party politics in Japan is said by some foreign onlookers to be a subject almost for despair, if taken too seriously, yet if examined with a grain of humor Japan's party politics must be credited with having "a refreshing air of novelty." According to an American-owned newspaper, the Tokyo *Japan Advertiser*, Japan's so-called political parties are in many respects more akin to the cliques and factions found in China than to the great political organizations of Western countries, and we read:

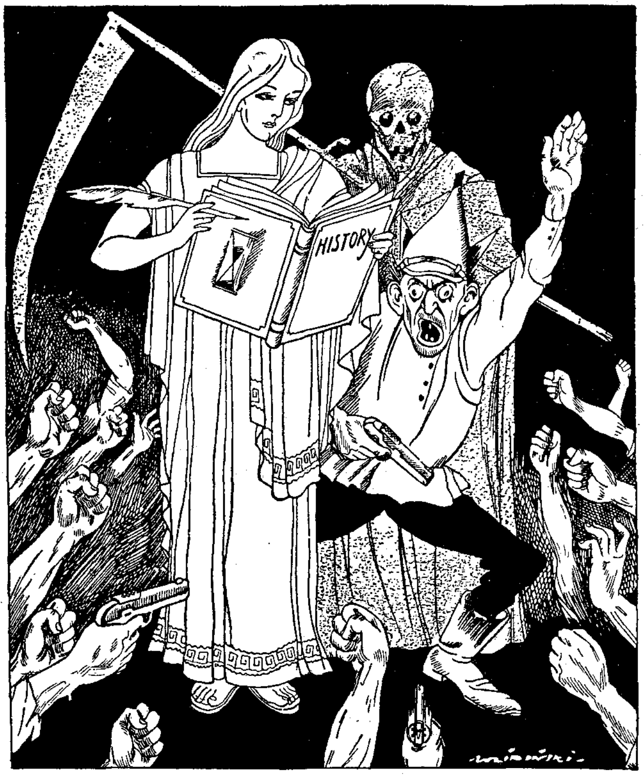
"Personality, combined with ability to dole out the loaves and the fishes, is a far greater vote-getting attraction than mere party platforms, altruistic and highly ethical tho they may appear to be.

"Nor is this the only similarity between politics as practised in Japan and China respectively. A close affinity is also to be seen in the way in which factions and groups are continually splitting up or combining against one another. The only real difference is that in China these break-ups and new combinations, in addition to being accompanied by bloodshed, are designated by the names of the particular leaders concerned, whereas, in the case of Japan, they are called by the names of the parties or organizations into which they are formed, such as Kakushin Club, Meiseikai, Jitsugyo Doshikai, Shinto, and so on.

"In giving the various cliques and factions definite names, as tho they were actual political parties, the Japanese are probably actuated to some extent by the feeling that, being the possessors of a parliamentary system, it sounds better and more up-to-date to classify the members of the Diet in this way than to announce bluntly to the world in general that these bodies of men are merely the personal followers of Mr. Tokonami, Mr. Tsurumi, or Mr. Muto, and that some of them are only temporary followers at that. It may also be that, in classifying these groups by names which give the impression that they are, in very truth, political parties, the Japanese are merely carrying out a form of their traditional policy of 'shadow government,' that is to say, concealing the identity of the real 'power behind the throne' under a sort of verbal camouflage."

INDIA'S REJECTED ANTI-RED BILL

DRASTIC TREATMENT FOR FOREIGNERS promoting Communist revolutionary propaganda in India was prescribed in what is known as the Public Safety Bill, that was rejected by the Indian Assembly, to the chagrin of some British editors who claim that its design is purely protective, that it interferes with no Indian's liberty, and that its principles, if they had always been enforced, would have meant much greater peace and security in India to-day. The Belfast *Northern Whig* declares tartly that for Indian politicians to desire immunity for Communists, whose whole policy is destructive of every Indian conception, is surely a contradiction in terms, and "probably those who are strongest for immunity would be the first to suffer if India shared the fate of Southern China." As long ago as August 4 there appeared in THE LITERARY DIGEST admissions from certain Indian newspapers that, on more than one occasion, Russian gold had been accepted by Indian leaders. Since then, it appears, the Government of India has made public a letter discovered by its secret police, purporting to come from an Indian Communist, M. N. Roy, who lives in Central Europe, and in it he advocates a revolution for Communistic purposes. This document is denounced by Indian editors as a fabrication. Says *The Englishman* (Calcutta):



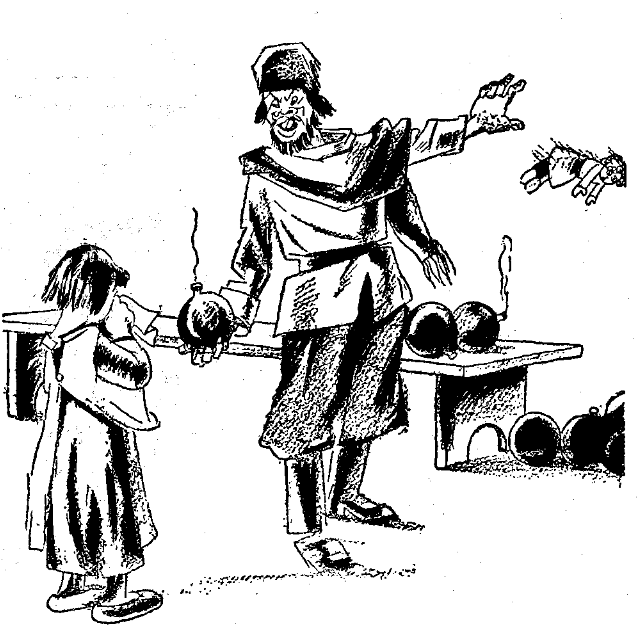
A POLISH THRUST

HISTORY ASKS THE BOLSHEVIK: "What have you done with all your gifts from heaven and earth?"

—*Mucha* (Warsaw).

> "The evidence of a Communist conspiracy, and of the activities of the agents of that conspiracy, in India, does not depend upon documents from Moscow, authentic or otherwise; it is written large in the history of recent events. Open incitement to lawlessness has become steadily more frequent and more reckless; so-called labor disputes have been made the occasion not only for rioting but for acts of sabotage involving the death or serious injury of scores of innocent people; the doctrine of Communism is being preached far and wide by emissaries of the International, who quite openly avow that their aim is the aim of Moscow. In such circumstances stories of Red letter-forgeries are not likely to convince, and most thoughtful men will regard the Public Safety Bill (meant to deal with the Reds and other revolutionaries in India) as an essential measure to protect the masses of India from a disastrous contamination."

This and the other newspapers under British control in India strongly urged that this measure should be passed, and every effort made to extirpate the noxious weed that threatens to throttle not only the Government but even society in general. The papers owned and edited by Indians, as also practically all the Indian politicians—the Liberals or the Moderates not excepted—take the opposite view. Even when they admit, for the sake of argument, that the Reds are fomenting trouble in India, they express their hostility toward the bill, on the plea that it arms the executive with drastic powers which the officials will use against Europeans and Americans who, through their championship of Indian Nationalist, Socialist, and Labor causes, have incurred the official wrath. The following remark from *The Modern Review* (Calcutta) is typical of what is being written:



"TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT"

THE BOLSHEVIK: "Nice little Soviet girls don't play with dolls, but with bombs. It's much more cultured."

—*Guerin Meschino* (Milan).

> "A study of the draft Public-Safety Bill clearly shows that, altho it is theoretically directed against foreign Communists of the violent type, there is no guaranty that it will not be used (abused?) against all foreigners who show or act in sympathy with Indian aspirations, economic as well as political. It is not necessary to discuss the clauses which describe the persons who are the object of this legislation; for the way in which the proposed law will be used is simply one great loophole for abuse."

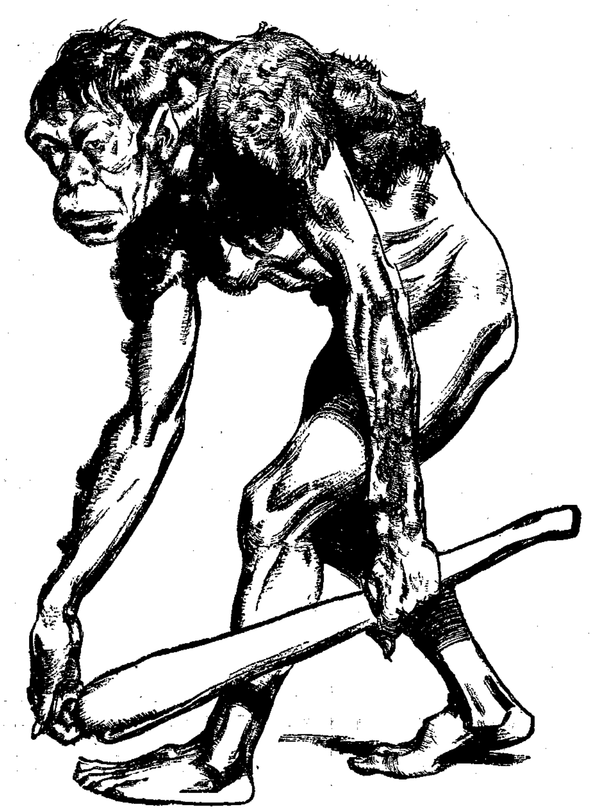
According to a telegram from Reuter's Simla correspondent to the London *Daily Telegraph*, the general lines of the defeated bill were as follows:

> "Such agents are to be asked to execute a bond giving security for good behavior until their removal from India, failing which they will be taken into custody.
>
> "For disobedience to a bond the accused is liable to arrest without a warrant, maximum imprisonment of twelve months, and also a fine, but the prosecuting authority must be the Governor-General in Council only.
>
> "The Governor-General in Council may order the removal of any Communist agent from British India within such a time and in such a manner and by such route and means as specified in the order.
>
> "The Indian Government shall pay the expenses of such removal.
>
> "The masters of all ships leaving British India ports shall receive such persons under order of removal when required.
>
> "No removal order can be called in question by any court, and officers acting under this law are protected against legal proceedings for actions performed in good faith."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

EVOLUTION'S FAILURES

NO HUMAN INVENTION WAS MADE ALL at once. Edison's first phonograph, the Wright's first airplane, were crude and elementary. And the inventor has to throw away many of his early trials. Thus, too, nature may have proceeded in her evolutionary processes. And students are beginning to conclude, says a writer in *The American Weekly* (New York) that some of her early failures have been mistaken by Science for "missing links" in the chain that led to the modern completed product. Strewn through the rocks, he writes, scientists find bones of extinct creatures, even of extinct men; not links in man's upward rise from the beasts, but cousins of mankind who tried and failed; who proved unsuccessful and vanished as individuals and as races. We read further:



Courtesy of *The American Weekly*

NOT A SUCCESS: "THE RHODESIAN MAN"

Scientists suspect, we are told, that he was "one of nature's unsuccessful tries," and a look at this attempted "scientific reconstruction" lends a certain plausibility to the suspicion.

"Thus are modern experts on human evolution more and more inclined to interpret the skull and leg-bone, and other relics of the famous ape-man of Java, or that other creature who left his jawbone to be found in a sand-pit near Heidelberg, of the ogrelike Neanderthal men, thousands of whom roamed over Europe for not less than fifty thousand years. These misshapen creatures are nature's failures.

"Seven years ago there were discovered in a cave deposit in Rhodesia, in Africa, ancient bones of a manlike creature, now well known among scientists as the 'Rhodesian man.' The skull of the prehistoric African is manlike, but not quite human. The back of the head was more fully developed than the upper front part, where modern brains have their greatest development. Probably the jaws projected for biting and gnawing, more or less like the jaws of an ape. When this remarkable fossil of a half-man was first found, many scientists hailed it as a true link between man and African apes. Now the experts are less sure.

"The skull and other bones of this fossil man have been studied recently by the British zoologist, W. P. Pycraft, who has published his findings in a report of the British Museum. His chief conclusion is a remarkable one.

"The hip-bones of the creature show, he believes, that this dawn man never walked erect. Perhaps he could not even stand erect without the aid of a rock or tree. His gait was probably a slouching run.

"The base of the skull indicates, he believes, enormous muscles at the back of the neck. They were needed, Mr. Pycraft believes, to lift the great head sharply and instantly in case danger was heard or glimpsed in front.

"There would be grave difficulties in imagining this stooping, slant-jawed, low-brained creature as standing in the direct line of man's ancestry. A more plausible interpretation, scientists are now virtually agreed, is that this creature was one of nature's unsuccessful tries; undoubtedly related to man, but representing a failure that led nowhere.

"There were ages in earth history, it now seems probable, when many of these abortive part-men lived on earth. A visitor to the earth fifty or a hundred thousand years ago from some more advanced planet might have found dozens of such near-human varieties, living side by side, or in groups.

"Gradually, as evolution continued, the particular variety represented by modern man proved its superiority. It survived; the others disappeared. That is how the majority of the experts now look at the history of human evolution, rather than imagining that man has resulted from one gradual, steady development leaving numberless 'missing links' to mark its progress and path.

"The famous jawbone found at Heidelberg, Germany, is probably another of nature's tries that failed. Only a few months ago Dr. Wilhelm Freudenberg announced the finding of several additional fragments, including pieces of leg-bones and what are perhaps bits of skull.

"Like the jaw that was first found, these bones are partly apelike, partly manlike. It is as tho evolution proceeded by fitful progress on one organ or feature while all the others held back.

"Exactly this may be what happened to produce the creature represented by what is undoubtedly the most famous fossil in the world, the Javanese ape-man named by scientists *Pithecanthropus erectus*. Parts of the skeleton belonging to this creature have been restudied recently by Dr. Wilhelm Gieseler, of the University of Munich, who reaches the remarkable conclusion that this creature was manlike in his legs but apelike in his head.

"There is only one redeeming feature of the Java skull, Dr. Gieseler thinks, to indicate its human kinship. This is its eye-sockets, which have a distinctly manlike shape. It seems that *Pithecanthropus* may have been one of nature's partial trials, in which she succeeded in making a quite serviceable human leg and a moderately good human eye and eyesocket, but failed to complete the rest of the man satisfactorily, especially the brain."

The best-known example of ancient manlike creatures are the famous Neanderthal men, whose skeletons have been found at a dozen places in Europe and Palestine. H. G. Wells, in his "Outline of History" suggests that these might have occupied Europe side by side with the more highly evolved ancestors of modern man, lurking in dense forests. Thus may have arisen, he thinks, the myths of forest-dwelling gnomes and giants. To quote further:

"Neanderthal men were shorter than modern men; standing not over five feet high, some of the women scarcely over four feet. What was lacking in stature seems to have been made up, however, in girth and strength. It is probable that Neanderthal men stood and ran habitually a little stooped, but here resemblance to the Rhodesian creature ends.

"At least one distinguished anthropologist, Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, of the United States National Museum, believes that these ogres of the Neanderthal race survived to mix their blood with that of slenderer, erecter races and to constitute, at least in part, ancestors of modern mankind, In some isolated spots in Europe, Dr. Hrdlicka thinks, traces of the Neanderthal face or figure may still be discerned.

"Undoubtedly these Neanderthal men and women were nature's best try until modern man came along. Almost, the Neanderthal man succeeded. For thousands of years they seem to have been the only manlike creatures in what is now Europe.

"But nature kept experimenting, even with these Neanderthal half-men. In 1925 there was found embedded in hard rock near Weimar-Ehringsdorf, in Germany, a skull of the Neanderthal race of unusual type. Nature had begun to improve it. The forehead rises sharply, almost vertically, from above the massive bony ridges over the eyes. The low-brow ogre was becoming a high-brow.

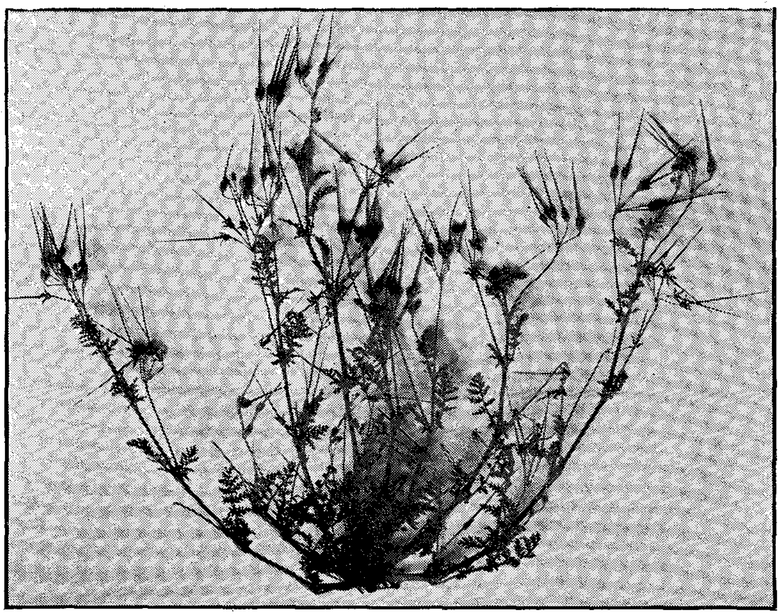
"The other recent find was made in a cave at Gibraltar, in 1926, by the British archeologist, Miss Dorothy Garrod.

"Again it is a Neanderthal skull 'improved' by nature; this time the skull of a baby who died when not much over five years of age. The case for the brain is larger in proportion than any other Neanderthal skull that has been found.

"Modern men walk the earth to-day, says Dr. William K. Gregory, of the American Museum of Natural History, with long faces and swelled heads; which is why they still walk instead of lying in forgotten graves for hunters of fossils to find, for his large brain is man's only real advantage over the beasts.

"Many times, perhaps, nature has tried out manlike legs, as she did in the Java ape-man, or manlike bodies or eyes or spines, or other organs. Even among the Neanderthals, she had begun to experiment with manlike skulls for the growth of brain. But none of these poor relations of true humanity were sufficiently perfect. Even the large-skulled Neanderthals evidently found something wrong, and died. Only when a creature who had all of man's modern characteristics came along was nature satisfied to let that creature's descendants multiply and people all the earth."

PAPER MONEY NEEDS AGING—The life of bank-notes is about eight months, says *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago); but this might be increased to a year, treasury officials declare, if the paper were aged before being circulated. It goes on:



Illustrations by courtesy of *The Scientific American* (New York)

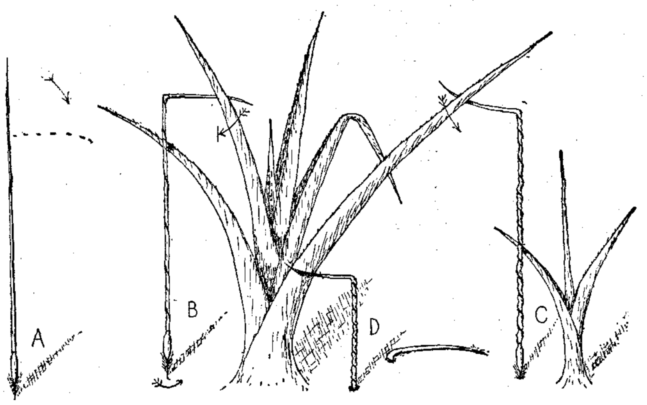
THE BRACE-AND-BIT PLANT WITH ITS SEEDS

Each seed pod (stork's bill in appearance, hence the plant's name, "stork's bill") consists of several seeds with awns. When separated, drying and curling begins.

"The process delays cracking and tearing. Between 1917 and 1920, the calls for currency were so heavy that the Bureau of Printing and Engraving was unable to keep the pace, and new money was issued without the usual aging period. The new notes which are to be about two-thirds the size of the present ones, are to be thoroughly aged before being issued, the Treasury Department reports. They will resemble those in use in the Philippines."

SEEDS THAT BORE INTO THE GROUND

SELF-PLANTING SEEDS that bore into the soil by means of mechanism, operating on the principle of the carpenter's ratchet-brace-and-bit, are described in *The Scientific American* (New York) by Oliver B. Finn. The ratchet-brace-and-bit, he reminds us, is used by carpenters or electricians in boring holes close to a wall, or in a corner, where they could not turn the auger completely around, and have to turn it back and forth, The plant that he describes in his article—a mere blade of grass—"had this ratchet-brace-and-bit all figured out and put to good use long before man existed." Says Mr. Finn:



HOW THE SEED DIGS ITSELF IN

At A it has fallen; at B the awn is ratcheting against a blade of grass; at C (right) the awn, in reverse, is slipping past the pawl; D boring.

"The 'brace-and-bit plant' belongs to the geranium or crane's-bill family. The seed pod looks like a crane's bill because of the long stems attached to the seed, several of which grow bunched together.

"That the seeds of some plants bury themselves has been known to students of botany for a long time, but there seems to be no record of the true interpretation of how this curious feat is accomplished. The mechanism with which nature has supplied these seeds is a veritable counterpart of the ratchet-brace-and-bit, except that it is an improvement on it in two respects: it is automatic, and the bit will bore when turned in either direction. By means of this versatile mechanism the seed is buried several inches below the surface of the ground, evidently to protect it against heat and drought.

"A casual observation of the peculiar plant leaves the impression that its seed appendages are simply a form of burr designed to insure them wide distribution. The seed with its appendage, when fresh from the plant, looks like a small spear about three or four inches long. If one holds the head of the spear stationary, the opposite end for about one-fourth of its length will soon be observed to bend slowly over, until it is at right-angles to the remainder of the stem, and will become slightly curved like a sickle. Then this end, like the hand of a clock, begins to go around, and will continue to move for several minutes, until the main stem is twisted spirally from end to end like an auger, and until it becomes perfectly dry. If it is now moistened it will unwind, turning in the reverse direction until it is again saturated with moisture.

"The discovery of this lifelike power of movement prompted an investigation, for it was reasoned that it must have some relation to the economy of the plant. Altho great numbers of the dried twisted seeds were found on the surface of the ground, under the plants which grew them, a closer search revealed many of the seeds having only the bent-over ends projecting above the surface. Upon digging the soil away from these, the main stem was found with the spearlike head containing the seeds proper at its lower end. Some of the seeds had actually reached a depth of four and five inches.

"An analysis of this remarkable mechanism reveals the following information: the stem or 'awn' of the seed has the power of quickly absorbing moisture, and as quickly drying. When moist, the awn is straight; but when dry it is twisted like an auger. Rain, humid atmosphere or the dews, untwist the awn, while the succeeding warmth of the sun or dry air or soil twists it up again.

"At the seed end of the awn there is a hard, sharp point fringed with short, flexible hairs that form a featherlike blade. These hairs have a double purpose. When the awn is twisting, the pressure of the soil on one side bends them over slightly, and the resulting curved surface acts like that of a ship's propeller and drives the seed downward into the soil.

"This is the result whichever direction the seed turns. The hairs on the seed end of the awn, and the smaller ones throughout its length, act like the barb on a fish-hook, preventing the seed from moving backwards out of the ground, once it is driven into it.

"The hairs and the sharp point to which they are attached form the 'bit' of the 'auger'; the bent-over end of the awn forms the 'ratchet'; and any blade of grass, stick or stone, acts as the 'pawl,' holding the ratchet stationary when, in twisting up, it presents its concave side, but allowing it to slip by when it reverses its direction in unwinding. When the 'ratchet' is held still, the 'bit' is compelled to turn and forces its way into the soil, but when the ratchet slips past the pawl the bit remains still, exactly as in the ratchet-brace-and-bit. The lower end of the point is slightly curved, so that when it twists around, it 'breaks ground' for the full size of the seed to follow.

"One of the plants which have this peculiar seed-preserving device grows in great abundance in California, and in the wet season furnishes rich grazing for cattle and sheep. In the dry season these pastures are baked hard and are devoid of any sign of vegetation. Deep down in the soil, however, the seed is waiting in safety for growing weather, when it will be turned into most beautiful and luxuriant verdure.

"The accompanying illustrations show the seed in the various stages of planting itself automatically.

"In some varieties there are additional appendages to the upper end of the awn. One found in Colorado has a long wire-like end which curls up like a corkscrew, or straightens out again, according to the variations in amount of humidity. This gives the seed a greater reach, and therefore gives it a greater chance of using its boring power, which is ineffectual unless the ratchet comes in contact with something that acts as a pawl to hold it still. When this corkscrewlike end curls up, it presses against any overhead obstruction that it can reach and 'braces' the bit, thus helping it to force its way into the ground.

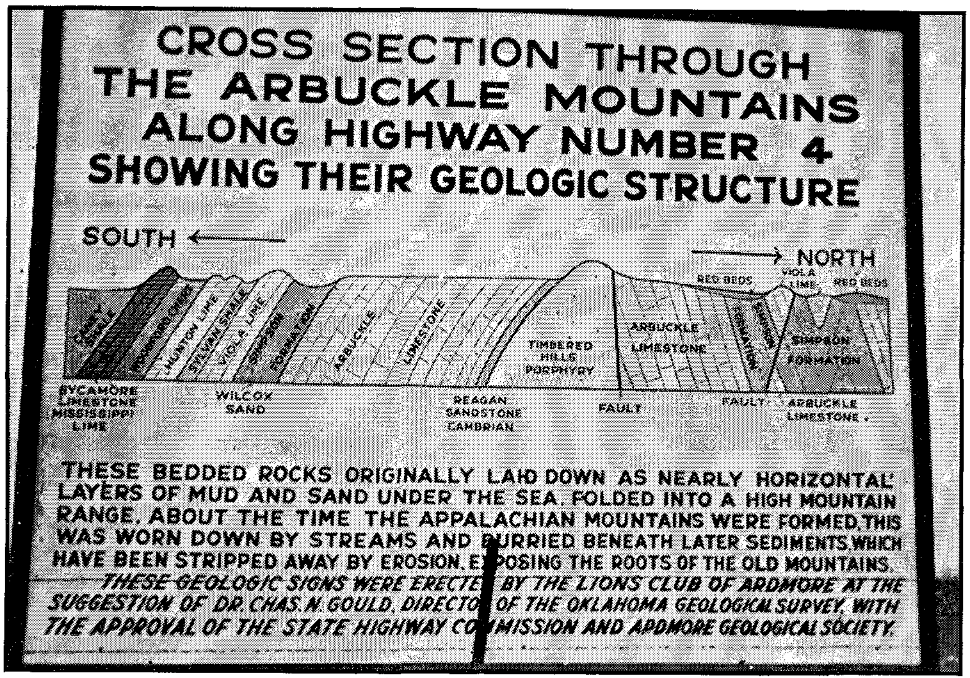
"Here is food for thought: A blade of grass with no thinking organs, achieving such a wonderful and economical use of its apparently useless parts."

OKLAHOMA "HUMANIZING GEOLOGY"

THE FACE OF OUR COUNTRY is a vast geological museum, especially where we have had to cut into it in building highways and railroads, exposing the edges of rockbeds in their natural positions. Why not add a few labels to this huge collection, telling the passer-by of the significance of some of these things, as well as urging him to purchase cigarets or hair-tonic? This is precisely what has been done in Oklahoma, where this process of "humanizing geology," as it is phrased by Dr. Charles N. Gould of the State Geological Survey, has been both popular and profitable, he tells us in *The Scientific Monthly* (Lancaster, Pa.). Writes Dr. Gould:

"In Oklahoma we are now placing the guide-book by the side of the road.

"The Lions Club of the thriving little city of Ardmore, aided by the Ardmore Geological Society, has placed by the side of the new highway north of the city a dozen signboards descriptive of the various geological formations exposed on the surface in the Arbuckle Mountains.


CROSS SECTION THROUGH THE ARBUCKLE MOUNTAINS ALONG HIGHWAY NUMBER 4 SHOWING THEIR GEOLOGIC STRUCTURE

THESE BEDDED ROCKS ORIGINALLY LAID DOWN AS NEARLY HORIZONTAL LAYERS OF MUD AND SAND UNDER THE SEA, FOLDED INTO A HIGH MOUNTAIN RANGE, ABOUT THE TIME THE APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS WERE FORMED. THIS WAS WORN DOWN BY STREAMS AND BURRIED BENEATH LATER SEDIMENTS, WHICH HAVE BEEN STRIPPED AWAY BY EROSION, EXPOSING THE ROOTS OF THE OLD MOUNTAINS.

THESE GEOLOGIC SIGNS WERE ERECTED BY THE LIONS CLUB OF ARDMORE AT THE SUGGESTION OF DR. CHAS. N. GOULD, DIRECTOR OF THE OKLAHOMA GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSION AND ARDMORE GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Courtesy of Oklahoma Geological Survey

GEOLOGY "HUMANIZED" BY BILL-BOARD FOR THE TOURIST

"The Arbuckle Mountains of southern Oklahoma are an object lesson in geology. Those who know tell us that in no single area of similar size in the United States are there so many geological features as in this region. With the exception of glacial phenomena and volcanic phenomena, almost the entire gamut of geology may be observed in these mountains.

"United States Highway No. 77 crosses the mountains north of Ardmore. This is one of the main arteries of travel north and south across the States of the Great Plains. The days of the covered wagon and the deep-rutted roads are over, and today hard-surfaced highways checkerboard Oklahoma. The highway climbs the Arbuckle Mountains and runs for six miles along their crest. Thousands of cars daily travel this highway.

"It is along this highway, where the grade winds down the south side of the mountains, that the guide-book signs have been placed, calling attention to the various formations crossed by the highway. And surely no better place could have been found. In grading the road across the mountains, it was found necessary to blast away many of the ledges, laying bare exposures of rock not previously seen.

"In Oklahoma, geology is no longer a strange thing. The people do not look upon geologists as either pedants, freaks, or soothsayers. Geology has to-day taken its place among the professions, the same as engineering, law, or medicine. In Oklahoma nearly one thousand men follow the profession of geology.

"At the State University at Norman, ninety miles north of the Arbuckle Mountains, a geological faculty of fifteen men instructs over thirteen hundred young people. Practically every large city in the State has its geological society. It is largely due to the labors of these men that Oklahoma to-day ranks second among the States of the Union in new mineral wealth per year. It is the geologist who has been largely responsible for the discovery of the 300 oil-fields of the State, that last year produced petroleum products valued at approximately $500,000,000.

"The moving spirits in the matter were the writer and Dr. C. W. Tomlinson, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and the University of Chicago, who is practising his profession as geologist for one of the petroleum companies operating in Oklahoma.

"And the people use the signs. It is no uncommon thing to see half a dozen cars lined up by the roadside and the tourists studying the cross-section and reading the description. In distant States one hears remarks anent the geological signs in the Arbuckle Mountains at Ardmore.

"Thus, in Oklahoma, we are humanizing geology."

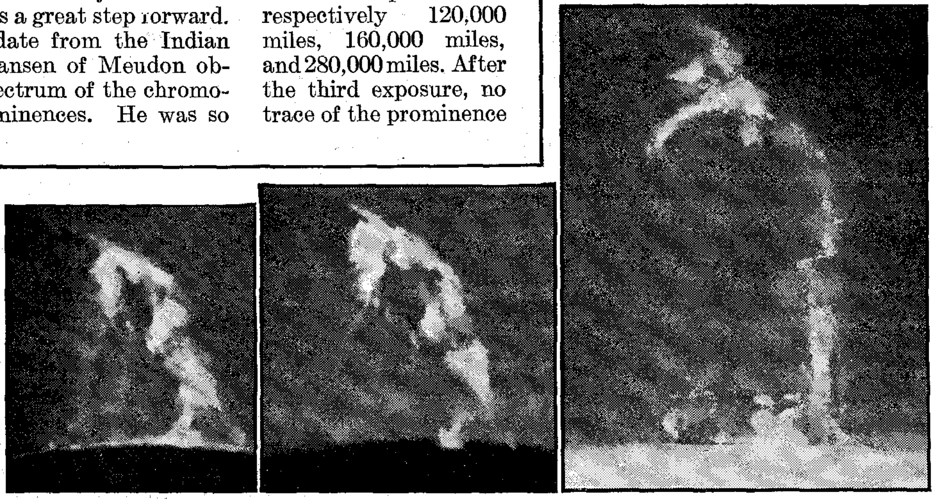
LUMINOUS SUN STORMS

SOLAR PROMINENCES, SOMETIMES FLOATING in the sun's atmosphere like clouds, sometimes agitated in storms, sometimes shooting up hundreds of thousands of miles when driven by some violent internal explosion, are both "fascinating and instructive" to the astronomer, declares Ferdinand Ellerman, of Mount Wilson Observatory, California, in a leaflet issued by the Astronomical Society of the Pacific (San Francisco). He who has never seen a solar prominence, says Mr. Ellerman, has missed one of the most fascinating objects in the heavens. He goes on:

"The earliest record of such an observation is probably that of the Swedish astronomer Vassenius, who, at the eclipse of 1733, noticed three or four pinkish clouds that were floating in a lunar atmosphere, as he supposed, but which we know does not exist. In 1860, however, when photography was for the first time employed during a solar eclipse, prominences were definitely established as appendages of the sun.

"The application of the spectroscope, as an adjunct to the telescope for observing celestial objects, was a great step forward. Its revelations of the solar atmosphere date from the Indian eclipse of August 18, 1868, when Jules Jansen of Meudon observed for the first time the lines in the spectrum of the chromosphere [upper solar atmosphere] and prominences. He was so impress by their brilliancy that he concluded they might be seen in broad daylight. Remaining several days after the eclipse, he was able to verify his surmise, and by moving the telescope, to trace out the form of the prominences. In England, J. Norman Lockyer, reasoning from fundamental principles, made the same discovery independently a few days later. It remained, however, for Dr. William Huggins in London to make use of the simple expedient of widening the slit of the spectroscope and thus viewing directly the form of a portion of the prominence.

"During the next twenty-odd years, several observers made systematic visual observations of the prominences by observing the image in the red line of hydrogen; and they furnished many illustrations of the varying form and behavior of the prominences.



Courtesy of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, San Francisco

A FIRE-STORM THAT SHOT UP 280,000 MILES IN LESS THAN AN HOUR

The second picture was taken six minutes after the first; the third was taken eighteen minutes later. In the three views the tops of the prominence are respectively 120,000 miles, 160,000 miles, and 280,000 miles, above the sun's disk, a velocity of over 110 miles per second during the twenty-four minutes.

"The great advance in the study of prominences came with the invention of the spectroheliograph by Dr. George E. Hale in 1891, and by Deslandres of Paris at about the same time. It has been the writer's good fortune to be associated with Dr. Hale from the beginning in the development and application of this remarkable instrument, wherewith it is possible to photograph the image of a radiating body such as the sun in light of one specific wave-length. By using a circular metal plate of the same size as the solar image, to block out the light from the sun's disk, a picture of the entire chromosphere and the prominences can be secured in the particular light desired."

Prominences, we are told, originate in the chromosphere and ascend in the form of clouds many thousands of miles. Their activity corresponds with that of sun-spots, altho they may even be found at the poles, whereas the spots are seldom seen beyond the forty-fifth parallel of solar latitude. There are three classes of prominences—quiescent, active, and eruptive. To quote further:

"Quiescent prominences may occur anywhere on the sun. They apparently float like clouds in our own atmosphere, changing slowly and lasting often for days. They may appear on photographs of the sun's disk taken with the spectroheliograph, as lengthy dark clouds extending in a general east-and-west direction, altho sometimes at a considerable angle to the sun's equator. When carried over the sun's limb by solar rotation, they appear at heights of 25,000 to 40,000 miles, and show their characteristic form as prominences, changing slowly and gradually fading out. It sometimes happens that an apparently quiescent prominence suddenly begins to ascend rapidly as if driven out by some repelling force, being carried upward to a height of 200,000 or even 400,000 miles in a few hours, and then dissolving into invisibility.

"Active prominences, generally confined to sun-spot zones, are usually brilliant and show considerable changes of form within brief intervals of time. They may reach heights of 100,000 to 150,000 miles. After several hours they die out and fade away.

"Eruptive prominences are of a violent type, and are associated with active sun-spots. They are short-lived, the duration of any individual form being reckoned in minutes; but when one dies out another may be shot out of the same region, and a whole series of solar pyrotechnics may reward the fortunate observer.

"The accompanying illustration is that of the first eruptive prominence ever photographed. It had a life of less than one hour, altho it rose to a height of 280,000 miles. A large prominence observed by the writer at the Kenwood Observatory on March 25, 1895, was seen to be very active. Two photographs were made in rapid succession with a six-minute interval. After examining the prominence again and noting its great height, a third exposure was made eighteen minutes after the second. The heights shown in the three exposures are respectively 120,000 miles, 160,000 miles, and 280,000 miles. After the third exposure, no trace of the prominence could be seen, the gas having ascended and vanished into space. At the base of the prominence, the hydrogen line was displaced toward the violet by an amount indicating a velocity, toward the earth, of nearly 120 miles per second, while the rate of ascent as recorded by the photographs is 110 miles per seond, which would lead one to infer that this prominence was the result of a force similar to that of an explosion.

"On July 27 just past, the later stages of a similar prominence were recorded at Mount Wilson; and again the velocity of ascent was 110 miles per second. After the last exposure, which showed a height of 255,000 miles, nothing could be seen of it, as might have been expected, for the last exposure indicated that it was losing brilliancy very rapidly."

STEEL PILOTS FOR PLANES—A "steel pilot" which operates an airplane without human help was tested successfully recently at Istres, the airport near Marseilles, France, by French Army flyers, reports *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago). It says:

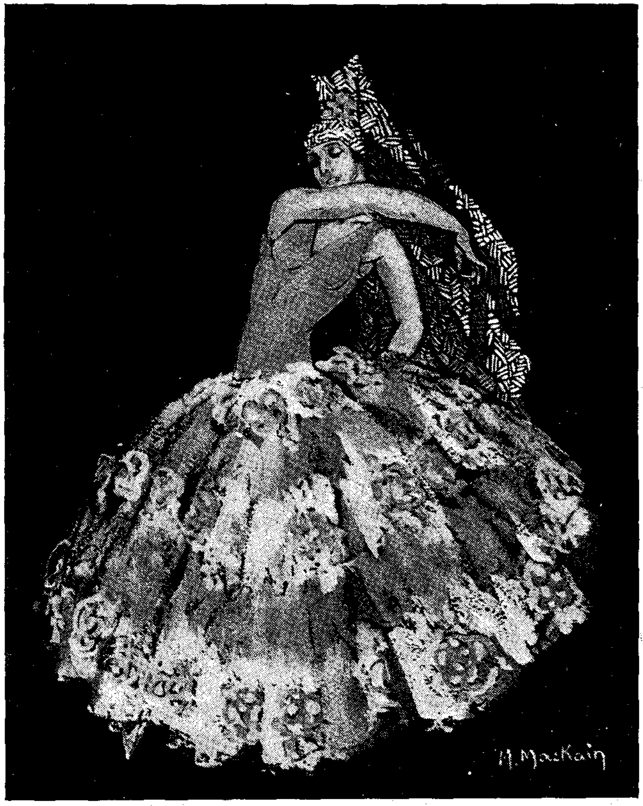
"The mechanical pilot, invented by Major Max Bouchard, weighs only sixty-seven pounds, and it is claimed for it that it is far more effective than a human pilot, and makes it impossible to get a plane into such a position that flying speed is lost, the trouble that usually precedes a tailspin. Flying blind, in fog or other conditions that make it impossible for the pilot to see some object by which he can fix his position, is the cause of many tailspin accidents. Unable to orientate himself by a glimpse of ground or sky, the pilot loses all sense of direction, unless he watches his instruments and obeys them rather than his own sensations. The steel pilot consists of electric motors which operate the longitudinal and lateral controls, and also steer the ship."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

THE SOUL OF SPAIN IN THE DANCE

NOW THAT MR. HOOVER is about to visit the Argentine and other points in South America, attention will be much directed toward these points. Just now the name of Argentina is on many lips, but the word refers to a dancer, who is Spanish, tho her name insensibly turns one's thought to that South American land which has given so many impulses to the recent development of the dance. She is Antonia Argentina, and has begun her tour in New York, achieving her entrée with an accompaniment of cheers and enthusiasm rarely seen in a New York theater. "There were outbursts of ecstatic applause," says the New York *Sun*, "such as no prima donna of the opera receives in these jaded days." This is not her first appearance in New York, tho that legend has gone forth. Shortly after the war a Spanish company recreated a "Land of Joy" in a playhouse somewhat outside the theater center. Argentina figured for a few nights in this company, tho her exquisite art, extolled in what we quote from Parisian sources, was somewhat submerged in the exuberance of the other performers, one of whom is remembered by the name of Dolores. After a few fugitive appearances she departed to win applause in Paris, and there our traveling public saw her, and paved the way for her triumphs here. Intelligent criticism of the dance has only just begun to appear in our daily papers, so we turn to a recent number of *L'Illustration* (Paris) for a more adequate portrayal of this new artist:



Pictures from *L'Illustration* (Paris) Drawings by Mlle. MacKain

THE SINUOUS GRACE OF SPAIN

Argentina in a dance called "Cordoba" with music by Albeniz

"One evening, after the war, but some few years ago, there appeared for the first time in Paris an unknown Spanish dancer, of whom one only knew that she had acquired a great reputation in her native country and in the two Americas. Her name sounded clear, caressing, and melodious: Antonia Argentina. She was a slender, young brunette, with deep eyes and a finely cut mouth, which disclosed, when she smiled, the dazzling whiteness of her teeth. Her almost straight black hair was parted in the center, and with its double band framed the typical oval of her face. Her expression was one of force, grace, and health. The harmony of her gestures disciplined, in a manner, her nervous and trembling ardor. She danced. A few days later she was famous, for she was enthusiastically celebrated by the critics and the artists. One said: 'l'Argentina,' just as one said 'la Pavlowa,' and these two names, evoking such dissimilar visual impressions, seemed in effect to hold the entire genius of the dance.

"She had come from Madrid, and was the daughter of two dancers and teachers of the *bolero*. Castilian on her father's side and Andalusian on her mother's, the two essential atavisms of the Spanish race were united in her. At nine she had made her début at the Royal Opera. Here she was soon made the *première* classic ballerina. But the academic coldness was not suited to her temperament. She dreamt of other forms in which, freed from the tyranny of rules, she could liberally express her personality. She left the Opera, and courageously secured engagements in several of those establishments where the spectacles of the dance assumed no other rôle than one of distraction amidst singing acts and comic sketches. How could she make the noisy and inattentive audience which assembled in these places comprehend that she was attempting to create, or to salvage, an art which was in its decadence? Lost in a commonplace troup of *gitanas*, it took her some time to achieve her aim. Her efforts met with success. Soon one appreciated the patrimony which was hers, retained possibly for her alone, and that the dances of Argentina, her flaming poetry, her shy intensity, her languid passion, and her grave voluptuousness, were the soul of Spain itself.

"One might almost say that Antonia Argentina enhanced the folklore as much as she did choreography. She completed the work of Albeniz, Granados, and Manuel de Falla and, what is more, she lent them the musical themes which she animated. It was the popular airs and the rustic songs of their country which these illustrious composers stylized and transposed to a higher plane of a perfect art. L'Argentina was also in direct communion with the soil where tradition was slowly being degraded and lost in the vulgarity of the cities. But such was not the case with her. She did not copy; she was self-inspired. She interpreted, she transfigured, she imposed the stamp of her intelligence and of her sensibility.

"It happened that certain persons who saw her dance for the first time admired her virtuosity, but, nevertheless, were astonished that they did not find in her the local color to which they had been accustomed. Where were the many-colored shawls, the red flower held between the lips, the frantic looseness and the savage cries, the deafening noise of the castanets to which the 'genuine' Spanish dancers had accustomed them? They soon learned where the truth lay.

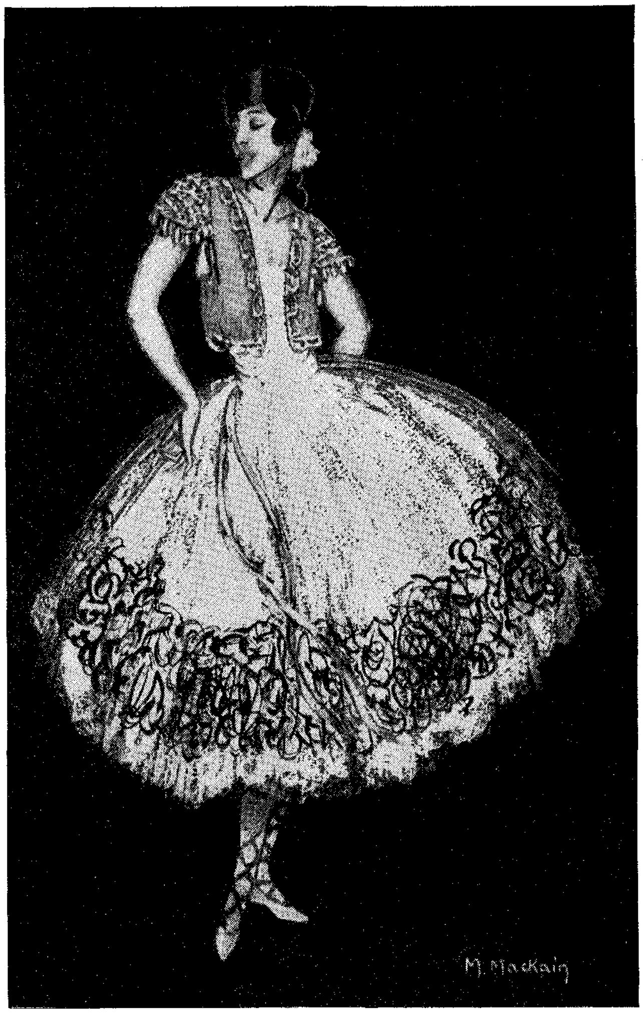
"The Spain of l'Argentina is not that of the concert cafés or of the night clubs. Local color does not depend upon the brutality of effects, but accommodates itself to discretion and to measure. Moreover, those who have never heard Madame Argentina play the castanets can have no idea of what this magician knows how to draw out of them; in turn it is a cascade murmuring caressingly, a song which fades away, a bird that trills, a tumult which grumbles, a sigh that dies. The painter of these aquarelles, Mademoiselle MacKain, knew how to portray this dancer whom Anatole France qualified as being 'unique,' so expressively in the lively grace of the attitudes and the costumes that we, in

LIBRARY

looking at them, experience the impression of movement and of rhythm."

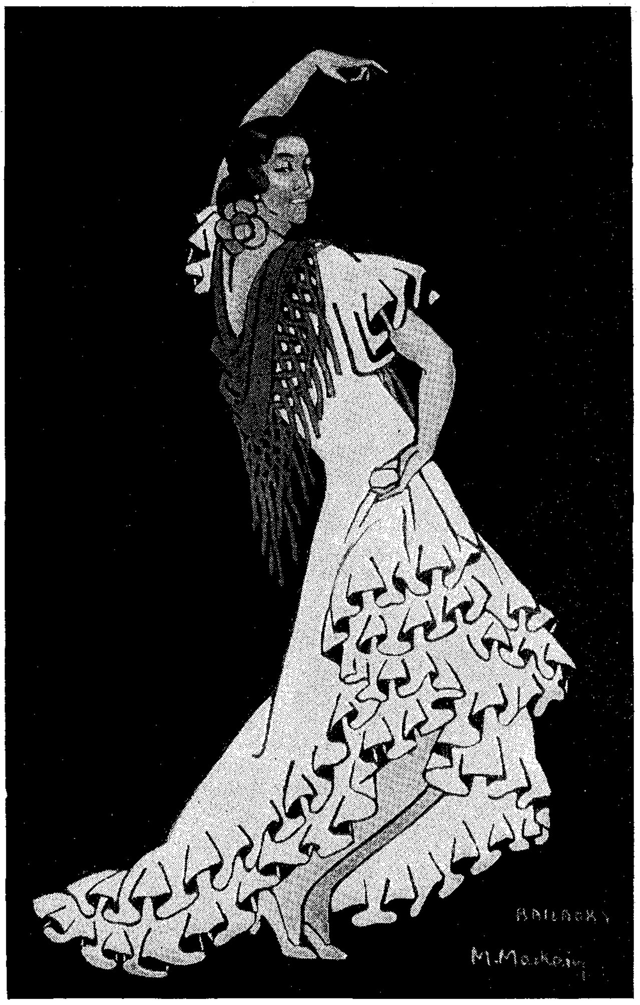
Only a poet could do justice to these paintings, and it was a great poet, Madame d'Houville, who, on coming from one of the dance recitals at which Madame Argentina had appeared in one or the other of the rôles which we see here, express her admiration. Madame d'Houville's article was printed in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, which, says the present writer, "is not accustomed to lavish such lyric praise upon dancers." She wrote:

> "It is a beautiful and diverse creature that the dancer Argentina makes out of contrasts: supple, tender, strong, gracious and powerful, simple and complicated, ardent and grave, flamboyant and fresh, and, in turn, strange like a Salome or joyous as a little village bride, or an enigmatic flower, its iridescent petals disheveled by fringes and shawls; a flower which changes its shape and its color in each gust of the wind of the dance and its whirling tempest.
>
> "She appears and, before dancing, raps her castanets with uplifted hands. She plays them with a mastery and a perfection that is without rival. And immediately our nerves are braced up, tho snapt by this hard, wooden music. Knocks on the door of a destiny which does not hear. A double gallop toward an impossible happiness. An excited and somber breathlessness made to accelerate some macaber ballet or the rattling of the bones of a skeleton, giving to the living a violent desire for vibrant life, a carnal beauty of undulating and voluptuous rhythm. Turned half around, the dancer bends: will she break like the stem of the carnation? But, no, she turns again, curves supplely, bit by bit she stoops and enfolds, then provocatingly, her hips projecting, her head erect, her heels stamping with a sense of rhythm, both barbarous and superb and, like a queen, she captures our enthusiasm, arouses our acclamation, and carries us off with her on an unrelenting flight. For, after having been a flower, the woody nightshade which extended its petals to the heavens; a doe with eyes full of fleeting promises; a beautiful serpent with lecherous rings, self-charmed, with its head darting toward the musical enchantment; after having been an innocent young girl ingenuously dancing at the joy of existence; a woman mocking, spiritual, promising all in the most roguish manner and with a charming mutiny, languidly in love, voluptuous, passionate, she transforms herself into a winged goddess who disappears before our very eyes, blurred by the trembling waves made by her skirts and fringed flounces.
>
> "Argentina, whirling around like some heavenly body; Argentina, in the play of the undulating flames and dashed to the broken will of the raucous dissonances of syncopated rhythms; Argentina, dancer of a great instinctive race, yet always wise, savage, and at the same time with an innate distinction, mysterious being in the center of flaming colors, you ofttimes seem to ask yourself just what this intoxication will create. This giddiness, this rapid folly, will it not blossom out in fire as the nucleus of a whirling world? Will not an immense rose be created growing around your footsteps? Do you unwind, amidst your gestures, invisible and magic threads with which to spin a cocoon where, a butterfly bewildered by too much palpitation, you may rest until your next dance? Or, the dance ended and, balanced like a large, primitive savage, do you row away on a boat of dreams on the billows of your inclinations? Argentina, you who know secrets, magic, the sense of thoughts, the harmonious goal of movement, will you no longer dance *l'Amour sorcier*, in which you triumphed?"



FROM THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Made famous here by Fanny Elssler, the bolero, a classic dance of the 18th century, is one of Argentina's most popular numbers.



TANGO ANDALUSIAN

With clicking heels and purring castanets Argentina moves through the intricate forms of this essentially Spanish dance.

Quoting this enthusiastic appreciation, *L'Illustration* concludes:

> "There is no doubt that the use which she makes of her gifts makes her appear, above all else, as the greatest dancer of her country; away from her native land, she develops all the heavens of Spain and, with her heels, causes to appear the walls of Murcie or the gardens of Granada. She has a poetic power which makes her the member of a race more divine.

THE AMERICANIZED BRITISH STAGE

IN THE MEMORY OF MANY who lived in the pre-jazz age, musical comedies came to us from London, tho London, we are told, got them from Vienna. Now London gets her musical comedies, also many plays, from us, and so far as London audiences also have not become Americanized, there is dismay and distress over the situation. In *The New Statesman* (London) a critic, "J. B.-W." declares that "there is no longer any native English product. Nearly all London's successful musical plays come directly or indirectly from New York." What the change means to our English cousins is in the direction of "standardization," and this, he says, "is most clearly to be seen in the department of musical plays. These American musical plays retain most, if not all, their American flavor upon transportation. In fact, this is the essential ingredient to their success, so bankrupt are we at the moment in native character." Indirectly we may here read a criticism of our own product:

"One of the conspicuous features of these American musical plays is the chorus. In the good old English days the chorus at its best was merely attractive to look at. It danced perfunctorily and with a genteel attenuated air that was meant to be mistaken by the pit and gallery for the languid nonchalance of our legendary aristocracy—the actual aristocracy of the period being, of course, largely hard-mouthed, loud-voiced, and athletic. Perhaps these languid, static ladies of the chorus were deliberately manufactured to attract the horse-faced boiled shirts in the stalls by their perverse delicacy. Now, however, they no longer exist. The Americans, impatient with the slow subtlety of English purveyors of musical comedy, who had not realized that democracy now occupied the stalls, wanted a 'live' chorus, a chorus with punch, and the results have been astonishing. The average chorus in a musical play often rivals the famous Prussian Guards in the massed precision and flamboyancy of its goose steps. It is no sinecure to be a young lady in the chorus of a musical comedy nowadays."

A glance at the theater ads in a London paper shows such American musical plays as "Good News," "Blue Eyes," "Show Boat," "Topsy and Eva," and "Virginia." Some of these may have undergone sea-change in name in transportation. To resume with the author:

"'Virginia' is totally American; its character, its emotions, its ideals are all Americanized, and the huge audience which filled the theater on the night I was present seemed to me to have an American look. And I use the word 'American' because it is useful to describe a certain kind of crudity which is universal, but which has become organized in America, altho, of course, there are elements fighting against it in America as elsewhere. In drama we have another instance of the latter-day standardizing tendency in the misuse of the producer. The 'producer' is a modern development, and he has become a tyrant or a 'boss,' as everybody who is given power tends to become nowadays under this American influence."

From musical comedy the writer turns to plays, for he finds a "superb example of the boss-producer and his methods" in the American play "Broadway," which had a long run both here and in London:

"I remember being told by an American before it was brought here that there was absolutely nothing in this play but 'production,' that there was no 'play' before the producer started on it. And he was right, altho he was naive to assert it so triumphantly. In 'Broadway' there was no sort of acting at all; the actors were mere automatons who performed their allotted functions as only automatons can. Any real individual acting—in the sense of an actor making contact with the audience in the theater and by art affecting them—was non-existent. It was not wanted, because it was contrary to the very nature of the performance that was being given, which was not an artistic performance, but an exciting mechanical demonstration similar to the demonstrations of machines given at Olympia or at agricultural and engineering shows.

"Such theatrical productions, whether they are labeled 'musical play,' 'melodrama,' 'drama,' 'tragedy,' 'farce,' 'comedy,' or anything you please, have nothing to do with art and are by nature the antithesis of art. Art has, under this 'American' influence, almost vanished from the theater, and the average actor nowadays is told exactly where to stand and what to do by his producer, as if he were a mere dummy. Certain actors get known for physical and mental characteristics and are given by the producer parts to which their characteristics are most suitable. This is the 'art' of casting. It, again, is no art, but only a method, a mechanical method which within limits works, and works well, because there is nothing unknown or incalculable left in, as there always is in the case of true art. One of our best-known men of the theater, Mr. Basil Dean, has achieved a great reputation as a producer by these methods, but, as they only suit plays which are themselves mechanical products and not works of art, I, for one, can not bestow on Mr. Basil Dean the title of a good producer, altho nobody can question his efficiency within his own factory.

"The most intelligent actors to-day recognize the truth of these remarks, and in so far as they are capable of being artists and have a true love for the art of the theater, they are in rebellion. It is, however, an underground, supprest rebellion, because at present they have no power. The theater is in the hands of business men who, like all business men, prefer to deal with standardized products, because then they know exactly where they are. If only the public can be cajoled, bullied, trained, or forced (by having no choice) to consume their standardized theatrical products, they will be content. It is for the public to keep alive a demand for theatrical art, and help the actors, dramatists, and other artists of the theater to supply it."

GRANT WITH GRANT LEFT OUT

THAT OLD ADAGE about the forest being hidden in the trees gains a new illustration in modern biography. We have learned so many things about repressions, and impulses, and other psychological or psychopathic oddities, that the man himself is lost in the jungle. If ever a forthright individual emerged in our history, one would say it was General Grant; but the new school has got around to him and, at least to the reviewer of Grant's latest biographer, the General doesn't emerge from the printed page. The book in question is W. E. Woodward's "Meet General Grant." The New York *Times* reviewer observes:

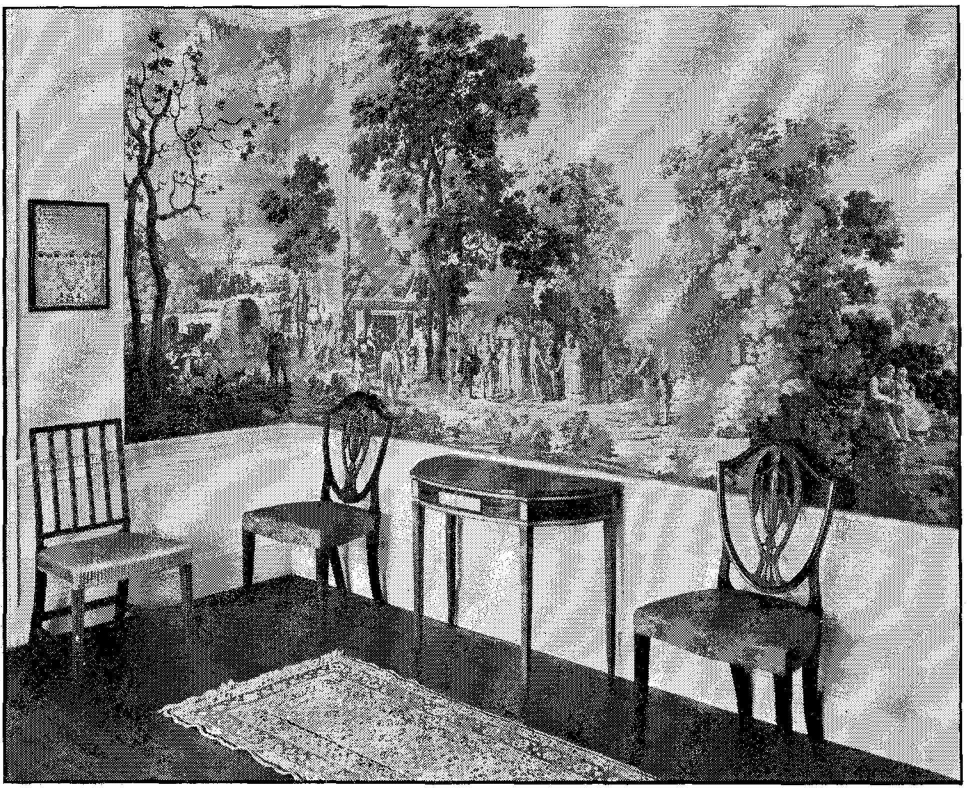
"He sees it—you can tell that—and he tries to make you see it. He is a good writer, too, and has written an interesting book. Why does he not quite put Grant across? Probably it is because he is a victim of an accurst fashion, the fashion of the last few years in writing history. The historian has to be Olympic—Martian, rather; the persons he is discussing are quaint little specimens of that odd genus, the human race, of which he has heard rumors back in Mars, and he picks them up in his fingers and studies idly some little behaviors of theirs before tiring of the sport and letting them drop back again into their ant-hills. Now, it is unfashionable to say so, but Macaulay is still a best seller every year, and so are Carlyle and Gibbon; the most riproaring of your modern schools can not come within a mile of their sales, any year; and there was nothing Martian about them. What does that signify? Why, it signifies that most people who buy books do not care for the Martian or Jovian school. And the reason they do not care for it is just this thing we are talking about—the Martian historians can not make their subjects clear to you, while no man knows his own brother better than he does Carlyle's 'sea-green Robespierre' and 'leonine Danton.'

"Then, too, Mr. Woodward has the misfortune to be under the influence of certain old-fashioned schools which once dictated to the pen of every biographical writer; the antiquated Freud, for instance. Thus, some years before the war, Grant was drinking whisky like a fish. Why? For that matter, why does any man drink? But Mr. Woodward tells you; not what may have been the reason, but what positively was the reason, with no ifs and ands about it. It was principally 'the repression of his sexual impulse.' There it is, sure as A B C; and now, when your hat is crashed by some overjovial gentleman unsteadily and happily leaving a night club, you will know that his sexual impulse has been repressed.

"Then, again, Grant was seldom angry; but once, during the Wilderness battles, when he saw a teamster beating his horses in the face, he gave the stupid miscreant a good bawling out. Why? Well, you would think such a combination of ignorance with cruelty would be likely to make any man with brains and a heart a little warm; but not so with Mr. Woodward. 'Grant,' he magnificently and scientifically explains, 'was a zoophile, an animal lover.' By the time you have got fully acquainted with this zoophile with the repressed sexual impulse, you have lost all desire to understand the strategy of the Vicksburg campaign; the only thing you feel sure of is that if the Confederate commander had been a horse, the zoophilitic Grant wouldn't have insisted on his surrender."

WHY NOT WALL-PAPER?

WOMEN ARE BECOMING TIRED of plain walls. Furnishings have been more considered than backgrounds, and to have a wall space unadorned, or broken up with panels, is as far as many go. Pictures even are banished, and a Japanese bareness is achieved—perhaps to aid meditation. Our ancestors thought otherwise and covered their walls with picture papers that sometimes carried the mind into remote regions of romance. Nancy McClelland, who has made a specialty of these papers, and written several books on them, remarks in the New York *Sun* that "a good wall doctor might suggest several remedies for the above complaints, but the simplest and easiest to adopt in most cases is wall-paper, especially such paper as may be had to-day." Here are some of her suggestions:


Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

WALL-PAPER OF OUR ANCESTORS DATING FROM 1805

Shown in the new wing of decorative arts of Europe and America, at the Boston Museum.

"Recently many beautiful old wall-papers have been taken from the houses where they originally obtained and brought to this country to be used as backgrounds of American, French, or English rooms, to which they give an 'air' that nothing else can rival. The finest of these are the old scenic papers, some of which are shown in the collections of the Metropolitan Museum.

"They are especially lovely in dining-rooms and in hallways, where a few pieces of high furniture obscure their continuous stories. By themselves they furnish and complete a room before anything else is put into it.

"Rivalry in obtaining these old papers has become very keen, and many amusing stories are told of 'paper hunts.' One paper that has just come to New York was for many years in a home in Lyons, France. The person who obtained it had had a watchful eye on it for at least twelve years, waiting for the psychological moment when it would be possible to persuade its owners to adopt some other form of wall decoration and remove the coveted panorama.

"Old Chinese papers, too, have come back into favor, and once more hold court in drawing-rooms and music rooms, as they did at Badminton and Versailles.

"But these treasures are not within the reach of all. The largest proportion of people are forced to use reproductions of old papers or some of the delightful modern designs produced in our own times.

"The secret of making a successful room from these wall-papers lies in knowing how to use the decoration to the best advantage. Often a room is far lovelier when the paper is put on three walls only, leaving the fourth wall paneled or painted like the ground of the paper. Often, too, the paper may be used in panels of interesting shape and form, provided the design has a composition that permits such a use. No longer does the idea prevail that the sole method of papering is an unbroken mass from ceiling to floor and from end to end of the wall surface.

"Papers of great gaiety and charm are being designed for dressing-rooms, bathrooms, and telephone closets. Papers that look like flowered damask or cretonne or taffeta or linen are made for boudoirs and bedrooms. Papers that look like lacquer and coromandel and lapis-lazuli are made for screens. All the precious materials of the world are imitated in this unpretentious and comparatively inexpensive decoration.

"Papering a few rooms with the right papers is the best sort of tonic for a dull house. It is sure to emerge cheerful and bright and smiling, with many subtle 'asides' in its revival."

THE COVER—Our cover this week takes us into the Canadian Rockies. The Skeki Valley lies on the northern side of the range that borders the Bow Valley opposite the Lake Louise Station. It is a great hunting ground, tho but a day's horseback ride from Lake Louise. The teepee shown was built for the artist by the Steny Indians, and has been his shelter for six summers, but not long after the painting was made it was torn to bits by a bear. Of the artist we read:

"Belmore Browne's name is familiar to the public through his conquest of Mt. McKinley, his adventurous years in the Alaskan wilderness and his stories of wild-animal collecting in far-off places.

"Being a stubborn lover of rugged scenery, he built a cabin at Banff in the Canadian Rockies, and for the past seven years has made his home there. With his own ponies and teepee of Indian make, he has spent each summer in exploring the mountains, streams and valleys that form the vast, scenic upheaval that surrounds his home.

"For weeks at a time he is out of touch with mankind, and his only visitors are the wild animals that still travel the western mountains.

"No man is more at home in the wilderness, and no man paints the mountains with more reverence and sincerity than he.

"One of his winter pictures of Lake Louise hangs in the permanent collection of the Memorial Art Gallery in Rochester. His picture called 'The Chief's Canoe' which hung in the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design has been purchased by the Council of the Academy with the Ranger Fund, and will be hung in the National Gallery in Washington, D. C."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

DARWIN AN OUTLAW IN ARKANSAS

DARWIN HAS BEEN OUTLAWED in Arkansas by vote of the sovereign people, and "Fundamentalism," says the Montgomery *Advertiser*, "is thus formally established as the State religion." But some editors see in the reputed increased sale of scientific books in Tennessee and Mississippi, where the theory of evolution also has been wiped out by statute, a portent of what will happen in the Ozarks. Darwin will be bootlegged. It will be impossible, believe these editors, to curb the natural curiosity of youth. It is significant that several Southern papers are among the quickest to draw the sword of criticism.

P. & A. photograph

AN ATHEISTIC "MARTYR"

Charles Smith, President of the American Association for the Advance of Atheism, who was jailed in Little Rock for his attack on the Bible preceding the referendum on the bill forbidding the teaching of the theory of evolution. With him is a relative, according to the theory.

The Arkansas bill banning the teaching of the theory of evolution in State-supported schools was passed in a popular referendum at the general election, two years after it had been passed by the State House of Representatives and killed in the Senate by a small majority. Preceding the referendum one atheist went to a mild martyrdom for his faith—or lack of it. Charles Smith of New York, President of the American Association for the Advance of Atheism, returned to his native heath to lead the onslaught against Genesis, and was jailed for displaying at his headquarters a placard reading: "Evolution is true. The Bible is a lie. God's a ghost." He went on a hunger strike, and after a period of starvation was removed to a hospital, only to be arrested again and convicted on a blasphemy charge. Meantime, the Civil Liberties Union, according to a United Press dispatch by Morris de Haven Tracy, has appealed to some school-teacher in Arkansas, Tennessee, or Mississippi to sponsor a test case which the Union promises to take before the higher courts.

Now that the general election is out of the way, many of the papers turn their attention to Arkansas as to a pleasant tidbit. "Isn't that foolish?" exclaims the Savannah *News*, another to speak up from what has been described as the "Bible Belt." "As if the Bible," remarks *The News*, "needed an Arkansas law to hedge it about so that the minds of people might not hear of any other story of creation, lest, if they did hear one, they might believe it in preference to the Bible. The adoption of such a law is a confession that the State of Arkansas does not trust the intelligence of its own people on a matter of religion." "It is a puny, piffling human effort to preserve the theory of the divine inspiration of the Bible when the Bible needs no such protection," says the New York *Morning Telegraph*. It goes to show that error is feared in Arkansas, asserts the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, "and instead of depending upon truth to combat it, the Arkansas officials depend upon the policeman's club and the jail to keep error down. If the Arkansas mayors and judges are not careful, they will make a martyr of Atheist Smith, and then they will have a real job on their hands. If they would let him talk it out, he would probably get tired after a little while and retire of his own motion from what he calls 'the mental desert of darkest Arkansas.'" Happily the facts on which the theory of evolution is based are too well-known and too securely established for laws such as this to do much real damage, thinks the Winston-Salem *Journal*. "If Arkansans choose not to examine these facts, that is their misfortune. But one is moved to wonder what would now be the limits of thought if the human race had decided in the beginning of the dawn of knowledge that new facts and new theories should not be taught or studied." Of course, the people of Arkansas "might have gone farther and decreed that future citizens of their State should be taught that babies grow on huckleberry bushes, without exceeding their constitutional powers," remarks the Detroit *Free Press*. "After all," continues *The Free Press*, "who knows but that the good people of Arkansas have some inside information on biological processes that has been denied to the benighted States to the east and west, south and north of them?" Darwin himself, we are told, "failed to convert more than a fraction of his own generation to his evolutionary theories. There is still a doubt in some minds as to their accuracy. Why not give the benefit of it to Tennessee and Arkansas, which seem to need it?"

"Foolish as a referendum on such a subject may appear," observes the New York *World*, "the ultimate right of the taxpayers to say what shall be taught in their schools can not be denied unless we are ready to repudiate democracy." However, *The World* hopes that the example of Arkansas will not be contagious, and it says:

> "Possibly this agitation against the teaching of evolution is not an unmixed evil. Extreme obscurantism may become an educative influence. Deny to modern youth the right to certain knowledge, and the chances are that his appetite will be whetted and that he will delve into the forbidden subject with a zeal rarely displayed for prescribed studies. That may explain the increased demand for evolutionist literature reported in the States from whose schools Darwin has been expelled."

However, education will not be hindered, in the opinion of the Washington *News*, which, in fact, predicts that it will be hastened in Arkansas faster than in any other State as long as the new law remains on the books. For, *The News* points out:

> "All the years that educators have been expounding the Darwinian theory they have succeeded in making it really interesting to only a small minority of students. For one pupil who found

this branch of science fascinating, a dozen found it dull. It had to be forced into their unwilling minds.

"Now it will be different. Evolution becomes the forbidden fruit and therefore tempting. What is this thing they don't want us to know? That will be the attitude of the school boy and girl. The daring ones will demand to be told; the others will seek the information secretly.

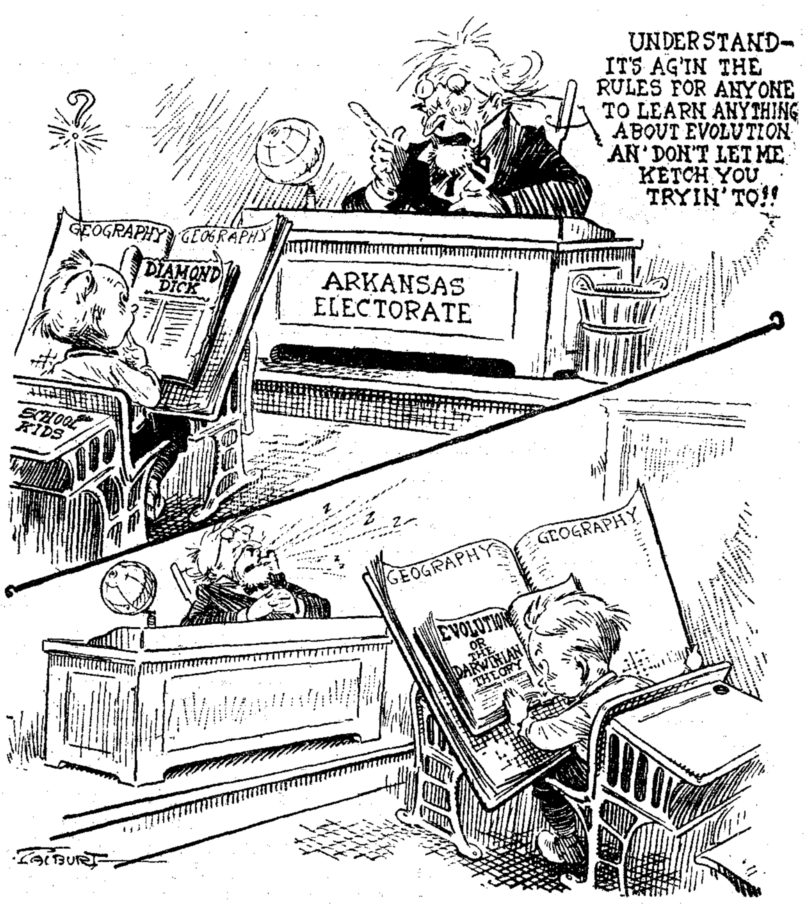
"Once the small boy hid Deadwood Dick behind his geography. Now we may expect to see him bootlegging the Origin of Species in the same manner."

The theory of evolution is a major scientific hypothesis that is at the bottom of modern discussion on a dozen important subjects, points out the Des Moines *Tribune Capital*, and it suggests the difficulties in the new situation in Arkansas:

> "How will the schools of Arkansas teach anything if they have to duck evolution?
>
> "Shall they treat evolution just as before, except that they must carefully exclude man from any connection with it? Can they say that, according to the theory, man is really included, but that the people of Arkansas by a vote of so many to so many have decided that this was an error? Must it be definitely taught not only that the people of Arkansas have so decided, but that the popular majority in Arkansas is infallible?
>
> "How are the schools to handle the problem, except in some way certain to accomplish exactly the opposite of what the backers of the statute wish?
>
> "This is not to defend the evolutionary theory. Apparently that theory is hardy enough to take care of itself. This is merely to hint that the method of dealing with thought or even with mental speculation that is applied here has its difficulties."

However, the theory of evolution is still a theory, and the Chicago *Daily News* asks why it should be taught under any circumstances. In fact, says *The Daily News*:

> "Not all scientific naturalists accept the so-called Darwinian theory of the descent of man. The late St. Mivart, for example, and the late Alfred Russell Wallace, the codiscoverer of natural selection, or the survival of the fittest, asserted in all their works that biological evolution failed to account for man's uniqueness, and that an act that popularly might be termed special creation had to be postulated to explain the chasm between the highest orders of animals and homo sapiens.
>
> "Why, then, should not school text-books and lectures to pupils present the several theories of human development, without dogmatically upholding any one of them?
>
> "If the Arkansas anti-evolution law be tested in the courts, the distinction between teaching and exposition should be emphasized by the opponents of the law. In any event, the libraries and bookstores of Arkansas, as well as its private schools and institutes, will continue to acquaint the people of that State with the theory of evolution.
>
> "The law, if sustained, will have the opposite effect from that intended by its misguided sponsors. It is too late in the day of progress to suppress knowledge or stifle fair discussion."


UNDERSTAND— IT'S AG'IN THE RULES FOR ANYONE TO LEARN ANYTHING ABOUT EVOLUTION AN' DON'T LET ME KETCH YOU TRYIN' TO!!
GEOGRAPHY
GEOGRAPHY
DIAMOND DICK
ARKANSAS ELECTORATE
SCHOOL KIDS
GEOGRAPHY
GEOGRAPHY
EVOLUTION OR THE DARWINIAN THEORY
TALBURT

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

—Talburt in the Washington *Daily News*.

LIFTING THE BAN ON SUNDAY SPORTS

STRICT SABBATARIANS MAY DEPLORE the action of the voters in Massachusetts, approving by a decisive majority Sunday sports in the Bay State, but, observes the neighboring Providence *Journal*, "it reflects the prevalent modern sentiment on the question. From any unprejudiced point of view the move is evidence of no more than a reasonable liberality." However, we are informed, local self-government in this matter will still prevail, for the approved legislation provides for local option, and Sunday baseball games and other pastimes will not be forced on any community that does not wish them. The State merely legalizes Sunday games at which admission is charged in all towns where they may be sanctioned by local ordinance. Thus town meetings and city councils retain the right to establish their own restrictions, even to the complete barring of sports on the first day of the week, if local sentiment so demands. Two restrictions are provided that may modify the feelings of objectors. Sunday games are limited to the hours between two and six in the afternoon, and no professional games may be played within 1,000 feet of a place of worship. As the Rhode Island paper further views the case, the Massachusetts law "is especially fair in that it extends the permissive privilege not merely to baseball, but to all Sunday sports. This is impartial treatment which has not always been accorded in the framing of laws regarding such sports. The rigorous restrictions of the old 'Blue Laws' are quite out of date and a reasonable relaxation in keeping with the decent and rational sentiment of the present day is quite inoffensive." So, too, the Cleveland *News*, which says that the old Bay State "deserves praise for its enterprise in modernizing ancestral or paternal laws to some extent, regardless of the time and effort required."

In New Jersey the problem of enforcing a Blue Law which is practically obsolete and openly defied is still acute. In fact, a grand jury has refused to indict a motion-picture operator in Newark who has twice been fined for keeping his place of amusement open on Sunday. After the third violation he was held for the grand jury, which not only refused to indict, but directed the prosecutor to bring the presentment to the attention of Governor Moore and the Legislature. This presentment, according to press reports, sets forth that motion-picture theaters could not be operated on Sunday "unless there was a demand for and patronage of them, due, we believe, to the wishes of a large proportion of our people." Under these conditions the grand jury says: "We do not deem it wise or proper to vote indictments against hundreds of our citizens or to discriminate against some in favor of others, but rather deem it our duty to present this matter to the public, and especially to the Legislature of the State." The presentment adds that non-observance of some of the laws "is not due to any desire on the part of persons to violate the law, but rather to a change in conditions and custom which makes the present laws governing moral life on the Sabbath more or less obsolete."

In the opinion of the Hartford *Courant*, the New Jersey grand jury took precisely the right course. For, says *The Courant:*

"Nothing is ever gained by trying to enforce laws that have become unenforceable through the changed attitude of public opinion. 'True laws are not made; they are discovered,' said President Coolidge on a recent occasion. The common law of England was the result of King Alfred first ascertaining the habits, customs and usages of the people, and making the law to fit the prevailing conditions. He knew it would be futile to try to change practises harmless in themselves by making a law against them. He realized that the law must be the outgrowth of public sentiment and experience."

Reciting that the laws against witchcraft, against the practise of the Quaker faith, and against the theater remained on the Massachusetts statute books long after they were nullified by the very authorities who were supposed to put them into effect, *The Courant* goes on:

"The New Jersey Blue Laws, like those of several other States, notably Pennsylvania, have been a plague upon the statute books these many years. If they ever had any real usefulness, if they ever represented anything more than a zest to persecute, that usefulness was long ago outlived. The law must be a growing thing. It must always fit the needs and conditions of the people. It must be responsive to intelligent public opinion. This New Jersey grand jury is not to be criticized for having nullified the law but to be praised for taking a step that may bring the Sunday laws into harmony with the present-day conception of the uses to which Sunday may properly be put.

"If some of our legislatures would devote as much time to ridding the public statutes of mischief-making, obsolete laws as they devote to piling up new laws, most of them dealing with matters which would cure themselves if let alone, the cause of orderly government would immensely profit."

That the present Blue Laws are obsolete is too apparent to be challenged, comments the Jersey City *Jersey Journal*, but, it advises, "the opponents of the open Sunday are not without justification in holding fast to them if the danger of a wide-open Sunday is the alternative. A wide-open Sunday has elements in it that even many of the liberals who desire some modification of the Blue Laws would hesitate to indorse." As *The Jersey Journal* sees it, then:

"There seems to be a middle course for constructive legislation that would be a sensible compromise between the archaic Blue Law on the one side and abandonment of all legal enforcement of Sunday observation on the other side.

"The matter of a wide-open Sunday is more than a moral issue. The actual fact is that the union working men are already seeing the danger of too much advocating of a wide-open Sunday as an entering wedge against the day of rest. The wider open the Sunday is, the more people will be called upon to work to supply the amusements and other things necessary on a busy day and not needed on a quiet day of little business. To be sure, that danger may not be very great, but it is there, nevertheless, with strength sufficient enough to warrant the union men watching very carefully the trend of any legislation proposed on the Sunday question."

AZRAEL

By Herbert H. Yeames

Angel of Death, who, like some monstrous cloud
  Blotting the sun and drenching earth in gloom,
With dreadful wings outspread, of raven plume,
God and His Heaven from our eyes dost shroud
In night impenetrable,—art thou proud
Of thy poor triumph in man's hopeless doom,
Of thy fell incense from the fetid tomb,
Thy hymns of ceaseless lamentation loud?—
Or is it that we cannot see aright?
Hast thou thy feet on earth, in Heaven thy head,
Aureoled with splendor of God's living light?
Is't that which casts on us thy shadow dread,
When thou dost stoop from that unfathomed height
To lift to God those whom we call the dead?

—*The Catholic World, New York.*

MODERN PSYCHOLOGY IN "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" IS A BOOK for this generation, declares *Zion's Herald* (Methodist) in an editorial marking the celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the famous tinker. John Bunyan's great story has been held by some moderns to be simply a colorful expression of Calvinistic theology, but *Zion's Herald* finds in it truths as old as the human race itself and as universal in application as the principles of mathematics. In fact, it is a fine exposition of scientific principles in terms of religion, in the opinion of this Boston journal of Methodism, and we read:

"In the Tinker's arresting symbolism will be found good science as well as good religion. What is the meaning of the 'burden'? Modern psychology tells us that in the subconscious mind we carry a load of fears and apprehensions, a sense of guilt which we are constantly endeavoring to hide in the very depths of our being. We build up a 'defense mechanism' and suffer from an 'inferiority complex' because of the conditions that prevail in the 'subliminal' regions of the mind. All this refers in scientific language to the thing that Bunyan called the 'burden.'

"The psychologists also provide for 'release' from the 'inner suppressions' of the soul, and explain that when this freeing process takes place the man or woman experiences a mood of 'exaltation' and a 'sense of harmony.' Again, what do these descriptions signify? Are they not the very same things as *Christian's* 'joy' and 'peace'?

"When *Christian* caught a vision of the Cross, something happened. The burden rolled off his back. His faith was fixt on the Crucified One. He was saved from sin. In scientific terms, this was an experience of 'transference.' Unable to help himself, wearied with the terrible burden, the tired Pilgrim 'looked to Jesus,' that is, found release in the belief that he could trust his every secret to his Savior and that the Crucified One had power to forgive the sinner who could not forgive himself."

In all this, says *Zion's Herald*, there is perfect harmony between science and religion. "Only by transferring the subconscious load to another, says the psychoanalist, can a man find relief. Only by believing in Jesus, says religion, can the sinner be saved."

Here, we read, is "a difference in language—no difference in meaning." Again:

"There is still another scientific word that finds illustration in 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It is 'sublimation.' While it is true that Bunyan did not provide in his story for any large emphasis upon practical Christian service as the term is used to-day, he nevertheless showed how, in his hero, love of self was supplanted by love for God.

"Nowhere in the whole range of religious truth is the harmony between the teachings of science and of religion better illustrated than at this point. Jesus says, 'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it.' Science shouts a like stern command to every miserable man or woman who has made a wreck of his or her love life. 'Sublimate! Sublimate! Find something outside of yourself to love. Give yourself to some great task. Help humanity.'

"As Christianity bids us love God with all our hearts and give the cup of cold water to our fellow men, so science tells us that we must find expression for our love in some channel of worth-while service.

"Yes, science supports the allegory. Indeed, it gives new force to the old, old teachings of John Bunyan."

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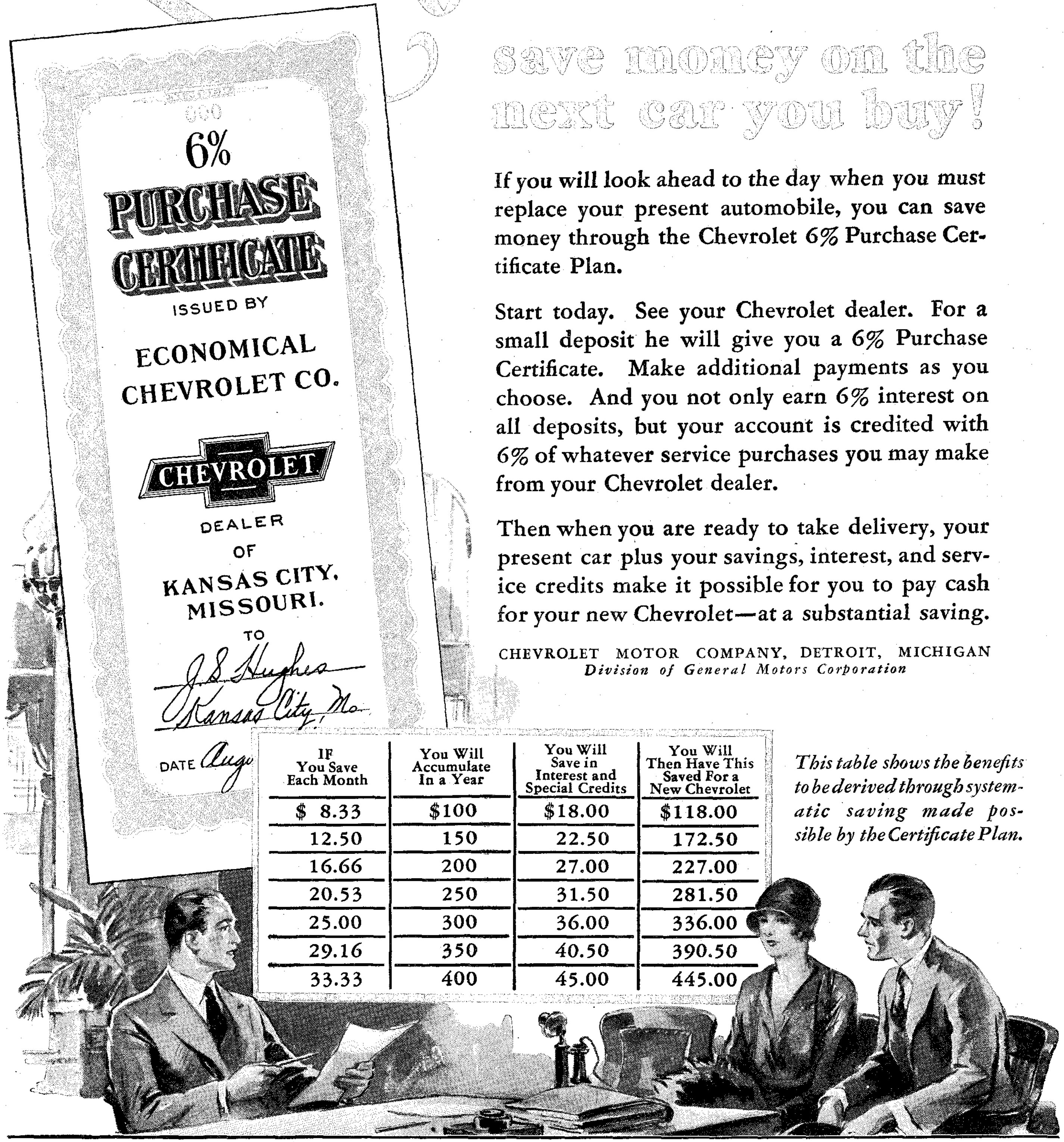

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16.66	200	27.00	227.00
20.53	250	31.50	281.50
25.00	300	36.00	336.00
29.16	350	40.50	390.50
33.33	400	45.00	445.00

This table shows the benefits to be derived through systematic saving made possible by the Certificate Plan.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

NATURE'S forces in interrelation are beautifully exprest in the New York *Times*.

FROM A HILLTOP

By Bert Cooksley

There is a wisdom in the love of earth;
There is a friendship in the valley's hand.
Say what you will of books and their fine worth,
They have no value till we understand.

The tree's huge labor breaking through the soil,
The silence of this hill against the sky,
The plow that furrows and the seedling's toil,
The awful quiet in which oak trees die.

They have no value till we sense the surge
Of rivers put beneath a forest bed,
Of sun and wind and rain whose lives must urge
The flower's breath, the apple's green to red!

Thomas Hardy's posthumous book of verse, "Winter Words in Various Moods and Metres" (Macmillan) begins with this, sometimes rough, but containing lovely epithets like "deedily gray," "night domiciled":

THE NEW DAWN'S BUSINESS

By Thomas Hardy

What are you doing outside my walls,
O Dawn of another day?
I have not called you over the edge
Of the healthy ledge,
So why do you come this way,
With your furtive footstep without sound here,
And your face so deedily gray?

I show a light for killing the man
Who lives not far from you,
And for bringing to birth the lady's child,
Night domiciled,
And for earthing a corpse or two,
And for several other such odd jobs round here
That Time to-day must do.

But you he leaves alone (although,
As you have often said,
You are always ready to pay the debt
You don't forget
You owe for board and bed:)
The truth is, when men willing are found here
He takes those loth instead.

We speak of the Dodo, but nature seems to annihilate her offspring continuously. Of the yellow scented musk to which Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch dedicates these lines in the London *Spectator*, he doubts if "a single plant so common forty years ago can be found anywhere in England":

COTTAGE MUSK

By Q

Or in caprice or through neglect
Gone is the Greengage, rusty-speck'd,
Gone the Red Sage that once bedecked
Our garden alleys.
But most I miss the Musk, of yore
That scented every cottage door
And pathway of the labouring poor,
—But sweetliest Sally's.

Hers was a life together lent
With it and its belonging scent—
God knows which way or why they went!—
But you may go where
You will, and search the countryside
Where wavering clouds and waters glide—
It died, the year that Sally died—
You'll find it nowhere.

Inspired by a Japanese tray or screen, the writer in *Japm* (Atlantic City) sees his impression transferred to nature:

LACQUER LANDSCAPE

By Charles Ballard

It is late afternoon.
In the copper light to the west a snowy cone
Looks sharp as silver,
And dim bronze wings are moving slowly eastward.

Nearer, brown-gold hills are sleeping,
While close at hand
Seven pines lift broad umbrellas
Over black river-water.

Bare-masted shallops doze at a bridge of bamboo canes.
On the bridge, on the river, under the trees, not a soul to be seen;
But an hour from now, at sundown, naked fishers will come
To make ready their boats for the sea.

Some read the Dictionary for amusement; a night ticket-seller on the New York Elevated read it through; but it is the Chicago *Daily News* that reports this:

PLUNDER

By Jack Horner

Fossicking round
In the dictionary,
Words may be found
Fit for a raree.

Orpiment, orc,
Varvel and gibbles,
Zizany, torc,
Dimity, fribbles.

Quaint, if inept,
Odd bits from babel,
Like old things kept
On grandma's table.

Trembling on the brink of two worlds, one seems likely to be dead; the other, in Arnold's phrase, "powerless to be born." From *The Spectator* (London):

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

By Diana Hunt

We call it "friendship" you and I,
And that is just as well:
But there's a bit of Heaven astir—
And a little, too, of Hell.

If you were to say "I love you,"
And I to answer the same:—
Could we play as skilfully, I wonder,
At that other sort of game?

Would you know how to sound the deeper notes
And touch new chords awake?
And what would be left of faith for you
When the first illusions break?

Could I, in my turn, keep the rules,
And cling to my topmost heights?
How well, when the heart is laid bare at last,
Should I weather the days and nights?

There's a great high mountain between us, still,
And these thoughts we are thinking now;
While the far side calls us, yet threatens too—
Just over the mountain's brow.

Only a word to whisper;
A look, one move of the head:
And two lose the art of friendship
That hangs by a silken thread.
Would life grow richer for saying that word?—
Or for leaving it unsaid?

Here in the New York *Evening Post* is a bit of homily on the theme of seizing the minute and its substantial blessing:

BEN JONSON, JR.

By Wilfred J. Funk

Love brushed my eyes one golden day
And blinded them with glory;
Heigh ho! thought I, I'll write a lay
And tell all men my story!

No line of it was written then,
And none until the morrow;
Alack-a-day! I dipped my pen
In gall and bitter sorrow.

The seventeenth century comes alive in this bit of artificial moralism in *The New Yorker*. Perhaps this is a plea for the commonplace and neglected middle class:

NO DUELS, DRAMA OR BLOODSHED TO SPEAK OF

By Margaret Fishback

If I were beautiful I would
Not bother much with being good,
For beauty seems sufficiently
Attractive in itself to me,
And righteousness a rather silly
Calcimining of the lily.

But if I were as good as gold
And wholly free from all the old
Familiar weaknesses, I guess
I'd curl my lip at comeliness,
And find my satisfaction in
A state of being free from sin.

But since I'm neither this nor that
Nor good nor bad nor thin nor fat
Nor beautiful nor plain as some,
But just a happy medium,
I have a very pleasant time
And never get involved in crime.

The comparison is not quite fair, for Victory was once whole after the fight, but perhaps those addrest will forgive her. This in the November *Poetry* (Chicago):

THE VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE SPEAKS TO THE MUTILATED OF A GREAT WAR

By Ellen Glines

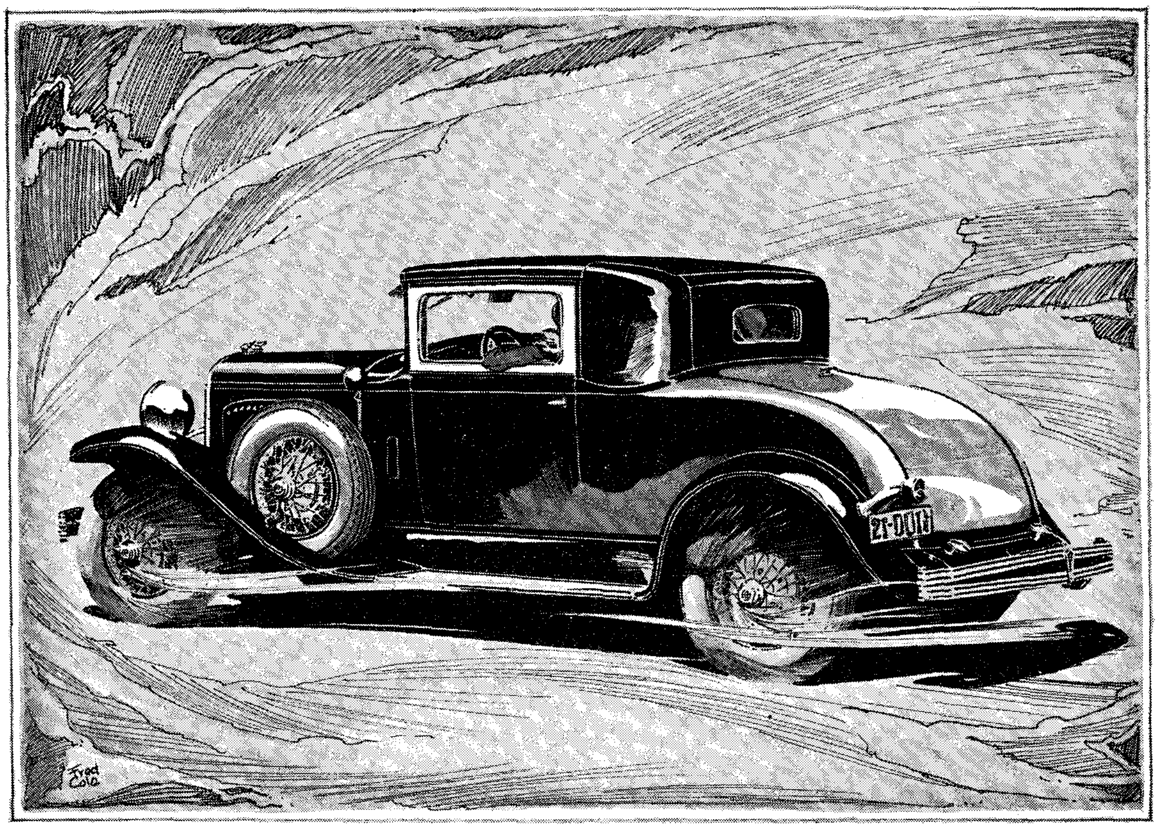
What could flesh do, in
a fight so unfair?
I lay—I too—in
a tomb of despair.
White over ruin
I shine in the air.

I knew the damnation
of body and will . . .
Decapitation . . .
swords could not kill!
Wings, for salvation,
remain to me still.

Now I have done with
laurel and blade;
All that I won with
my losses is laid:
I soar to the sun, with
my soul unafraid.

Oblivion lies upon
navies and kings,
And armies with eyes upon
temporal things . . .
I shine in the skies, upon
triumphing wings.

"75"



New Chrysler "75" Coupe (with rumble seat) $1535.
Wire wheels extra. Immediate deliveries.

The public decrees CHRYSLER *the new car vogue*

It is easy to understand why, more than ever before in Chrysler's phenomenal career, the country is today Chrysler-wild and why even Chrysler's largest production has been taxed to meet the demand.

In the new Chrysler "75" and "65" an enthusiastic public recognizes a new style that re-styles all motor cars—a finer performance than anything that has gone before—a greater value than such prices can buy anywhere else.

It is entirely natural that this should be so. The vast Chrysler public the world over has each year found greater quality and value in Chrysler products. Chrysler's superior engineering skill and finer precision craftsmanship, again and again have literally obsoleted other types of cars.

Today, as ever, Chrysler is the conspicuous leader in that truly artistic design which attains ample room and superior comfort *without suggestion of the bulky and cumbersome.*

The constantly increasing Chrysler public, with its high enthusiasm for Chrysler zest and dash, distinction and luxury, safety and long life, makes it easy for you to decide to become a Chrysler owner.

All Chrysler dealers welcome the opportunity of putting any Chrysler model to a test of your own selection.

Chrysler

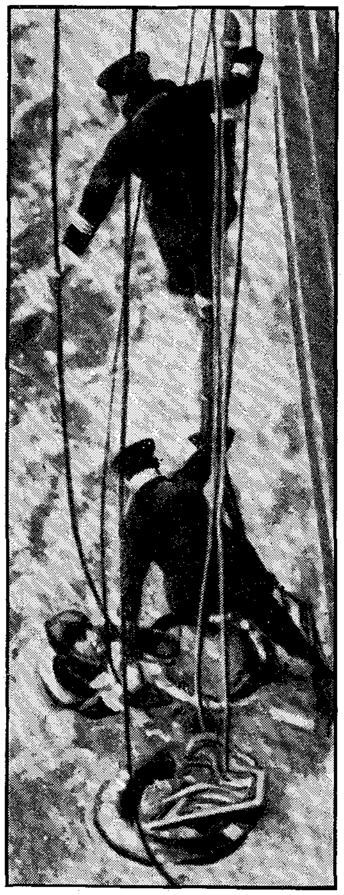
* * *

New Chrysler "75" Prices*—(with 6-ply full balloon tires). Royal Sedan, $1535; Coupe (with rumble seat), $1535; Roadster (with rumble seat), $1555; Town Sedan, $1655; Crown Sedan, $1655; Convertible Coupe (with rumble seat), $1795; 5-passenger Phaeton, $1795; 7-passenger Phaeton, $1865; Convertible Sedan, $2345. Wire wheels extra.*

New Chrysler "65" Prices*—Business Coupe, $1040; Roadster (with rumble seat), $1065; 2-door Sedan, $1065; Touring Car, $1075; 4-door Sedan, $1145; Coupe (with rumble seat), $1145. Wire wheels extra. All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Immediate deliveries.*

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

THE SEA-TRAGEDY OF THE *VESTRIS*



International Newsreel photograph

SNATCHED FROM THE SEA

One of the survivors of the *Vestris*, after drifting many hours in a life-preserver, is being hauled up the side of the liner *Berlin*.

AS THE WALLOWING LINER LURCHED still further on its starboard side, amid a chaos of struggling and despairing humanity, the captain, a grizzled man of sixty, clambered over the port rail and stood upon the foundering vessel's upper side, which soon became as level as the deck had once been. On that wave-washed platform of riveted steel plates, pitching heavily in the long Atlantic swell, he gazed upon a scene of anguish which was to go down in maritime history as a slaughter of the innocents, a multiple tragedy in the warm and shark-infested waters of the Gulf Stream, a supreme horror of the sea, destined to be attributed in the beginning, rightly or wrongly, to bad management and worse judgment.

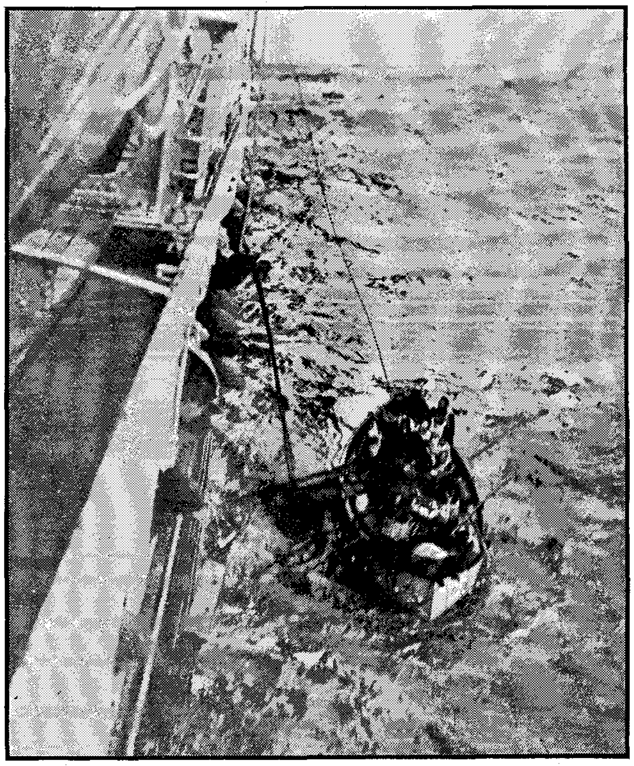
The captain wore no life-belt, we are told. He refused one urged upon him by a faithful and active steward who kept near him to the last. He wore his gold-laced uniform cap, and was buttoned up in his heaviest uniform overcoat. Not a costume for swimming to safety; but Captain Carey, of the Lamport and Holt liner *Vestris*, clearly had no thought of swimming, or of safety. What thoughts he had might need the divining of a Conrad. One thinks of *Lord Jim*. Each case involves, in a different way, the most solemn obligation and privilege of sea-captaincy. The captain must be the last to leave his sinking command. Indeed, should any lives be left unsaved—and especially should the captain feel that his honor as a seaman is compromised—he must not leave at all, says the unwritten law, but must go down with his ship—a sacrifice thoughtlessly dodged by Conrad's appealing hero, the misguided *Lord Jim*. Captain Carey literally went down with the *Vestris*. As the New York *World* tells us:

> By all accounts, the life-belts were served out to all hands, and Carey was the only man who refused to put one on. At the very last he was standing on the port strakes of the ship, forward, with steward Alfred Duncan waiting at hand. Carey was worn and unshaven.
>
> "Jump," he said to Duncan.
>
> "You'd better jump, sir," said Duncan
>
> "Hell, no! Jump!" said Carey.
>
> The steward jumped off and swam away, and never saw the shipmaster after that. Edward Wolcott was standing next him when the *Vestris*, which had wallowed on her starboard beam-ends lower and lower into the rolling sea, all at once trembled and slid her bow under water. Then she vanished and the water boiled and scores of men and women and children were bobbing around in a churning mass of wreckage and spouting water.
>
> Wolcott had on a belt and came up sputtering at last when he got out of the grip of the suction, but he never saw Carey again. Nor did anybody else. He had sunk with his ship, which had been built just sixteen years ago, about the time that the *Carpathia* was bringing into New York the few survivors of the *Titanic* disaster.

It is surmised that he carried into the darkness unspeakable pictures, including that of the first two life-boats, packed with children and women, unable to budge for want of hatchets to cut them free, so that not a single child would survive the catastrophe. In a flash, too—aided by the faces of dead and dying—he may have foreseen, it is suggested, the whole storm of accusation and bitter reproach that has since broken over his memory. Such was the end of a hitherto successful career, spent as man and boy in the service of the Lamport and Holt line, owners of the *Vestris*. As the New York *Herald Tribune* tells us:

> Capt. William J. Carey was making his last trip on the steamship *Vestris*. As commander of the line he was to have taken out the flagship *Voltaire* on his next trip to New York from Buenos Aires. It had been arranged that he wait there until the *Voltaire* returned from New York.
>
> The captain returned from a vacation just in time to take the ship out on its last trip. He had been with the line ever since he went to work as a boy.

It was Alfred Duncan, of Liverpool, second steward of the *Vestris*, veteran of many voyages with this captain, who probably had the last conversation with his chief. He says in the New York *Herald Tribune:*



International Newsreel photograph

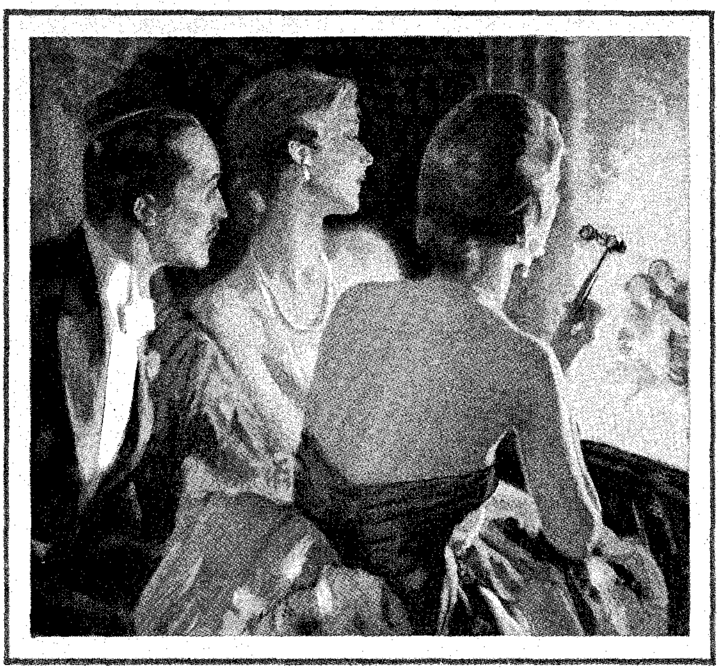
RESCUE FOR LIFE-BOAT 17

This photograph, like the other on this page, was taken from the deck of the *Berlin*. Note the life-belts on the castaways.

> It's a terrible thing to have been a friend of some one for a

(*Continued on page 39*)

PACKARD



Packard was born into the world of taste and refinement, and in that world its leadership continues supreme

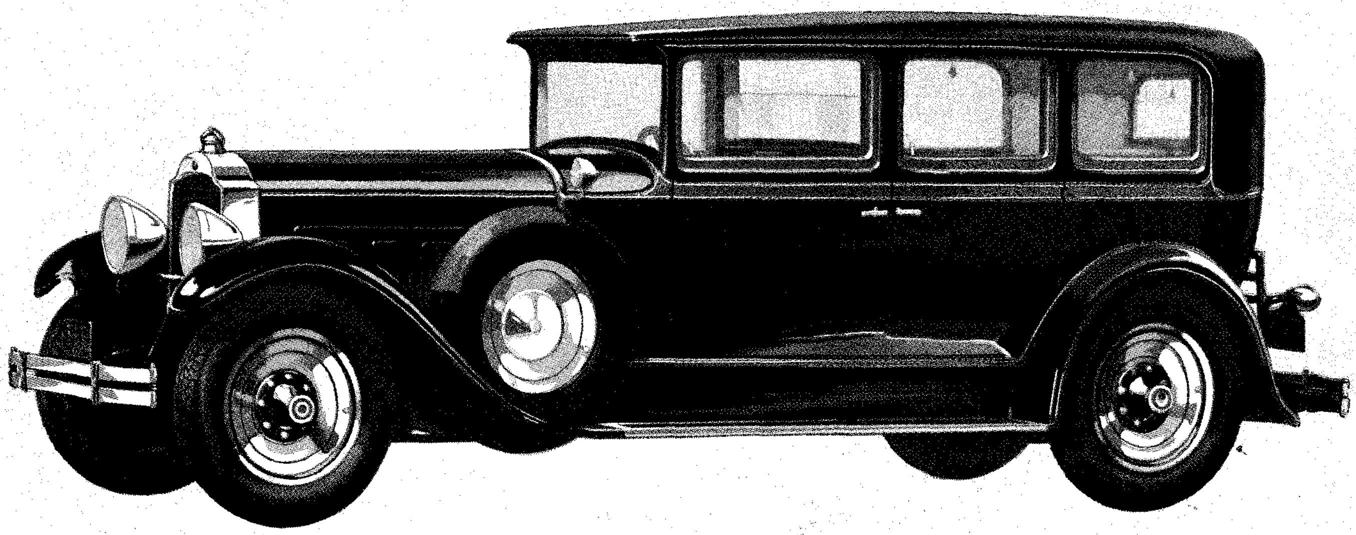
Packard has always designed and built for the discriminating. It chose that market deliberately thirty years ago and today would not know how to sacrifice quality and build cheaply.

But taste and appreciation grow with leisure and means—a reflection of our national prosperity. This generation numbers in the thousands those who may gratify their love of fine things, where there were but hundreds a quarter century ago.

Packard's clientele includes an increasing number of men and women of distinction who now may have the car they have always admired and wanted.

Packard cars today, with the grace of their characteristic lines enhanced—their enriched beauty of finish and appointments, their almost magical riding and driving comfort—offer literally a new luxury in motoring to a distinguished and rapidly growing international patronage.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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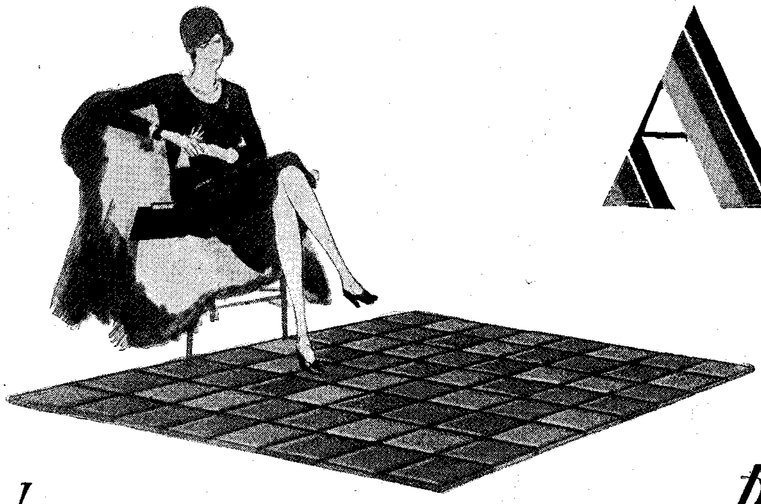


"ABBEY"
Sealex Embossed Linoleum No. 3507

Now—

the realism of hand-laid floors . . . a true "tile and mortar" effect . . . in Sealex Linoleums exclusively!

NEVER before have you seen such beautiful effects in fine inlaid linoleums. Here are modern replicas of those picturesque, mellow-hued floors laid in days when every craftsman was an artist. Duplicated exactly—even to the bewitching play of light and shadow, as sunlight glows along the edges of the *raised tiles* and over the perfect semblance of tinted mortar lines.

So ingenious is the new method of manufacture,* invented by Congoleum-Nairn engineers, that the tiles are *actually raised*—capturing completely the quaintness, the charm, and even the "feel" of hand-laid floors. And the joint lines are as cleanly outlined and as perfectly matched as though trued up by a skilled and patient artisan.

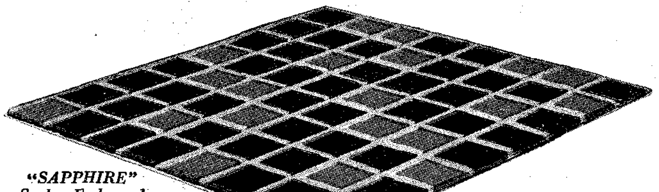
With such a floor, your sun room, living room—any room in fact—will glow with new radiance. All of the patterns are masterpieces of authentic design and coloring. What an opportunity they bring to you, to bestow a new richness, a new distinction to the most looked at and the largest expanse in any room—the floor! *And at a modest cost!*

Interest in the new *Sealex Embossed Linoleum* is enhanced by the fact that it is made by the remarkable *Sealex Process.* Toughness, flexibility and long life are built into the very structure of the linoleum by this exclusive process, which *seals* the tiny, dirt-absorbing pores. Dirt cannot grind in. Liquids cannot penetrate. Spilled things—wipe right off without leaving a trace. Just an occasional damp-mopping keeps this linoleum clean and new-looking.

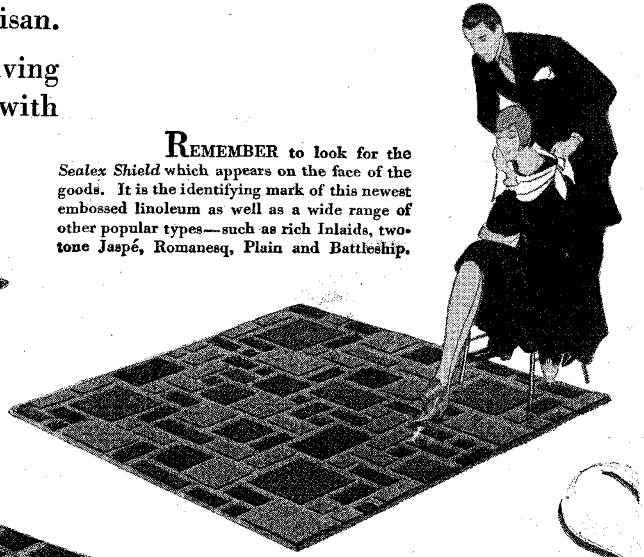
CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *General Office:* KEARNY, N. J.
New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco Pittsburgh Boston
Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas New Orleans Atlanta

*Patent pending

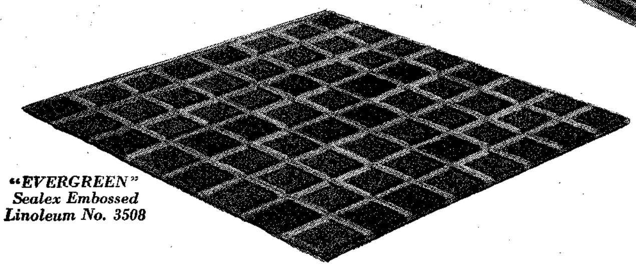
REMEMBER to look for the *Sealex Shield* which appears on the face of the goods. It is the identifying mark of this newest embossed linoleum as well as a wide range of other popular types—such as rich Inlaids, two-tone Jaspé, Romanesq, Plain and Battleship.



"SAPPHIRE"
Sealex Embossed Linoleum No. 3506



"RUBY"
Sealex Embossed Linoleum No. 3500



"EVERGREEN"
Sealex Embossed Linoleum No. 3508

SE

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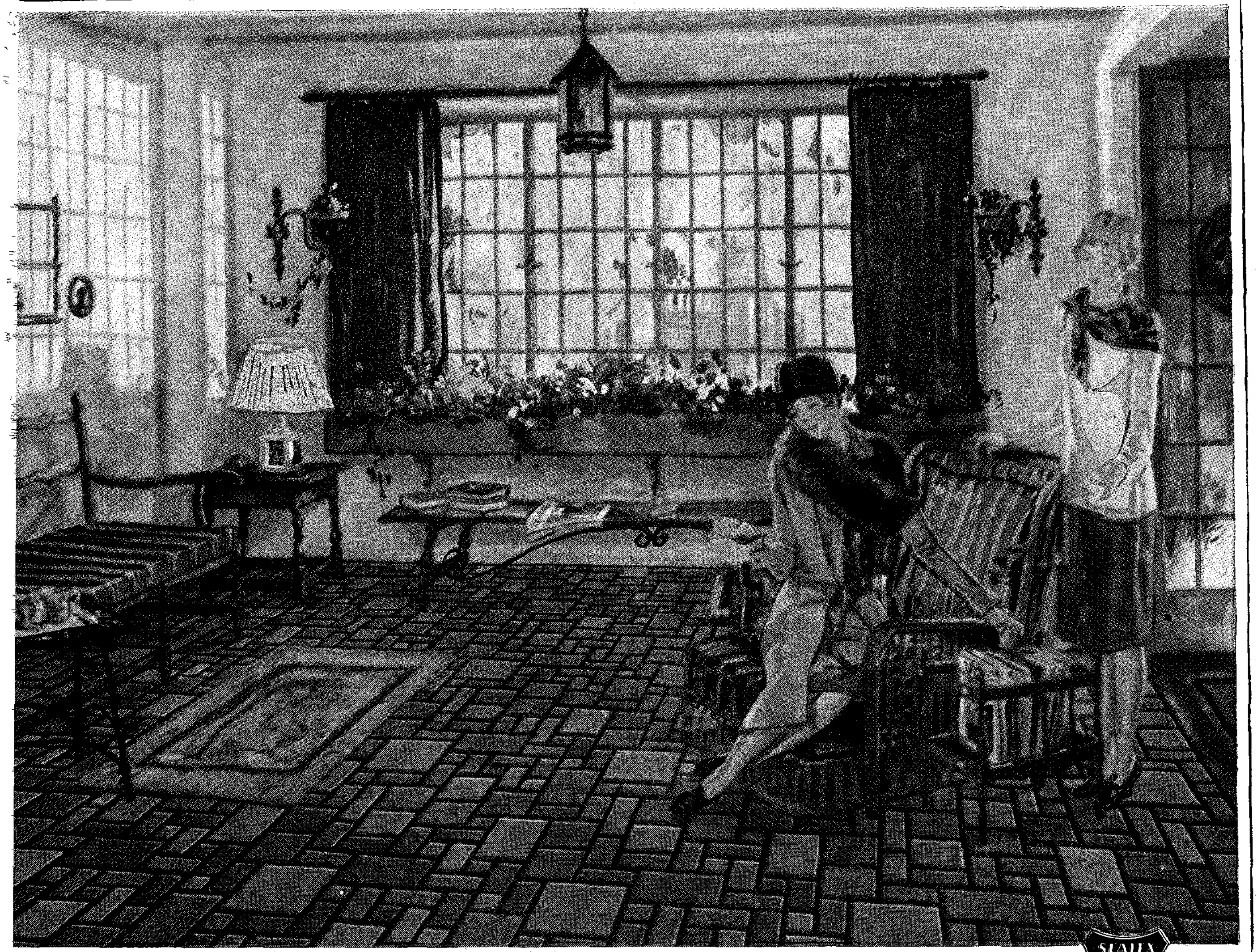
MBOSSED LINOLEUM

and charm of hand-laid, old time floors!



SEALEX LINOLEUM

"Baronial"—one of the most popular new embossed designs. Its radiant colors and charming pattern will bring individuality to any room. This pattern is Sealex Embossed Linoleum No. 3501.

EMBOSSED

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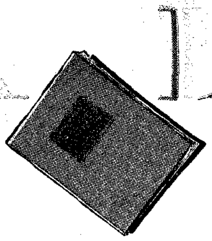
Stain-proof—Spot-proof—Easily cleaned

LINOLEUMS



able book on home-decoration by the well-known
les. Contains many helpful suggestions and a prac-
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Name ....

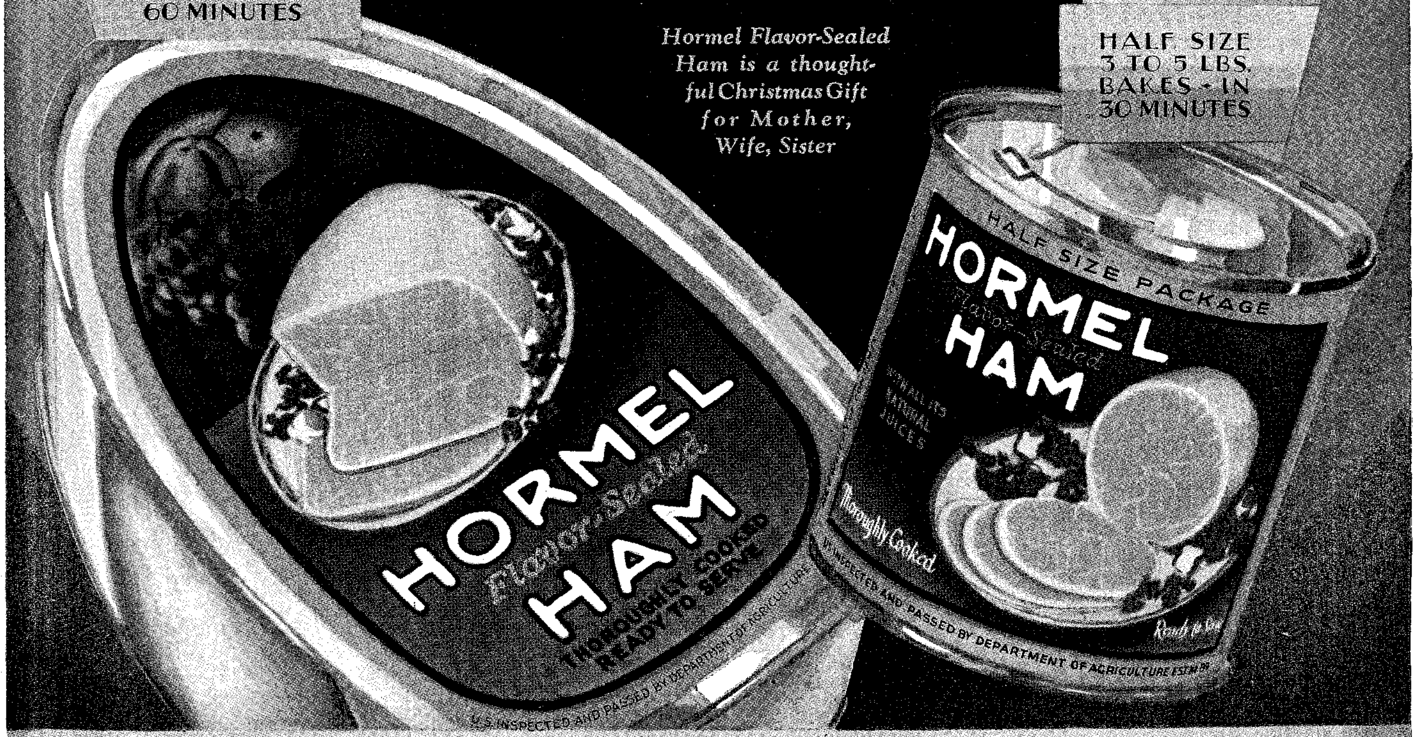
Address ....

A GIFT OF NEW FLAVORS

Now the way has been found to save all those inner ham Flavors formerly lost in water and steam! By the new Hormel process of vacuum sealed cooking, the natural Flavors, Juices, Vitamins and Tenderness of the ham are locked in vacuum before it is cooked. Everything is saved—nothing is lost! Flavor-Sealed Ham is delivered to you still sealed in its permanent container, Savory and Tender as never before.

* * *

Flavor-Sealed Ham is a valuable reserve food supply—for it is instantly ready to open and serve cold. Fry or grill it in 4 minutes. The half size ham bakes in only 30 minutes, the whole ham in 60 minutes. No bone, no skin, no waste. Even the juices serve as delicious flavoring for soups, salads, vegetables, and the like. At leading stores—or write Geo. A. Hormel & Company, Austin, Minn.


HORMEL
Flavor-Sealed
HAM
THOROUGHLY COOKED
READY TO SERVE
U.S. INSPECTED AND PASSED BY DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
HALF SIZE PACKAGE
HORMEL
Flavor-Sealed
HAM
WITH ALL ITS NATURAL JUICES
Thoroughly Cooked
U.S. INSPECTED AND PASSED BY DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
Ready to Serve

WHOLE HAM
6 TO 10 LBS.
BAKES - IN
60 MINUTES

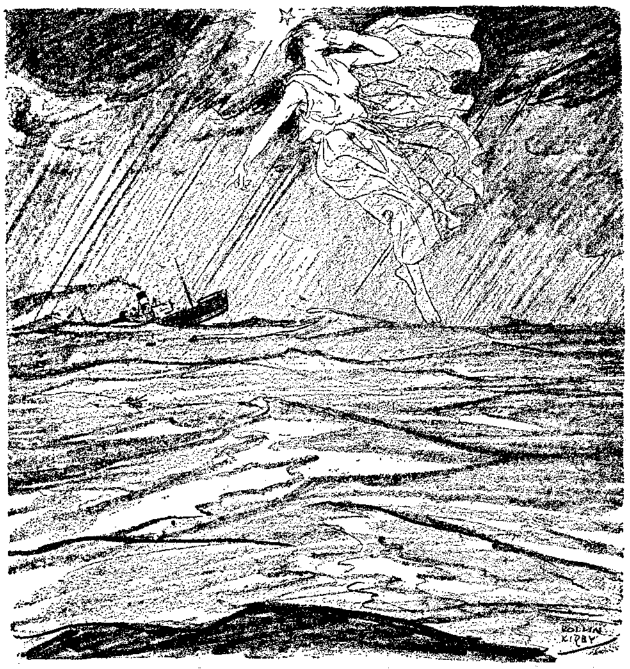
Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham is a thoughtful Christmas Gift for Mother, Wife, Sister

HALF SIZE
3 TO 5 LBS.
BAKES - IN
30 MINUTES

ALL ITS FLAVORS SEALED IN

(*Continued from page 34*)

long time, and to have traveled the four seas with him and have him standing by you one moment and the next moment seeing him under your very eyes swallowed up into eternity. That's what happened to me, and it is to Capt. William J. Carey of the *Vestris* that I refer. But let me begin at the beginning.



RADIO

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

There is no need to tell how the ship began mysteriously to fill with the sea. She had been jolted with troughs fifty feet deep. It got in somehow, through broken ports, open or loose hatches, and so forth, and perhaps there were other causes.

The captain never told any of us just what had caused it all, and I'm blamed if I can say just now what did it all.

But the fact remains that the vessel listed very, very seriously to the starboard, her engines stopt early Monday morning, and we were soon at the mercy of heavy, rolling seas and a howling forty-five-mile wind. When the captain sent out his calls for help, I don't exactly know, but I'm afraid that he perhaps delayed somewhat too long for the good of those on board.

What happened at the time I left the ship is the event that remains most distinctly engraved upon my memory of all the terrible things that we had passed through. I was standing on the bridge with the captain through the latter part of the taking to the life-boats. He was a calm man, gave his orders unexcitedly, instructed that the life-boats be stocked with proper food and water, and that assurance be given that there was no need for excitement.

"Are they well provisioned, Duncan?" he would say. "Is everything well for the women and children?"

I had gathered some tins of fig-newtons and bananas, and all the other crackers I could find, and had them shoved into the life-boats. I told him that everything was as well as could have been expected, and he just stood there calmly all the while.

Well, the time came when the ship slowly went over on her side. There was a terrific wind blowing and the crests dashed pretty high. The crew and all who could not get into the boats had leapt into the sea with belts. It was an awful scene, what with the weepings and pleadings and shoutings and dashing of the waves over the now almost three-quarter-covered deck.

I said: "Well, captain, here's a belt for you." He merely stuck his hands in his overcoat pockets and rejoined: "Never mind about me, Duncan; take the belt yourself and go."

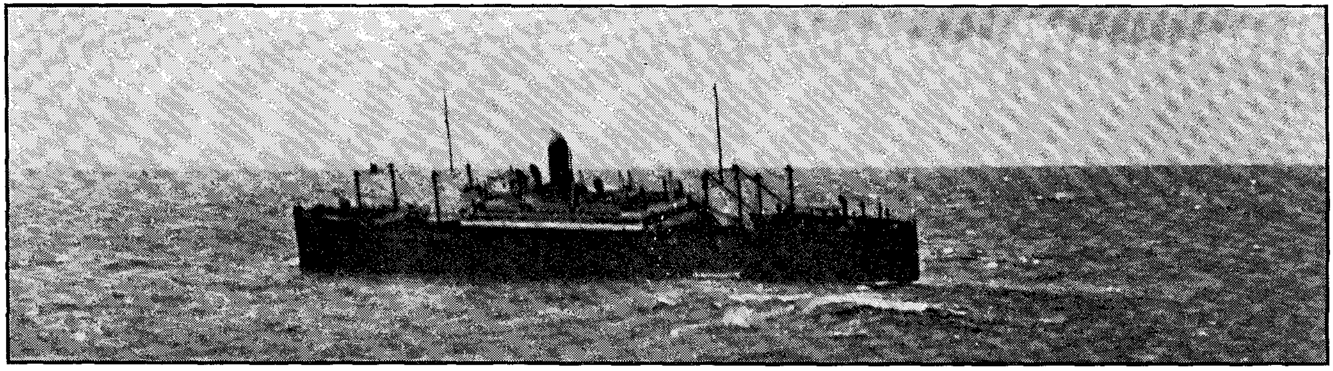
He wouldn't take the belt. The bridge was sinking into the water. I leapt with the belt.

A moment after I struck the water, I turned to see what the ship was doing, and what had happened to the captain. The water had already overwhelmed the bridge, and the captain had disappeared. It seems he did not care to live beyond the life of his ship. That was the last I saw of Captain Carey.

The failure to save so many women and children, explains the New York *World*, "was not the result of a brutal stampede, as might be suggested," and it continues:

> Women and children first was the order of the day, but it was those very first two boats which were chosen for destruction. The even numbered boats were on the port side, which was canted high into the air. The odd numbered boats on the swashing starboard side were virtually unmanageable. So into No. 4 boat were ordered twenty-six women, ten children, and half a dozen men. C. F. Slaughter, a traveling auditor for the International Harvester Company, was there with his wife, holding hands in order not to be separated. Then there were several sailors at the oars, and a pantryman, John Cladianos.
>
> The *Vestris* had cranked over on her right side so that the loaded life-boat practically lay against the upper strakes of the ship. The mates were barking orders and deck-hands struggled with the boat falls. The tackles seemed to stick, for no great wonder, in that situation.
>
> Women were hanging to their children in a fearful effort to keep from falling out. Babies were crying, and all the time the *Vestris* was slowly turning over more and more, sinking under everybody's feet. A lucky thing, the sea was calming. Whether the unnatural position of the boat with respect to its davits broke off one of the heavy davits, or whether a boom broke loose instead, nobody was sure afterwards. All that the few survivors could tell was that all at once a heavy spar came smashing down into the middle of that filled boat, cracked her in two, and filled the water with dead and living.
>
> The green water reddened along the bilge of the keep, which was now lifting clear as the *Vestris* buried her starboard side deeper and deeper.
>
> When the ship went down, seeming to break in the middle, and then glide under with a dipping horizontal motion forwards, the suction pulled these people under. Slaughter felt his handhold with his wife broken, and when he came up with a pint or two of sea-water in his stomach he could see her being carried rapidly off in a suction current.
>
> "I tried swimming toward her," he said, "but could make no headway. I was in one current and she in another. People were all separated that way just after the sinking. There was a great grinding noise of wreckage floating up and churning together.
>
> "Something came my way; it appeared to be some kind of crate or crated box, like a chicken-coop. I clung to that for a long while. Several life-boats passed by me close, but wouldn't take me on. I guess they were too full.

Mr. Slaughter's ultimate reunion with his wife, whom he



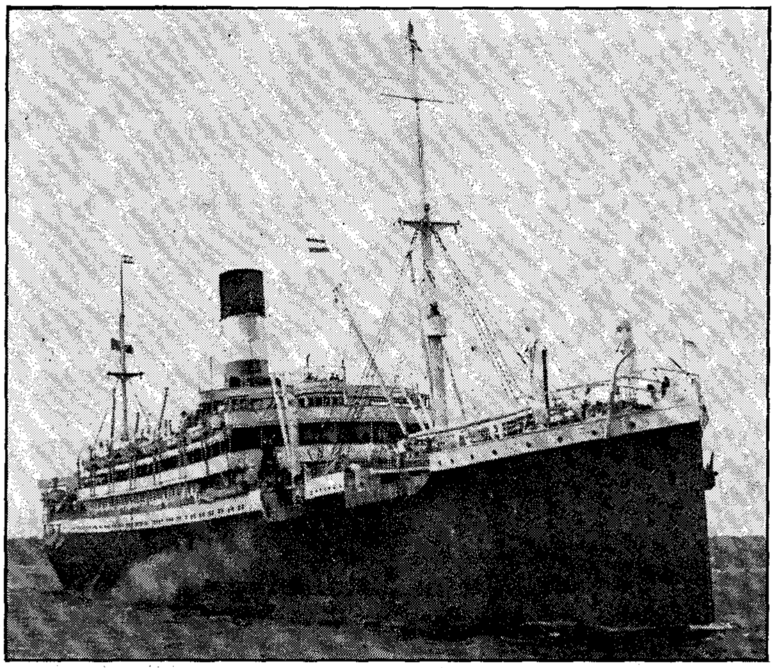
P. & A. photograph

SEARCHING FOR SURVIVORS AT THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY

This snapshot of the *American Shipper* was made with one of the busy cameras on board the German liner *Berlin*.

despaired of seeing again, claims attention as one of the bright spots of the *Vestris* disaster.

One of the passengers, Edward M. Wolcott, who was on his way to his home in British Guiana, is quoted in the New York *World* as vigorously denying rumors about the behavior of a racial element among passengers and crew. As we read:



International Newsreel photograph

GAILY BOUND FOR DAVY JONES'S LOCKER

This was the brave aspect of the *Vestris*, ship of doom, on her many prosperous voyages between North and South America.

> Early stories got about that the numerous negroes, among both passengers and crew, had looked after saving their own skins more than anything else.
>
> "That is not only false, it is nonsense," said Wolcott indignantly. "The negroes I saw, and I saw a good many of them, behaved magnificently."
>
> There were wretched and suffering people among the survivors, but Lionel Licorish was not among their number. Licorish, quartermaster on the *Vestris*, is a pure-black Barbadian, and he had reason to wear that smile which showed even less gold in his teeth than he had in his heart.
>
> For Licorish, in the middle of all that drowning and destruction which followed upon the foundering of the steamer, all at once found himself lying in a drifting life-boat with a couple of bruised ribs. He saw a man lying unconscious under one of the thwarts, but there wasn't an oar in sight. Licorish looked around. Then he stood on the thwart and dived cleanly, and a moment later he was swimming back to the boat with a pair of oars.
>
> However he managed it, he did get in the boat and set to work, with the help of the reviving occupant, who turned out to be a member of the foundered vessel's black gang—that is, from the stoke-hole—and with himself for captain and the restored stoker for crew, Quartermaster Licorish set to with such fervor that before he was through he had rescued sixteen others.

The *Vestris* was built at Belfast in 1912, and was of 11,500 tons displacement, 552 feet long and 62 feet of beam, the New York *Evening World* tells us, continuing the biography of the vessel:

> She was capable of attaining a speed of nineteen knots. Altogether there were accommodations for 840 passengers, 280 being first class. She carried a crew of several hundred.
>
> Soon after she made her maiden trip she figured in the salvage of the British steamship *Sallust* off the Brazilian coast, which was damaged in a collision with a submerged reef.
>
> In September, 1919, the *Vestris*, with 450 passengers, a crew of 100 on board and 6,000 tons of general cargo, caught fire while on her way south and, after the crew had fought the flames in vain for four days, was forced to put into St. Lucia in the West Indies. None on board was injured, but the vessel was put out of commission for some time.
>
> During the World War the *Vestris*, which sailed under the British flag, narrowly escaped capture by the German commerce-raider *Karlsruhe* off the South American coast. Her sister ship, the *Vandyke*, was sunk by the *Karlsruhe*.

The same paper gives us the vessel's course, thus:

> The *Vestris* sailed from Hoboken. Her ports of call were Barbados, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires. She carried a general cargo and 1,098 sacks of mail.

Another glimpse of the ship's exciting career is afforded in the morning *World:*

> During the war the *Vestris* carried troops in the Mediterranean, and later carried beef across the Atlantic for the Allies, bringing back passengers to New York for the Cunard Line.
>
> In January, 1915, she arrived here from Buenos Aires, after a zigzag trip from the River Plate, in which she outwitted the commander of the German cruiser *Karlsruhe*. Several weeks later a British convoy saved the *Vestris* from being torpedoed by a German U-boat.

Paul A. Dana, representative in South America of the Radio Corporation of America, was a passenger on the *Vestris*, and had the astounding experience of spending twenty hours in the Atlantic—an experience shared by Mrs. Clara Ball, a stewardess of the *Vestris*, whose pluck has won whole-hearted eulogies from all who witnessed it. Mr. Dana, recuperating on a sick-bed from his exhaustion, gave this story to the Associated Press, which copyrighted the account:

> Our first night out, Saturday night, the *Vestris* began to hit rough weather. As the night progressed the storm got worse until, before the night was over, we were in the worst storm I ever saw on the sea.
>
> It was late that night—perhaps a little after midnight—that a thing happened which I believe started the trouble that ended in the tragic sinking of the *Vestris*. Two big waves hit her almost simultaneously, bow and stern. The ship quivered from end to end. You could almost feel her wrenching. The next day she developed a leak, and I believe that started the trouble. One of her plates must have wrenched loose.
>
> It was rough Saturday night—and Sunday was rougher. Only four of the passengers besides myself were down for breakfast.
>
> The minute I stept out of my cabin that morning I began to feel uneasy. The *Vestris* was listing. I had been on steamers before that listed, but I had never seen quite such a list before. It looked bad.
>
> By the middle of the afternoon — while the storm still continued, with no apparent let-up—the list had become so pronounced that all the furniture that wasn't fastened down in the dining-saloon and in the smoking-room had slid over to the starboard side, where it was crashing around as the ship rolled.
>
> My cabin was on the top deck, starboard side. When I woke up at eight

International Newsreel photograph

"THE PLUCKIEST WOMAN"

Such was the verdict of the rescuing skipper who picked up Mrs. Clara Ball, stewardess of the *Vestris*, after her twenty-hour swim.

Light up.. for Christmas

TURN your tree and porch and shrubbery into glittering masses of cheerful color with Edison MAZDA Lamps. You don't know how beautiful your house and lawn can be until you see them decorated with colored lights.

And while you are buying your Christmas lamps, buy a carton of six Edison MAZDA Lamps for the home and have a convenient supply on the shelf. Empty sockets are an annoyance, and a danger. Be thrifty and wise.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievement of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

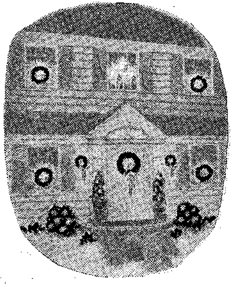
*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

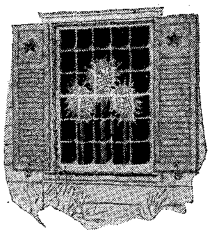
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Time was when only the Christmas tree was lighted. But that was before the days of electricity and colored MAZDA Lamps. Last year the *most* cheerful homes glittered with myriads of lights on porches, in shrubbery, on trees and gates. This year you will see more beautiful *outside* lighting than ever before.

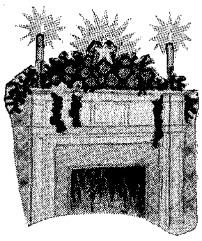
Make your home the most cheerful in your street. Edison MAZDA Lamps in Christmas colors cost little, and the current they consume is negligible.



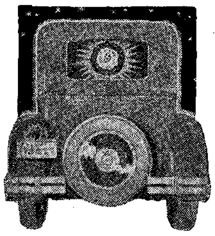
Wind a string of colored MAZDA Lamps around a Christmas wreath, and hang it in a window or on the front door. Kept lighted during the Christmas weeks, it will mean good cheer to all who pass.



For an attractive Christmas display, set two, three, or more electric candles in a suitable window. They can show any color combination to suit your individual taste, and may safely be left burning at night.



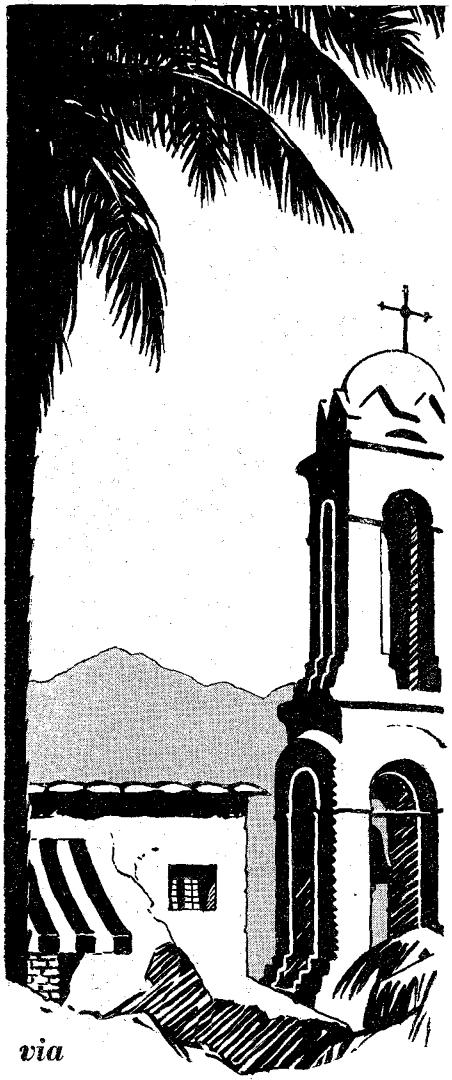
With fir, pine or cedar, make a bank of greens on your mantel. Then wind in a string of colored MAZDA Lamps to make a beautiful setting for the children's stockings Christmas morning.



If you are a motorist, hang a wreath with electric candle in the rear window of your car, attaching the wire to the tail light. This effective decoration is inexpensive.

Light up for
Christmas *outside*

CALIFORNIA



via

Union Pacific

Every day, from the main gateways to the West—Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha—eight strictly modern Union Pacific trains depart for the land of eternal springtime.

These trains purposely planned to meet every requirement of accommodations, convenience of departure and arrival, speed and luxury, compose the greatest fleet of trains to California.

Whether you choose an extra fare, extra fine, all-Pullman train or a non-extra fare train on which tourist sleepers are provided, you are always assured complete satisfaction via Union Pacific.

All trains traverse the scenic and historic Overland Route and all meals are served in dining cars.

There are no finer, no faster trains than these

Barber, bath, valet, maid, on both trains, $10 extra fare.

Los Angeles Limited. 63 hours from Chicago to Southern California. Leaves 8:10 p. m.

San Francisco Overland Limited. Only 63 hours. Leaves Chicago 8:10 p. m.

Ask for our California booklet and complete train information.

C. J. COLLINS, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Dept. 262
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.

UNION PACIFIC
THE OVERLAND ROUTE

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

o'clock Monday morning, there was the water—right on a level with my windows. There was water sloshing around on the floor of my cabin, too.

My steward came in, groaning, with a badly wrenched shoulder. There was apparently a leak, he said. The hold was filling with water, and he had been bailing with a bucket all night. The cargo had shifted, too, and the ship had tipped clear over until the water was on a level with my windows on the top deck.

Wide World photograph

HE CHOSE TO DIE

Captain Carey, of the *Vestris*, who went down with his ship.

At 10:30, the women and children were brought up and were told to put on life-preservers. Still we got no definite information from the officers or crew.

The women were wonderful. Some of them were crying quietly—but there was no hysteria. One of them held in her arms a baby not more than eight months old. All the children had been bundled up. They knew now that they would probably have to leave the ship.

"Isn't this fun?" I said to one little fellow with bright blue eyes, trying to cheer him up. He looked at his mother, who was crying, and nodded—solemnly.

At 11:30 they started to launch the life-boats, over the port side—the side that was up as she listed.

Boat No. 8—the life-boat to which I was assigned—had a hole torn in her side as they were letting her down. They patched it up with a piece of tin before they let us in, but the tin didn't hold.

When the boats were about twenty feet from the water they told us to climb down the rope ladder and get in. Two boats were filled with women and children before they filled No. 8.

In No. 8, before I got in, were ten women and two children—two youngsters about six or eight years old. One of the women was Clara Ball, with whom I subsequently floated on the piece of wreckage. Another was Mrs. Inouye, wife of the Counselor of the Japanese Embassy at Buenos Aires. The ship's bartender was aboard, and our crew consisted of four negro sailors.

Three minutes after we pulled away the *Vestris* keeled over on her side and sank.

I think one of the strangest things I saw was forty men—apparently all those left on board—racing madly down her side and diving off from her keel.

Just a few minutes after we pulled away our life-boat began to fill with water. The tin patch tore away; she had air compartments, however, so that we could stay in her, even after she was under water.

Still the women tried to keep calm, altho the tears streamed down their cheeks. There was no screaming.

One of the children started to whimper. His mother, hastily drying her eyes—tried to comfort him.

It wasn't long before a big wave came along and capsized us. I got caught under the life-boat as she turned over. I wasn't hurt, except for a little scrape on my neck. As I struggled out from under I saw a woman's foot bob up. I grabbed it and hauled her with me. It was Mrs. Ball.

One of the women had been drowned when the boat tipped over. Most of the occupants came up, however, including the children.

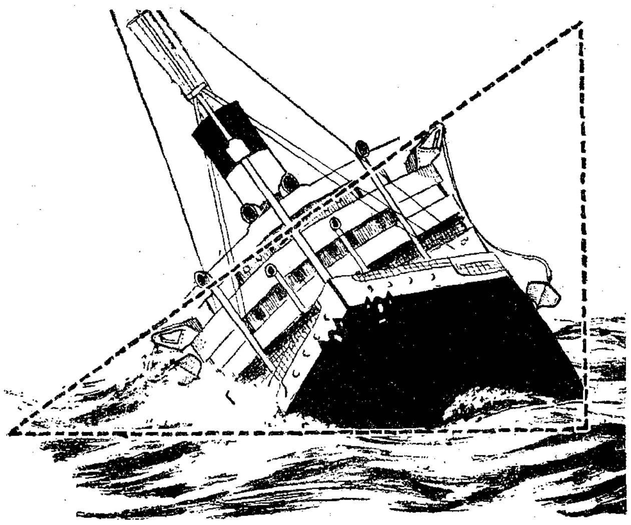
We all got on one side, pulled, and managed to right it again. The women and children climbed in.

But the waves were pounding it to pieces, he went on, and the air compartments, stored under the seats, tore loose. The boat appeared to be breaking up, and meanwhile:

Great black waves—they looked to be 100 feet high from where we were—kept pounding down on us.

The children disappeared, and the women—all except Mrs. Ball.

I saw a piece of wood—wreckage—



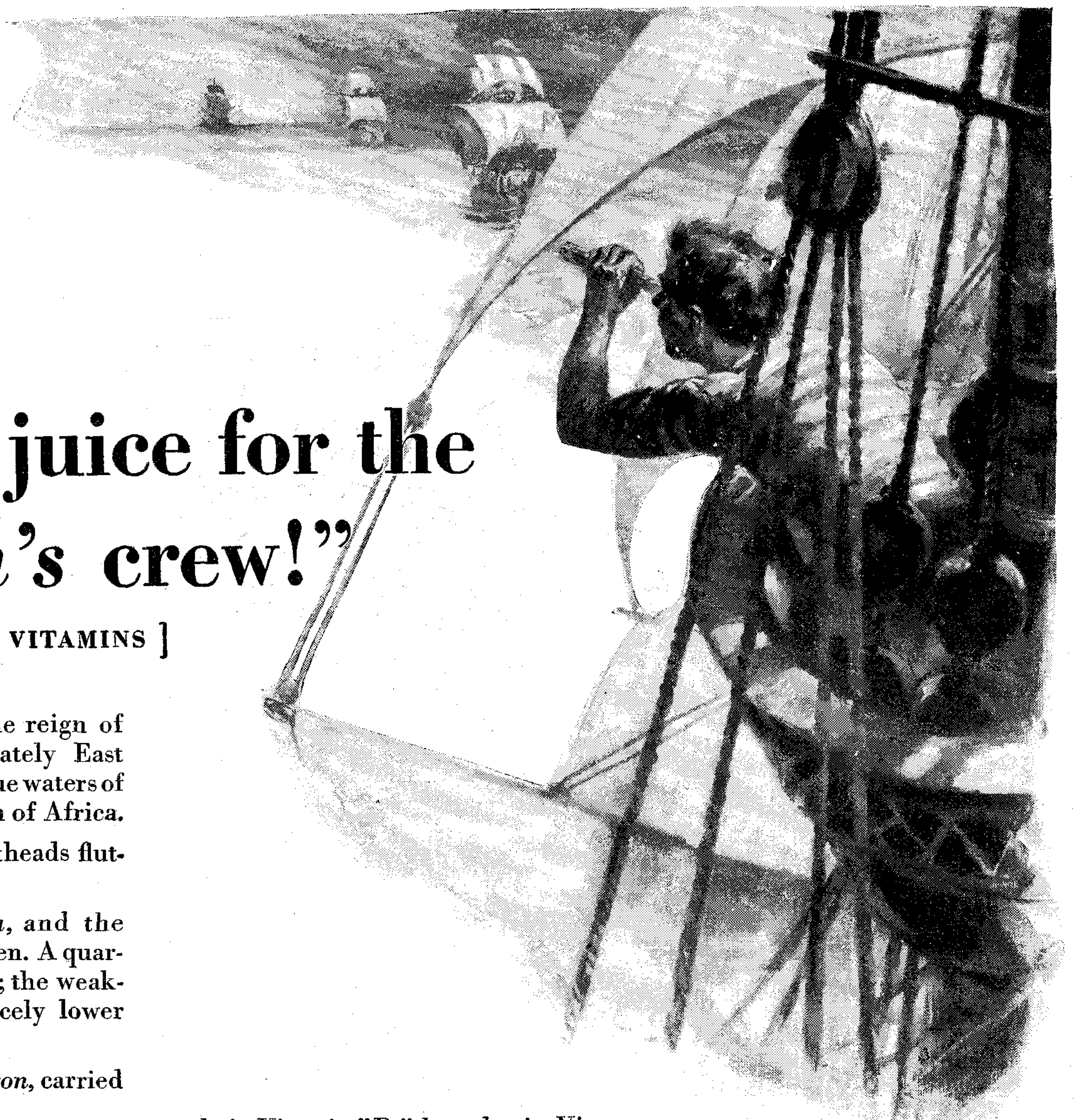
From the New York Herald Tribune

THE DEADLY LIST TO STARBOARD

Caused, it is said, by the shipping of water and shifting of cargo. The above sketch shows the difficulty of lowering life-boats.

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



"Lemon juice for the *Dragon's* crew!"

[A STORY ABOUT VITAMINS]

One calm August day in the reign of good Queen Bess, four stately East Indiamen glided into the blue waters of Saldanha Bay at the bottom of Africa.

At three of the four mastheads fluttered the flag of distress.

The *Hector*, the *Susan*, and the *Ascension* were scurvy-ridden. A quarter of their men were dead; the weakened survivors could scarcely lower the anchor over the side.

The fourth ship, the *Dragon*, carried a healthy crew.

Why? No one knew. Rations on all four ships were alike—except for one seemingly insignificant item. Captain Lancaster of the *Dragon* had ordered "Three teaspoonfuls of lemon juice every morning for each seaman."

Vitamins guard your health

Three centuries elapsed before Medical Science discovered the vitamins and proved that lack of these mysterious elements in our food causes malnutrition and disease.

Scurvy, for example, results from lack of Vitamin "C" found in many fruits and vegetables—including the lemon juice that saved the crew of the *Dragon*.

Rickets is another such "deficiency disease." Millions of healthy, chubby youngsters now growing up owe their health—even their lives—to our new knowledge of the rickets-preventing Vitamin "D."

Up in the North Atlantic the waters are alive with tiny drifting organisms called plankton, which are rich not only in Vitamin "D," but also in Vitamin "A"—the vitamin which prevents certain eye diseases and helps to promote bodily growth. The plankton are eaten by little fish. These in their turn are devoured by bigger fish, and the cod preys on them all.

Cod-liver Oil is rich in vitamins

From the finest codfish obtainable is made Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil. Doctors have long recognized its value in building healthy bones and sound white teeth and in preventing rickets. Customary Parke-Davis expert knowledge and skill assure physicians of a pure, vitamin-rich oil, which is distinguished by being as pleasant to take as the purest olive oil.

Scientific workers have perfected methods for determining the quantity of vitamins in cod-liver oil. In every fluid ounce of Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil there is a minimum of 13,500 units of Vitamin "A," and a minimum of 3,000 units of Vitamin "D."

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

A PERSONAL NOTE

Here are a few Parke-Davis preparations for your daily home use, for sale by your pharmacist—made with the same exacting care as Parke-Davis medicines:

Parke-Davis Shaving Cream—A soothing, effective combination of two fine white soaps. Soap No. 1 makes quick, voluminous lather; Soap No. 2 adds richness and fine texture, to keep the beard soft throughout the shave. *"A Parke-Davis Product."*

Parke-Davis Orygene Mouth Wash—This deliciously flavored astringent tends to promote firm gums and healthy mouth tissues. It is effective in refreshing the mouth, and alleviating impure breath caused by mouth conditions. *"A Parke-Davis Product."*

Parke-Davis Neko (Germicidal Soap)—Neko's odorless lather removes body odors—does not substitute one odor for another—and brings hygienic cleanliness. Thousands of families use Neko regularly for hands, bath, and shampooing the hair. *"A Parke-Davis Product."*

Parke-Davis Hydrogen Peroxide—Distinguished among peroxides—retains its strength for months. In emergency treatment of cuts and abrasions, or as a gargle, its antiseptic oxygen content is quickly released in a foam of bubbles. *"A Parke-Davis Product."*

The Laws of the Land

OUR OBLIGATION TO THE PUBLIC

NOT merely to sell vaults, but to deliver positive and permanent burial protection, is our solemn obligation to the public. And our greatest pride lies in having produced the Clark Grave Vault for more than a quarter of a century without failure.

Our vault is sealed by an immutable law of Nature. It *must* be secure. No man-made locks determine the measure of protection. Our selection of materials is determined only by what is best. Metal because it is not porous. Special quality of Armco Ingot Iron or Keystone Copper Steel—the most rust-resisting metals.

Our workmanship is far more exacting than appears to be necessary. Oxy-acetylene welding on the outside, electric welding on the inside—making seams of solid metal stronger than the heavy 12 gauge sheets used. Every Clark Vault must prove its quality by a submergence test under 5000 pounds of water. In the finer models, a plating of pure cadmium gives still greater rust-resistance.

Every Clark Vault sent out is a sincere fulfillment of our obligation. That is why leading funeral directors recommend the Clark. Guaranteed for 50 years!

A de luxe model, beautifully designed, of 10 gauge Solid Copper is also available. It is practically indestructible and carries a perpetual guaranty.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.
Columbus, Ohio
Western Office and Warehouse, Kansas City, Mo.

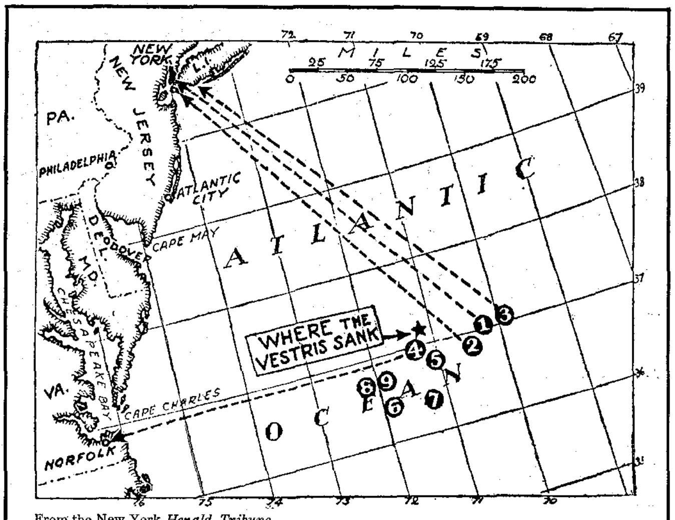
CLARK
GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

floating in the water near by—"Come on," I said. We swam to it.

"Take hold of one end," I told her, "and I'll take the other." Silently she did so—never a whimper out of her. We then proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as we could—to wait for help.



From the New York *Herald Tribune*

HOW THE SOS BROADCAST WORKED

The approximate positions from which rescuing vessels were called are shown thus: 1, *American Shipper:* 2, *Berlin:* 3, French tanker *Myriam:* 4, U. S. S. *Wyoming:* 5, U. S. S. *Stockton:* 6, U. S. S. *Davis:* 7, U. S. S. *Manning:* 8, U. S. S. *Mascoutin:* 9, U. S. S. *Modoc.*

The water was warm—warmer than you find in an indoor swimming-tank. It was so warm, in fact, that you hardly gasped when you plunged in. The fact that it was warm probably helped to save our lives. But it was enervating, too.

Mrs. Ball was fully drest—with a coat and sweater on under her life-preserver. She had on gloves, which certainly saved her hands. Mine are all cut up.

"What in the world is that you have stuck in the front of your life-preserver?" I asked her.

She grinned and pulled up a slipper. Her feet were so narrow, she explained, that she had a hard time getting shoes to fit, and she wanted to save this pair if she could.

Through the afternoon we clung to the spar. It wasn't so bad, except for the waves. Our life-preservers held us up, and having something to cling to made it easier to keep our heads out of the water, only every now and then a great big wave would come crashing down on us, almost knocking the life out of our bodies and smothering us in foam.

I think the hardest thing was to keep from getting excited and floundering about. We had to save our strength nd not move about unnecessarily. Mrs. Ball was wonderful. She showed iron nerve, never a whimper out of her.

Several times during the afternoon we tried to hail the life-boats, but they couldn't hear us or see us because of the waves. I don't think they passed us up deliberately. It's pretty hard to spot a swimmer in waves like those.

Toward sunset it began to cloud up and then a thought flashed into my mind that made me feel a little sick all over—sharks!

I don't know whether Mrs. Ball ever thought of them or not. If she did, she kept still about it.

During the long night of waves and wind and rain we clung to the spar—talking intermittently. She told me that she was a stewardess. When we made for the spar and for several hours after we had attached ourselves to it, I had no idea who she was.

I confess that we spent a good deal of time cussing out Captain Carey for not getting those radio messages out earlier. Mrs. Ball had heard that one went out at eight o'clock Monday morning and had been canceled.

We agreed, tho, that it was a tough break for the Captain. Nobody likes to admit he's licked until he has to. Probably he thought the *Vestris* would ride it out.

I'd like to know if it's true, tho, that he sent out an S O S at eight o'clock and then canceled it.

The night wore on. Several times we saw the searchlights of ships. They were too far away to see us then, but it gave us hope. Several times fish brushed against my body in the water and I squirmed. Mrs. Ball never said a word, if she noticed them. If she was undergoing what I was, she never let on at all. I decided to hold on anyway, and wait until a shark actually attacked me before I let go.

At daybreak came the worst moment

International Newsreel photograph

A DOUBLE RESCUE

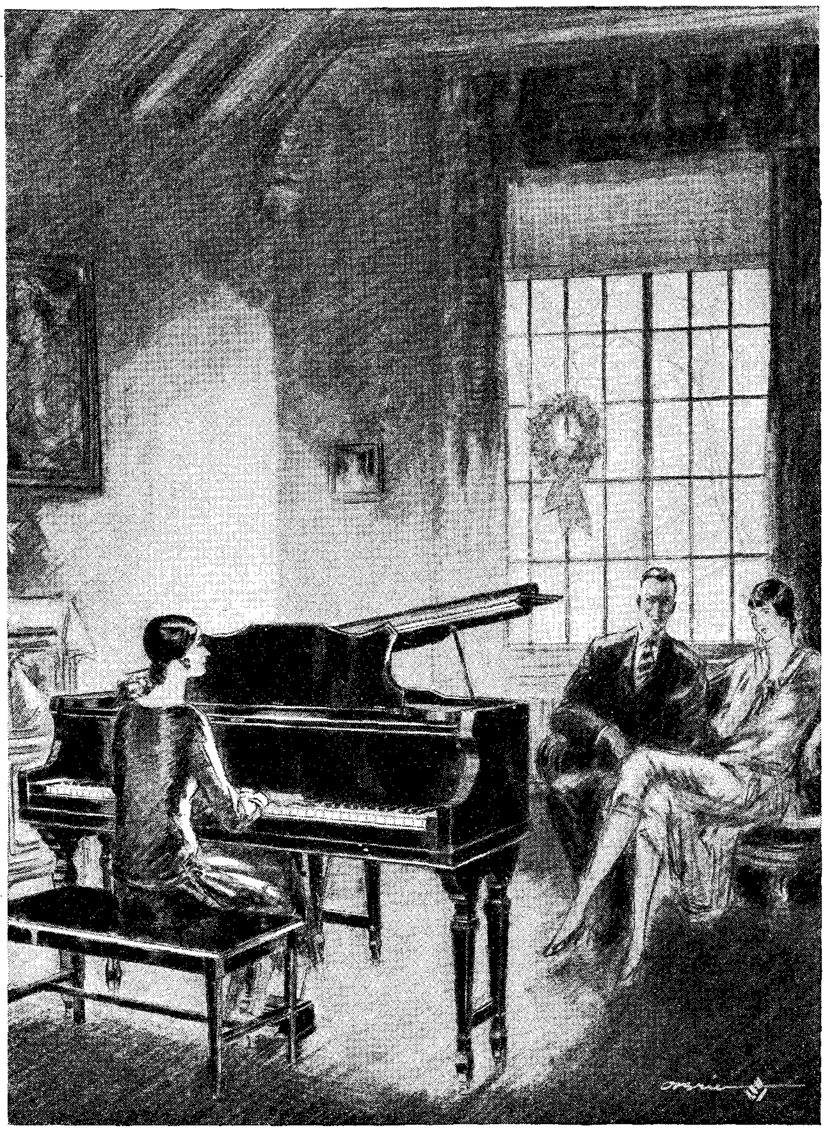
Mrs. Earl Devore, wife of the well-known racing motorist, came through the catastrophe with her wire-haired pet.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

"BUILT INTO EVERY INSTRUMENT IS OUR WHOLE REPUTATION FOR LEADERSHIP"— A. G. Gulbransen

For your Christmas

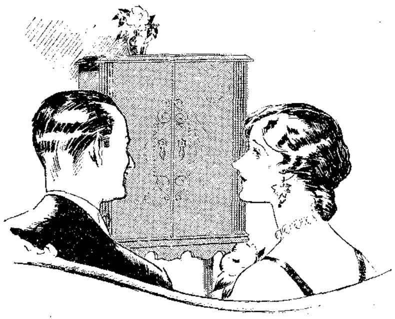
The piano 150,000 homes cherish



Christmas! Make it that joyous day when your home is finally completed with a smart, authentic Gulbransen Grand.

The small Grand at $650 is but one of 24 exquisite Gulbransen creations. The very piano to suit your taste—period and art models in grands and uprights—now available at known, national prices—$295 to $2400. The same everywhere. Also Registering (foot played); Reproducing (electric) Pianos—all playable by hand. And—the new Triano—playable all three ways. See the "Instruments of Today" at your dealers. The Baby trade mark is in his window. Ask for a copy of Artistic Interiors—an authentic booklet illustrating living rooms in many popular periods. Every home-lover should have a copy. Ask your dealer or mail the coupon. No charge.

The National Association of Piano Tuners recommends tuning at least two to four times during each year. Keep the fine tone of your piano with this care.



Now we announce Gulbransen Radio, backed by 50 years of experience in the music business and produced by the high craftsmanship with which the Gulbransen name is inseparably linked. Ask your Gulbransen dealer to show you these instruments of beauty and superb tonal quality.

GULBRANSEN
Pianos

FREE BOOK

GULBRANSEN COMPANY
3230 W. Chicago Ave., Dept. 12,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me Mr. Gulbransen's pamphlet, "Artistic Interiors". No obligation.

Have you a piano?..............................

Are you in the market for an exchange of your old piano?..............................

Do you want radio catalog?..............................

Name..............................

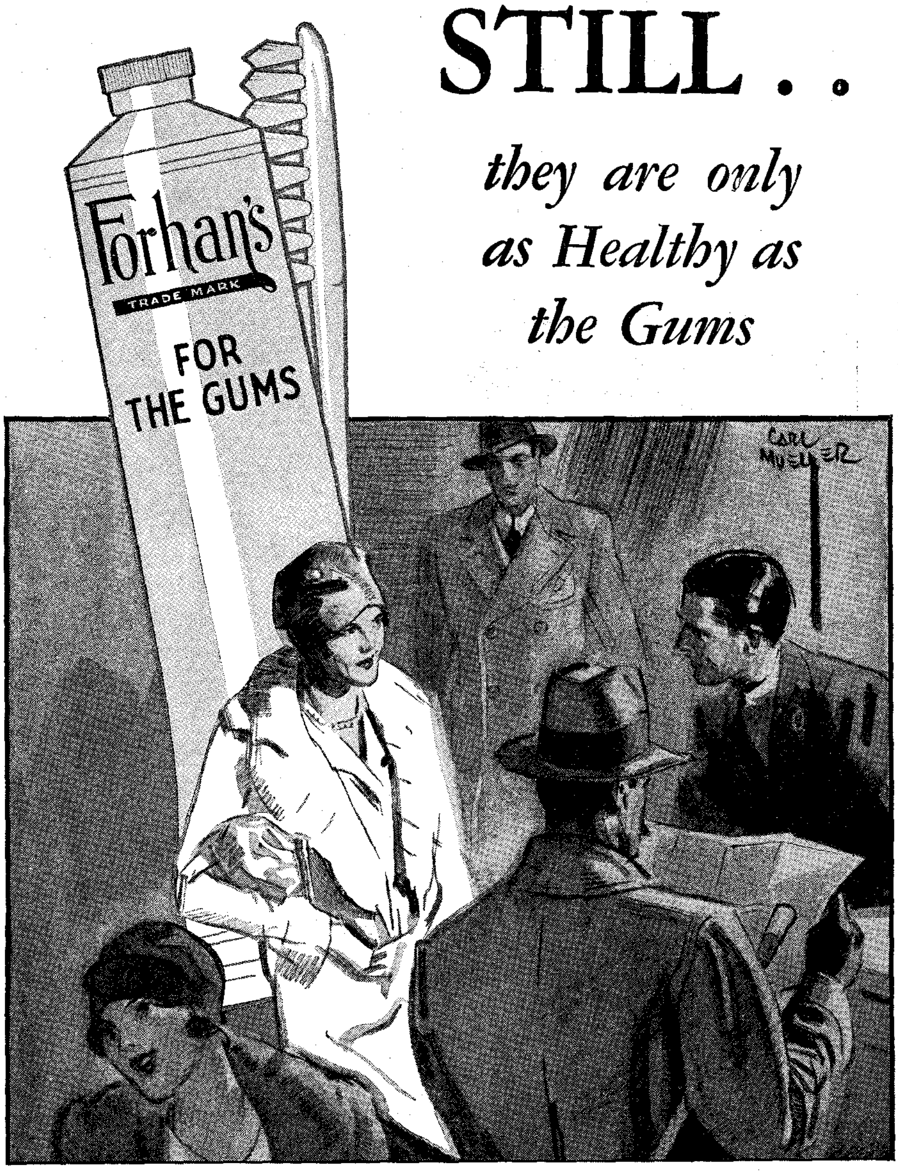
Address.............................. *City*..............................

© 1928, G. Co. Trade Mark Reg.

Teeth may be whiter

STILL . .

they are only as Healthy as the Gums



YOU may be in danger, even though your mirror reveals teeth of flashing whiteness.

Dread Pyorrhea, ignoring the teeth and attacking the gums, swoops down on the unwary. And as a penalty for neglect, 4 persons out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, surrender precious health to this foe.

Take this precaution: See your dentist twice each year. And morning and night, every day, use the dentifrice that keeps teeth clean, and restores them to their natural whiteness without the use of harsh abrasives and also helps keep gums firm and healthy—the best safeguard against the attack of dread Pyorrhea.

Forhan's for the Gums is designed for the job. Get into the good habit of using this dentifrice morning and night. Brush your teeth and massage your gums daily with Forhan's, following directions in booklet that comes with tube. In tubes, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

of all for us. As the dawn broke, not a ship was in sight. And our piece of wreckage was beginning to break up. We had to hold it together while using it for a support.

At about eleven o'clock we sighted the *Wyoming*. She must have been twenty miles away, but our spar was practically gone.

THE PLUCKY QUARTERMASTER

Lionel Licorish, of the *Vestris*, saved many lives and kept a cheerful countenance.

"'How about it?' I asked Mrs. Ball, 'shall we swim for it?'

"Without a word she started off toward the *Wyoming*. I kept by her side.

"We had been swimming for an hour when I looked back and saw the *American Shipper*. She was only about a mile away, and coming toward us.

"I tore off the tail of my shirt and waved it wildly in the air. They saw it. A boat was lowered.

"As we got up alongside they threw out a rope. I fastened it around my body, under my arms, and grabbed Mrs. Ball. I had an idea that when she could give in, she'd go quickly. I was right.

"They hauled us into the boat and then hoisted us up in one of those rope cages they use for hoisting cargo. We never could have made it climbing a ladder. We were much too weak."

And Mrs. Ball gave her own account of the adventure with Mr. Dana. According to an interview in the New York *Times:*

Mrs. Ball could not speak at first. Her face twitched with nervousness, her comfortable hands clasped and unclasped, dark circles deepened under her eyes.

"I have always been used to the water," she said quietly, "and all I can say is that

Of Course!

DECEMBER!

Holidays! Dinners! Dances! A whole parade of parties!

But what to wear? New clothes or renewed clothes?

Let's see . . . There is the transparent velvet, of course . . . if it weren't for the print of the masculine hand that guided you at the Martins' dance . . . right on the back as big as life!

Then there's the black satin . . . that's *always* good . . . but not so good, to be sure, since that boy from Harvard avalanched an ice into your lap!

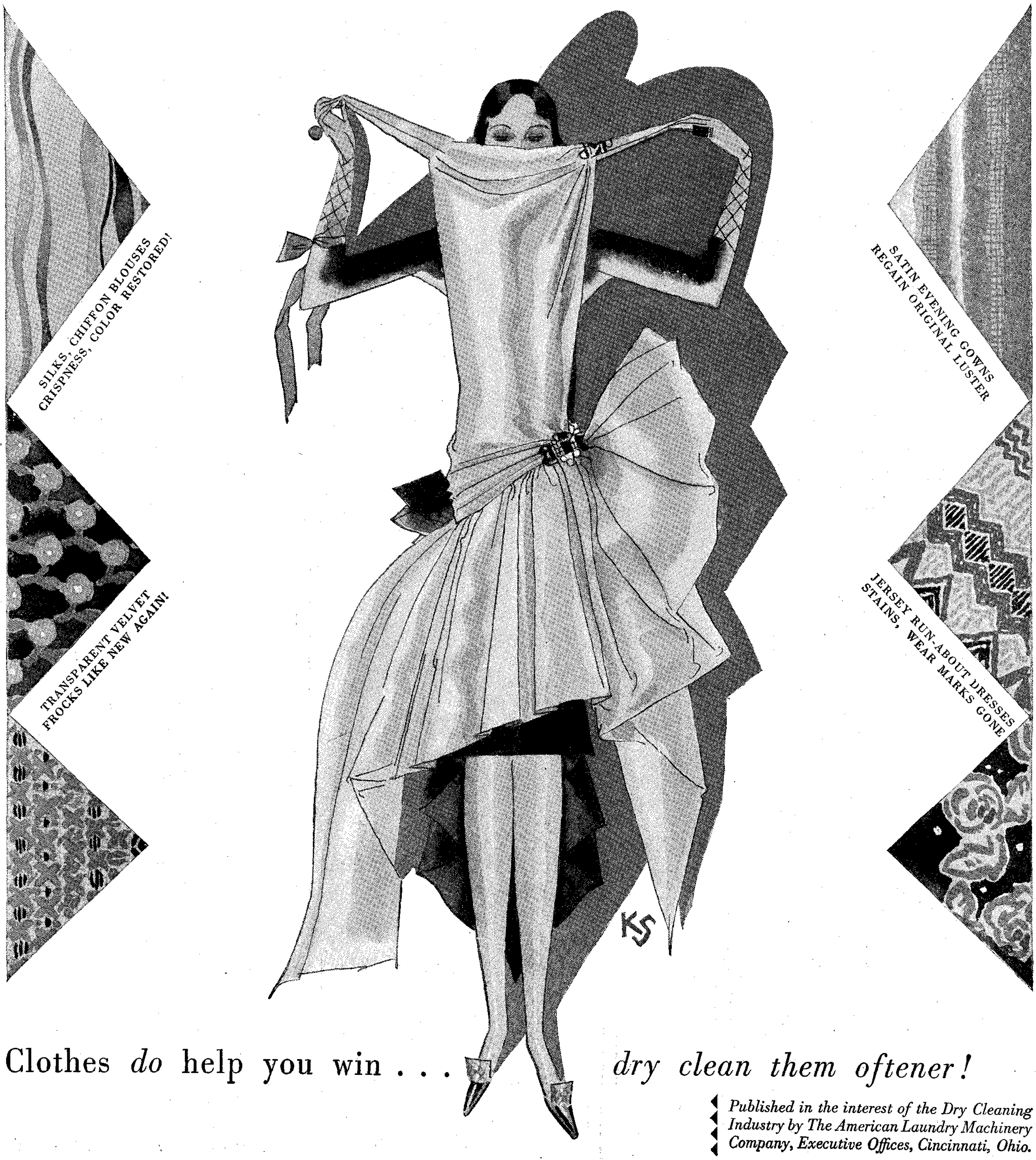
The rose chiffon might do if it weren't just plain wilted . . . ah, me!

And for day wear there's a choice between that little pleated frock with the un-pleated pleats and the colorful Jersey outfit with the stain on the hem . . .

What to wear? What to *do!*

The Dry Cleaner, of course! *He* can transform the most forlorn frock into a dream of pristine perfection! Send him the lot. He'll deliver velvet that positively *purrs* . . . satin with a sheen like a silk hat . . . chiffon that fairly *floats* . . . crisp, knife-edged pleats . . .

The Dry Cleaner . . *of course!!*


SILKS, CHIFFON BLOUSES
CRISPNESS, COLOR RESTORED!
TRANSPARENT VELVET
FROCKS LIKE NEW AGAIN!
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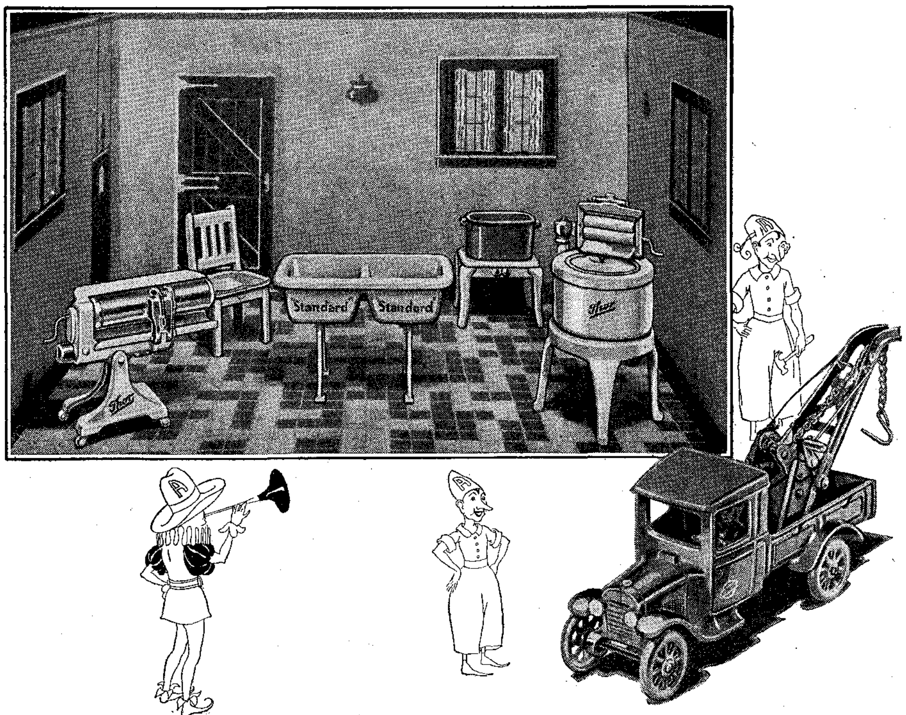
REGAIN ORIGINAL LUSTER
JERSEY RUN-ABOUT DRESSES
STAINS, WEAR MARKS GONE
KS

Clothes *do* help you win . . . *dry clean them oftener!*

Published in the interest of the Dry Cleaning Industry by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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All large Size Automotive Toys can be furnished with rubber tires at a small additional cost.

"Mother, what can I play?"—this never-ending question finds intelligent answer in Arcade Cast Iron Toys.

Indoors or out these famous toys keep active minds and eager hands occupied in hours of wholesome play.

They're inexpensive, and last a long time—won't break easily.

See these famous toys at any good store or toy shop. Look for this label. If you can't find Arcade Toys, write us.

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A fascinating jingle about two children who visit the Tiny Arcadians—makers of Arcade Toys. Thousands of children have read and re-read it. Just send us your name and address, we will send your copy.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

I found myself in a life-boat and going down the side. The life-boat capsized as soon as she hit the water, and we were all thrown out. I do not remember how many were in the boat. I found myself in the water and I struck out. I am a good swimmer.

"I managed to get to one of the air-tight compartments in the bow of the life-boat. The boat was floating keel up. The waves were strong, however, and this was wrenched from my grasp. I was swung by the waves under some wreckage and was caught head down when I was pulled up. Some one caught my foot. It was Mr. Dana.

"At first I almost lost hope as we drifted about in the water. Things looked pretty black, but when we saw the lights of the ships that had come to the aid of the *Vestris*, I put away all worry and was certain that we would be picked up. I think that I swam for two hours, supported only by the life-belt, just before the *American Shipper* came up.

"I once tried to swim to some wreckage that looked as if it might be more secure than the grating, but the current was too strong for me, and I had to go back. It was hard at times to keep from losing my breath. This was during the night when the rain was coming down furiously and the waves were higher."

Efforts to persuade Mrs. Ball to discuss her own adventure in more detail were fruitless. She closed her story with a tribute to the passengers and to the crew.

"The passengers showed no panic," she said, "and the behavior of the seamen was splendid. They worked like Trojans. There were two negroes in my boat, and they were as calm as any one. I don't know whether they were saved or not. I hope they were, for their conduct was perfectly splendid."

Not the least stirring part of the *Vestris* story is the wireless conversation whereby a fleet of steamers converged to the rescue. At 10:29 o'clock on the morning of November 12, we read in the New York *Herald Tribune*, the first S O S went out from the *Vestris*, sent by Wireless Operator Michael O'Loughlin to radio stations on land and to sister ships at sea. "*Vestris* in distress," said that first frantic message, going on to give the position of the liner. Later, as anxiety increased and death came nearer and nearer to passengers and crew, there was the pitiful appeal, "Hurry, please!" At the first signal many ships either turned from their courses or left port. For a time, even, the United States Navy dirigible, *Los Angeles*, made ready to aid. Among the ships which hurried to the rescue, we read, were: *American Shipper*, North German Lloyd liner, *Berlin*, French tanker, *Myriam*, U. S. S. *Wyoming*, U. S. S. *Stockton*, U. S. S. *Davis*, U. S. S. *Manning*, U. S. S. *Mascoutin*, U. S. S. *Modoc*, the Japanese freighter, *Ohio Maru*. But before they arrived, the radio conversation went on. These messages of the late morning and early afternoon on November 12 tell briefly and clearly the story of the

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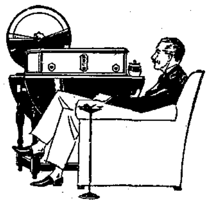

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57
flavor
it takes
a mighty
long time
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It does take a lot of time and patience and skill to get mince meat *right,* doesn't it?

We *know.* For our own mince meat, we go to extraordinary pains to find just exactly the right ingredients for spice and flavor and "mince-meatiness".

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HEINZ
Mince Meat

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY • PITTSBURGH, PA.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

tragedy. Quoting the messages from *The Herald Tribune,* we read:

10:40—"Coming all speed. *Ohio Maru.*"

10:45—"Rush at all speed to our aid immediately."

10:52—From the *Vestris:* "Last night developed 32-degree list to starboard. Decks under water. Ship lying on beam ends. Impossible to proceed anywhere. Sea moderately rough."

11:00—The *Vestris* begged the Japanese freighter, *Ohio Maru,* to use all the speed it could coax from its engine. The *Ohio Maru* immediately replied: "Coming right away. Expect to get there at 5 P. M."

11:00—New York Navy Yard to *Vestris:* "U. S. destroyer *Davis* proceeding to your assistance."

11:03—From the *Vestris:* "Oh, please come at once. We need immediate assistance."

11:04—From the *Creole* to the *Vestris:* "Please advise conditions and number of people all told. We are about 155 miles from your reported position, and it would take us eleven hours to reach you. Do you wish us to come? Jacobs, master."

11:05—New York Navy Yard to *Vestris:* "Please advise more details."

11:07—"S O S. S O S. S O S. Come at once, now. We need immediate assistance. May have to take to life-boats any minute now. *Vestris.*"

11:12—The *Santa Barbara* reported to the *Vestris,* telling of heading toward the disabled ship and adding: "Expect to get there at 10 P. M."

11:15—*Santa Barbara* to *Vestris:* "We have you on direction finder dead ahead 135 miles away."

11:19—The destroyer *Davis* reported its start for the rescue.

11:20—*Santa Barbara* to *Vestris:* "Expect to reach you about 7 P. M., speed seventeen knots."

11:20—From *U. S. S. Davis* to *Vestris:* "What is your course? State position, speed and nature of assistance required. Proceeding your assistance. Position 140 miles away at 11 A. M."

11:30—The *Cedric* questions: "Is last S O S right? Do you need assistance?"

11:35—From the *Vestris:* "It is most important, our getting assistance."

At 11:40 o'clock, O'Loughlin, full of professional pride in his sending, realized that conditions were blurring his signals. So he wirelessed apologetically:

"It's the devil to work with this list. Getting life-boats out now."

11:45—*Vestris* to destroyer *Davis:* "Developed 32-degree list to starboard while hove to last night and now on starboard beam ends with deck under water."

11:45—The *Berlin* sends word she is turned and heading for the *Vestris.*

11:48—*Vestris* reports: "Lying on starboard beam ends. Decks awash."

11:50—From New York Navy Yard to all ships at sea: "Compass bearing on *S. S. Vestris,* Fire Island, 146.5 miles; Sandy Hook, 136 miles; Amagansett, 165 miles.

12:00—The *American Shipper* says she is trying to cut down the 120 miles between her and the *Vestris.*

12:02—*U. S. S. Davis* to *Vestris:* "Speed twenty knots."

12:15—The *Santa Barbara*, running under full steam, tells the distrest ship: "We are 130 miles away from you. Expect to reach you at seven. Speed now seventeen knots."

12:30—"We will soon have to abandon ship. *Vestris*."

12:37—*Santa Barbara* to *Vestris*: "Got another direction finding you. Coming along fine. Good luck."

12:42—O'Loughlin, still fighting to get messages through, tells the ships rushing toward him: "Power cut off. Am going to use emergency set."

1:03—WSC at Tuckerton, N. J., in a general call to all stations reporting a message from *Vestris* just received: "Last compass bearing from *S. S. Vestris*, Cape May, 115.5 miles; Cape Henlopen, 110 miles; Bethany Beach, 104 miles. His power gone and coil (emergency wireless set) almost now."

1:07—The *U. S. S. Wyoming* report: "Will arrive at 9 P. M."

1:17—"Can't wait any longer. Going to abandon. *Vestris*."

1:22—"Now taking to life-boats."

That was the last message from the *Vestris*. The emergency set was dying out. The code was hard to catch, but O'Loughlin stayed at his key long enough to end up with "SK," the international code signal for "signing off."

One of the passengers on the *Vestris*, William Carlos Quiros, chancellor of the Argentine consulate in New York, related his experiences in the wreck, writing in the New York *Times*:

> I took passage on the *Vestris* to visit my mother, who is in Buenos Aires.
>
> Had I listened to the advice of my friends, I would not have gone on the *Vestris* at all. No less than three persons told me not to go on her. One said, jokingly, I thought: "So you are to sail on the *Vestris?* Well, be careful, for the *Vestris* is going to meet the *Principessa Mafalda* " He was right. They have met—the *Vestris* and that other ship that sank off the Brazilian coast. Two other friends, both of them women, warned me that the *Vestris* had a list. "You will have to walk on one side," they said. But I did more than that. I jumped from one side. And I owe my life to that jump and the life-belt that I took with me.

Later, of the actual abandoning of the vessel, he tells us:

> Now a roll and a great smash. Two boats were trying to get away. One could not be released at all, and later was dragged down with the ship. The other would slide down, but the long fin along the keel would always stop it.
>
> Looking around again I saw a Spaniard making a dumb show of his predicament. I recalled that he had come to the Consulate for a visa, and that at first, not satisfied with his credentials, I had refused him. Later, however, when he told me he had a family and was only going to Buenos Aires for a visit, I gave him a visa. He was then overjoyed. Now he was utterly dejected. "There," I called to him, "aren't you sorry I gave you that visa?" But he did not answer me, except again in dumb show to indicate his plight. However, I know he was saved, for I saw a picture of him in one of this evening's papers.
>
> With me through most of this was my old friend William W. Davies, the correspondent n New York of *La Nacion*. "Stay with me," I told him. "I'm going to live." And when he asked me why,

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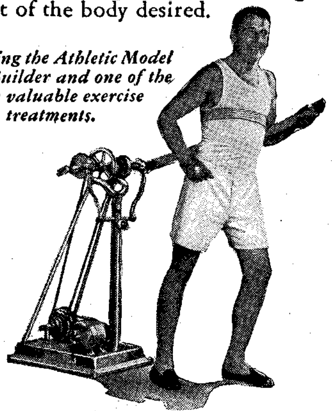

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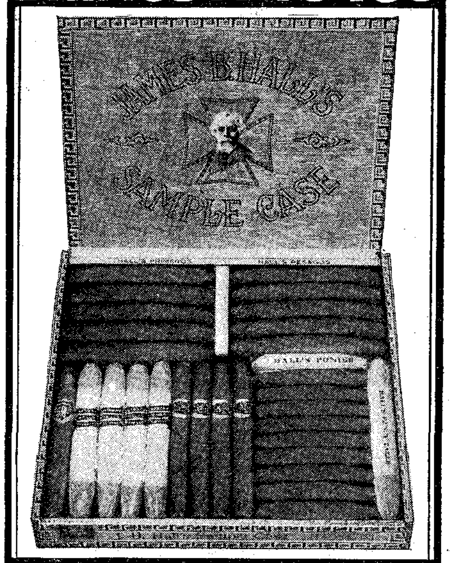

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

I replied: "Because of my mother." At this time Duncan, the steward, was giving out fig cakes as if it was tea time. An English stewardess was smiling and cheering up the women.

At last Davies and I were alone on the ship with the exception of the men on the bridge. A boat was trying to get off. I went to it and started to get in. In fact I did put one foot in, but I pulled it out. The boat was overloaded and half filled with water. I knew she would capsize. "I'm not going to get into something that I'll have to get out of," I said, and they pushed off. I turned to find Davies, but he was not in sight. No one was in sight there on the ship except those men upon the bridge. There was no use of my staying any more. I jumped into the sea.

I do not know how long I was in the water. I remember looking at my watch just before I jumped. It was then 2:34. Two minutes later the *Vestris* sank. There must have been sixty persons in the water.

I swam to boat No. 13. At that time there were in it only six negroes. They took me in. There was water in the boat and I began to bail it out. We were afraid the wreckage would stave in our boat and we tried to avoid it. Then we saw a man and picked him up. It was Duncan, undismayed. Altogether we picked up fifteen men, one of them the Chief Engineer, named Adams.

The cries out on the water of the drowning were pitiful. At last it became dark. Two boats joined us and we tried to keep together. We shouted for help. Each little voice seemed so utterly futile that we shouted in unison. Some one would cry, "One, two, three," and then, with all the power in our lungs, we would shout "Help!"

But help did not seem to come. The negroes in our boat were frightened. They had the oars. Duncan tried to talk nicely to them, but it was no good. Nobody could take command.

I went on bailing water, but it began to rain. Once a negro kicked me accidentally as I bailed there in the bottom of the boat, and I curst him. "Man," he admonished me, and his voice was that of one who felt he was soon to see his Creator, "man, don't swear here."

At last we saw a light, and bending on the oars the negroes made for it. It was miles away and it drifted off. We had about ten flares and we lit these now and then. Again a light, but again it eluded us. Once we saw a light, and it stayed there. We rowed up to it only to find it was a buoy with some sort of light on it.

All night long we chased these lights. These were not figments of the imagination, but ships searching for us. However, they always seemed to go away from us. We never came up to them.

Morning at last and two ships. They were, perhaps, ten miles away. We rowed with all our vigor, but it was three hours before we reached one of them.

Once on board the *Berlin* we were treated with the greatest kindness. I can not write too strongly of all they did for us. They gave us clothing and food, and cared for us in every way. Captain von Thulen was most kind to all of us.

Capt. Schuyler F. Cummings, of the *American Shipper*, who directed much of the rescue work, has participated in such sea gallantry before. He is a laconic man, by all signs observable in his terse statement of the part played by his men and himself in the rescue. He said, according to *The Herald Tribune:*

On Monday, November 12, at 11:06 A. M., we received an S O S from the *Vestris*, and immediately changed our course to the southward and proceeded at utmost speed to the position given. After the S O S, attempts were made to get the true position of the *Vestris* by the use of the radio compass, but signals became so weak that we could not get bearings. We, therefore, had to rely on the position given by the *Vestris* and radio positions relayed from shore stations.

About 7:30 P. M. we arrived at one of the positions given by some shore stations, but nothing was in sight and we continued on a southerly course to the position given by the *Vestris*, which was approximately thirty miles south of the radio station's position. We reached the position given by the *Vestris* at 10:30 P. M., and immediately sighted a white light, which shortly proved to be the masthead light of another searching steamer.

From 11:08 P. M. until 2 A. M. on November 13 we searched the area where the *Vestris* was supposed to have gone down, but, not finding any wreckage in the area indicated, we decided to extend our search farther to the east and south, figuring that the drift of the current might have carried the life-boats farther east.

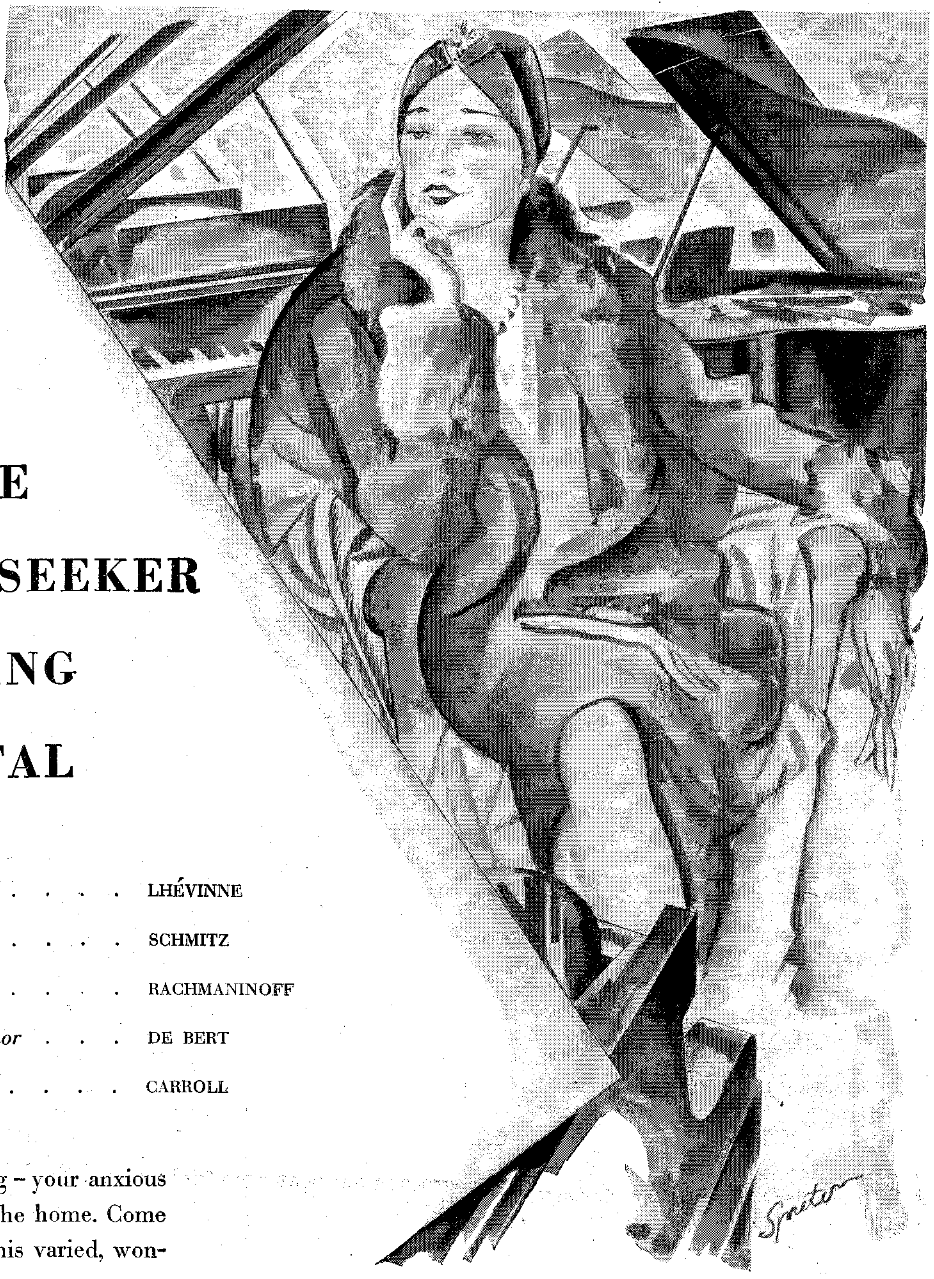
This calculation fortunately proved to be correct and, at 3:40 A. M., we saw a flare from a life-boat almost right ahead. At 4:05 A. M. we came alongside a life-boat, from which we took twenty-four survivors. When these survivors were taken aboard no other boats were in sight, but at 4:30 A. M. cries were heard, and by using our searchlight we located life-boat No. 1 of the *Vestris*, and rescued nineteen persons.

It appears that this boat had used up its flares and could not signal its position. Shortly after this boat was located another flare was seen, toward which we proceeded at full speed, and at 5:15 A. M. we arrived alongside life-boat No. 3, saving all persons on board.

From 5:30 A. M. until daybreak, about 6:30, nothing further was sighted, and then life-boats Nos. 10 and 14, and by 7:30 we had taken aboard all the persons in these boats. At this time the radio communication with other searching vessels led us to believe that all the life-boats which had got away from the *Vestris* were accounted for, so we decided to continue the search for a life-raft or for survivors in life-belts.

At 9:46 we sighted two persons in the water in life-preservers, and we lowered our No. 2 life-boat in charge of Second Officer Ohman. This boat succeeded, with considerable difficulty, in saving two persons, one of whom proved to be a woman. It appeared that both these survivors had been in the water since the *Vestris* sank, almost twenty hours previously. In carrying out this rescue it was necessary to cast adrift our own life-boat, as meantime the sea had greatly increased and there was a possibility of injury to our life-boat's crew if we attempted to get it aboard.

During the rest of the forenoon we maneuvered through the wreckage at slow speed, searching it thoroughly for additional survivors, but finding none. The battle-ship *Wyoming* and the steamship *Berlin* also took part in the search. At noon, in view of the fact that several other government vessels had arrived on the scene, and considering the large number of



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In this laboratory it was discovered that there is only one way to reproduce the sun's rays in their entirety. That is by means of the carbon arc. And in this laboratory was found the best method of providing a suitable carbon arc lamp for home use. The Eveready Sunshine Lamp is the result. In its probable effect upon the health and happiness of a nation, it is one of man's greatest inventions.

Reporting on its test of such a light as this, the U. S. Bureau of Standards stated: "Of all the artificial illuminants tested, it is the nearest approach to sunlight."

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A time-clock switch is provided, which may be set for any exposure from 1 to 30 minutes. Should you fall asleep under the soothing rays of this lamp, the current will be cut off automatically at the predetermined time, thus avoiding overexposure with possible sunburn.

There is a special glass screen or filter in front of the twin arcs. This filters out a few rays not found in natural sunshine, and at the same time completes the enclosure of the arcs.

The height of the lamp is adjustable.

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The Eveready Sunshine Lamp is beautiful in appearance, strongly built and stands firmly on a wide base. It rolls easily on ball casters.

So marvelous are the effects of this light that you may be tempted to use it in treating yourself or members of your family for illness. But the same light that is so surprisingly beneficial to the healthy person may be ineffective or even dangerous in certain forms of disease. Avoid the dangers of self-diagnosis. If you are sick, see your doctor and be guided by his advice. He may or may not use light.

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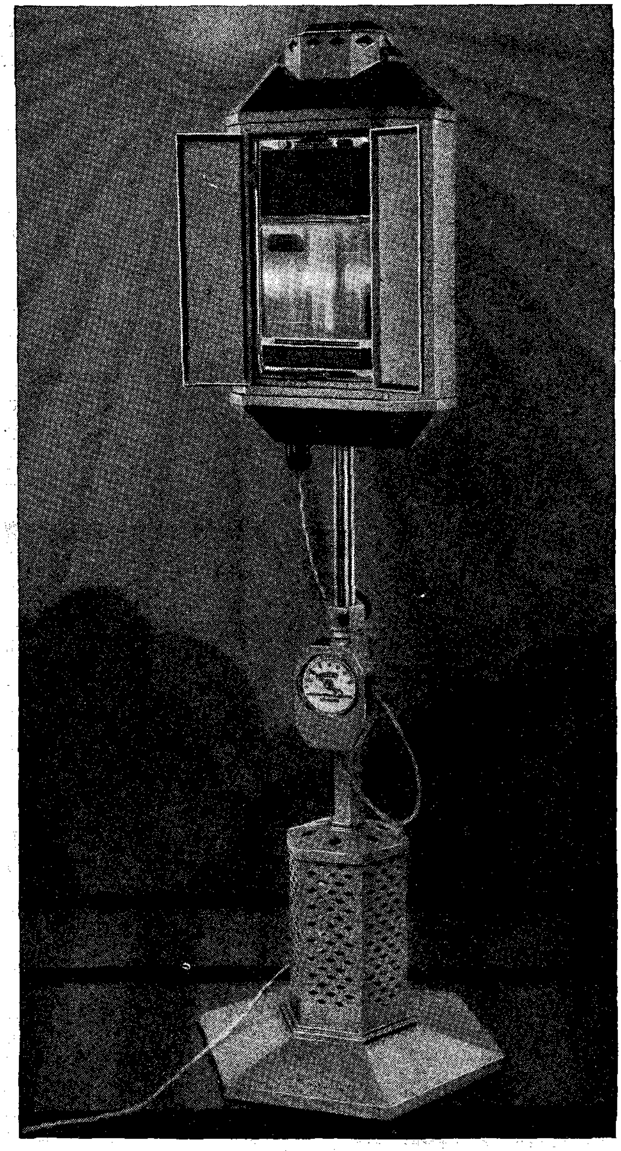

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29
30
Stormy
Rain
Change
Fair
Very Dry
28
31
27
26

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

persons we had on board, some of whom required hospital treatment, I decided to abandon the search and to proceed to New York.

Another maritime radio operator won posthumous fame, we learn, when Michael J. O'Loughlin, chief of the *Vestris* wireless staff, after sticking at his post to the very end, broadcasting appeals for help, apparently went down with the ship. It was his first voyage on the *Vestris*, to which he had just been transferred from the *Essequibo*. As the New York *Sun* relates:

> Through the long hours of Monday he sat at a crazy angle tapping out messages on the key, while the floor of the wireless room tilted upward always, until it became a wall and the wall became a floor. Bracing himself to keep from being thrown down the sloping deck, he sat for hours sending out test signals so that approaching vessels and shore stations could determine the exact position of the foundering liner. He learned, too, the exact position of the rescue ships and how long it would be before they would be standing by.
>
> It was he who sent out that first staccato message—three dots, three dashes and three dots—to which the survivors owe their lives. As the morning wore on the sea crept into the batteries; the stench of chlorin and sulfuric mingled chokingly in the little room. The batteries went dead—his apparatus refused to work any longer.
>
> He hooked up the emergency set and with a small spark coil, sent out the last few messages.
>
> "They are taking to the life-boats."

O'Loughlin, according to the New York *Evening World*, was one of the last two men to leave the sinking liner, and the loss of his life is now accepted as a practical certainty. Reading on:

> Chief Radio Man B. N. Harris of the Naval Radio Station at Hampton Roads, a veteran of sixteen years, said this:
>
> "Only a man who has been in trouble at sea can understand just what O'Loughlin accomplished. There was not a radio operator anywhere who did not realize long before the *Vestris* went down just what a magnificent stand this fellow was making. He worked under the worst conditions, and came pretty close to accomplishing the miraculous. Consider how cool and level-headed he was with everything against him! I don't know of anything like him in my experience."
>
> Time elements vary in the stations here as to when O'Loughlin first sent out the S O S signal and when he closed. But a fairly accurate estimate is that he started a few minutes after ten o'clock Monday morning and stuck to his key until water began to pour into the radio room, about 1:20 that afternoon. At no time, say the local operators, was the *Vestris* man excited or frantic. An indication of this was found in the last message he sent as recorded by the Navy at the naval operating base. Some reports had him making a somewhat heroic final, but the text shows nothing in the words themselves. The last O'Loughlin message read:
>
> "Abandoning ship. V. A."
>
> In radio shorthand "V. A." means

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simply "I have nothing more for you." Most reports recorded O'Loughlin saying, "good-by" and other forms of farewell.

The extent of the unstinted praise for O'Loughlin was revealed in gossip between local operators, as picked up by Gerald Foster, a nineteen-year-old amateur of this city. Foster recorded the following messages last night and to-day:

"BG" to "DR" about eight o'clock last night, "Ever see anything like the nerve of the *Vestris* man?" "DR" to "BM," "Never did, he had plenty." "BG" to "BM" about 8:30, "Did you pick up much on *Vestris?*" "BM" to "DR," "Great deal. Sure admire that fellow's grit, don't you?"

"DR" to "BG." "Plenty. More I think about it the more I think that fellow was superhuman. Could you have done it?" "BG" to "DR," "Damn if I know, guess we would all try, tho."

These messages were picked up at random at various times to-day:

"HX" to "AD"—"Hear anything from *Wyoming.* Not so much in newspapers this morning?" "AD" to "HX"—"Papers here say third lost. Hard luck. How would you like to be in *Vestris* room? Think that man did a swell job, if you ask me. Haven't heard much this morning." "HX" to "AD"—"Interference bad. Yes, he was swell, wonder why the newspapers don't give him a write-up. If anybody deserves, he does. See you on schedule. So long."

This message was intercepted from battle-ship *Texas* in Hampton Roads to another undisclosed man-of-war:

"How he managed to keep on the job under those conditions is a mystery to me. He must have stood on his head to send with the old wagon listing 39 degrees. More power to his memory."

The spontaneity of these messages, to which is to be noted that they were not intended for publication, is indicative of spirit among all radio operators encountered.

From naval radio officers, *The World* identified operators "AD" and "BG" as Sergt. J. A. Dula and Sergt. Bacile Voorhis, respectively, attached to the Army radio station at Fortress Monroe. The other operators are stationed at Forts Eustis, Howard, and Story.

Sergeant Voorhis further said of O'Loughlin's bravery:

"He did a far more remarkable job than the public will ever realize. It is due to his stedfastness and clear operating under the worst kind of difficulties that the rescue ships could obtain the *Vestris's* position. The best tribute I can pay him is to wish that I had some of his fortitude and courage. I don't care how brave or how strong any man is, he can borrow a little from O'Loughlin, and no mistake."

Sergeant Dula said:

"When the ship was sinking he sent just as coolly as if he had been doing it in some play. He was so cool that he threw you off your guard. It was hard to realize from him that the ship was sinking with a great many human beings on board. And when his main set went out of commission, he went on the same way with his emergency coil. I'm not saying that other operators would have eventually caved in under his ordeal, but I am telling you that there are plenty of men who would have become unavoidably panicstricken. They ought to build a monument for that man."

The loss of life was 110, according to the latest count at this writing, out of a total ship's company—passengers and crew—of

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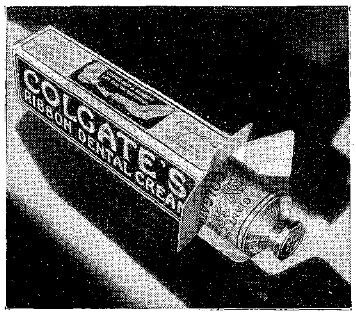

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

328. Some criticism has been voiced because of the large proportion of crew, as compared with passengers, among the rescued. The New York *Sun* remarks editorially:

> Of those aboard the *Bourgogne*, when it went down thirty years ago, only 12 per cent. of the passengers were saved, while 44 per cent. of the crew survived—to the lasting shame of most of them.
>
> When the *Titanic* sank, 62 per cent. of the passengers were rescued, while only 24 per cent. of the crew reached land.
>
> Only 44 per cent. of the passengers of the *Vestris* appear to be alive, altho 75 per cent. of the crew are alive. [This estimate is subject to slight revisal in the light of complete returns.]
>
> The best that can be said about the percentages of the *Vestris* is that they are not as horrifying as those of the *Bourgogne*.
>
> After the *Titanic* disaster it was resolved that such a horror should not happen again. To this end the United States Government stiffened the requirements for safety at sea. The number, size, and equipment of life-belts and life-rafts were ordered readjusted in a way that promised the best possible protection. The new law called for more drastic inspection. Now, after sixteen years, comes the *Vestris* tragedy.
>
> That vessel underwent its annual inspection only a few days before it sailed from Hoboken for South America. The fact that the Lamport & Holt liner flew the British flag did not relieve the United States Steamboat Inspection Service, a bureau of the Department of Commerce, from its duties and responsibilities, for no ship carrying Americans as passengers is permitted to sail from an American port unless the regulations have been complied with—or at least until the inspectors have certified that the hold, machinery, boilers, and life-saving equipment are up to the required mark. The inspectors let the *Vestris* sail. Now it is charged that the hold leaked, that the coal port was defective, that the water-tight compartments were defective, and that the life-boats leaked and depended upon apparatus which would not work.
>
> The Federal Government can not be held to blame for the possible blunders of Captain Carey, the lack of discipline aboard the *Vestris*, or the reprehensible conduct of some members of the *Vestris* crew in the face of danger. But we can clean our own house, and it should be cleaned, if the dirt is there, so thoroughly that the work will not be forgotten.

Among the passengers were two famous motor racers, Earl Devore, of Los Angeles, and Norman Batten, of Dayton, Ohio, and their wives. Both the men lost their lives, but their wives were saved by separate rescue vessels. Mrs. Batten had an especially harrowing experience, of which the New York *Herald Tribune* tells us:

> For twenty hours she had clung to a life-boat that was sometimes right-side up and at other times upside down. She had seen the number who struggled to hold on dwindle from sixty to ten, and had heard the agonized prayers of men and women, and the curses that were heaped on the

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Have improved 50% in my hand writing since using your Inkograph. —J. R. Reed. Louisville, Ky.

Wrote 18 to 22 letters and addressed that many envelopes besides other writings with one filling. —H. L. Connelly, Evanston, Ill.

Writes smoothly, like point was greased. Makes no difference what kind of paper. Fine for shipping tags. —E. A. Simms, Jersey City, N. J.

Am tickled skinny. It's a darling, can make carbon copies of orders and send original in ink to factory instead of penciled sheet. —A. Watson, Elgin, Ill.

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heads of captain and crew. She had helped to rig up an oar with rags that waved at a passing ship, but the signals were not observed.

And, at last, after holding him up for as long as she could, she had seen her husband slipping slowly away.

"The last I saw of him he was floating away face downward," she said, with a fixt look of pain that showed the picture had never left her since. "He was delirious at the end. He did not know me, and I could not say good-by to him . . . and I felt as if I could not hold on much longer. And then I sent my S O S to God, and I said if there was help coming to send it quick. And then I looked up and saw the U. S. S. *Wyoming.*"

A PAGAN INDIAN TRIBE IN THE MICHIGAN WOODS

A TALL cross of white pine, looming up in a clearing seemed to indicate that the Indians were Christians, not pagans as the visitor had heard. But the school-teacher, the only white man in the Indian settlement at Vieux Desert, Michigan, smiled at this comment. "A relic of the earlier days when the missionaries tried to get a foothold here," he said. "You can see to what uses it is now put." The approach, writes Fred E. Janette in the Detroit *News*, revealed a bundle of rags swinging in the chill winds, a parcel of women's wear hanging from an arm of the cross. "A woman died about a month ago," explained the teacher. "That is a votive offering to the spirits, and it will hang there till the weather rots it away."

Near the top of a tall whitewood pole in front of a cabin dangled another bundle of raiment.

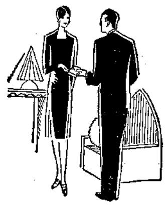
"Baby sick in there," explained a young Indian, who observed the visitor staring up at it. "Keep bad spirits away."

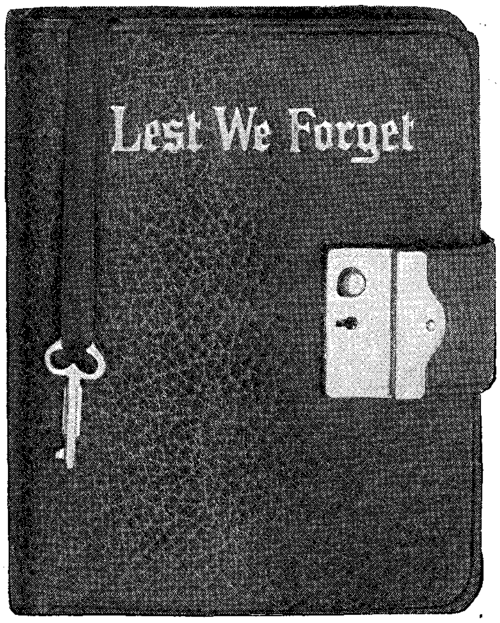
Reading on in Mr. Janette's account of these who remain persistently pagan, despite efforts to convert them to Christianity, we learn:

> They were called "the only existing tribal group of pagan Indians in the Great Lakes region," by the Rev. Fr. William Francis Gagenieur, last of the Jesuit missionaries to the aborigines. They are a loosely knit sub-tribe of the Chippewas, gathered to the number of fifty—men, women and children—in a scattered village on the northeast shore of a lake called Vieux Desert, fifty miles west of Iron River, Michigan, in an air line. But to get to it you have to go down into Wisconsin, travel up to the southerly shore of the lake, and cross three miles of water in a boat. The lake, eleven miles long, lies along the Wisconsin-Michigan boundary line. The roundabout route by motor and motor-boat is the only way to reach the village. Back of it, fifteen miles to the north, lies the Michigan town of Watersmeet, but there are no negotiable roads between.
>
> Isolated geographically, this outcast tribe lives its own life, haughtily, unregenerately independent of all but one of the civilizing influences of the times. Their only neighbors are the folks at scattered tourist resorts on the Wisconsin shore across the lake.
>
> No doctor ever visits them, no priest or

To those you love

"This priceless treasury of memories"





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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

preacher is allowed to stay within their 600 acres fronting on the water; no other Indians come among them on visits of friendship, and only one white man is welcome. He is the school-teacher, a newcomer; a young man under twenty years of age, making his first trial at pedagogy in an environment probably as strange and as unpromising as that of any teacher anywhere in a country supposed to be civilized. Joseph Masko, of Ashland, Wisconsin, applied to the school board at Watersmeet last winter for a school, and was sent to the Indian village on Lac Vieux Desert.

"I don't know how it was managed," he said, "but perhaps the old-time prejudices and traditions are breaking down. I can see no improvement in the Indians' ideas, tho, except their new toleration for the school. They are whole-hearted in that. They helped build the schoolhouse, and they make the children attend."

"The Indian," Father Gagenieur had said, "is an individualist. Centuries of contact with the white man have not changed the basic mental attitude of conservatism that from the beginning has been the problem of the missionary. And the most extreme case I have encountered in my long life among them is that of these Indians of the Lac Vieux Desert.

"These Indians are an offshoot group of the tribes domiciled forty years ago, and yet domiciled, as God-fearing Christian Indians, in the region of L'Anse, on Lake Superior. Forty years ago some fifty families rebelled against the teachings of the missionaries, insisting upon the undisturbed practise of their pagan tribal ceremonies, and finally trekked away to the south. They gathered along the shore of the lake on the Wisconsin border, and later the Government granted them right to the lands they occupy. Missionary workers for many years tried to gain a foothold among them, but were repulsed. I have never given them up, but I fear that I shall not live to see them converted."

This last of the Jesuit missionaries to the reds is now seventy-two years old, and his journeyings to the wilderness settlements from his station at Sault Ste. Marie are, perforce, now limited.

The young school-teacher was of great help to the writer during his visit to these Indians. We read on:

> It was only when Mr. Masko commanded that the elders would condescend to speak English. Otherwise they jabbered among themselves in their native tongue.
>
> Questions about the cross, the votive offerings, the skeleton framework of a ceremonial "house," made of poles and covered, during the ceremony, with boughs, about the council house, the schoolhouse, and the burial-ground, brought brief and reluctant explanation of the tribal customs and practises of these dwellers by the lake.
>
> The ceremonial house shaped like the cover of an old-fashioned prairie schooner, is where the medicine man, John Peet—his tribal name is "White Eagle"—conducts the corn dance and other festival

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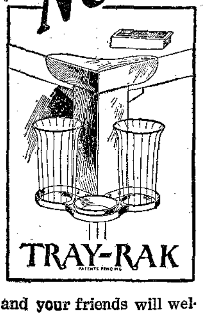

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ceremonies in springtime. Just now the "house" is bare bones, that is, woven poles. Within could be observed a trodden oval patch where circling feet had worn away the sod.

The council house is octagonal in form, built of perpendicular slabs and roofed with boards. It is big enough to hold the whole population, dogs included, when there is a dance or a wedding ceremony.

"Marriages are performed by the chief," said Mr. Masko. "A young fellow and a girl tell him they want to marry. He sets an older man to watch them for two weeks. If the report is favorable—I don't know myself what facts gain his favor—he stands before them in the council house and proclaims them man and wife. Then they all dance. That is all there is to it."

A young buck who was listening broke in.

"Jake Waabeesh, he went away and got married by a judge."

"That is the only case I have heard of, when a member married outside the tribe," said the teacher.

Masko set three broken arms last winter, all children. Little Mary Akley, eight years old, broke her arm sliding down-hill on a sled made of bark.

"The nearest doctor wanted $75 to make the trip in here, besides pay for the operation," said he. "So I had to do it. The arm knitted well, and the other operations were successful, too. There was one case of quinsy and badly swollen throat. I swabbed the throat with iodin from my first-aid kit, and the child got well. They are seldom sick."

Old Chief Silver Scott got in the way of a log train a year ago, we are told, and came off with three broken ribs. And this was the outcome:

He had no doctor, wouldn't have one. Other tribesmen massaged him and he got well. He is the present chief of the clan.

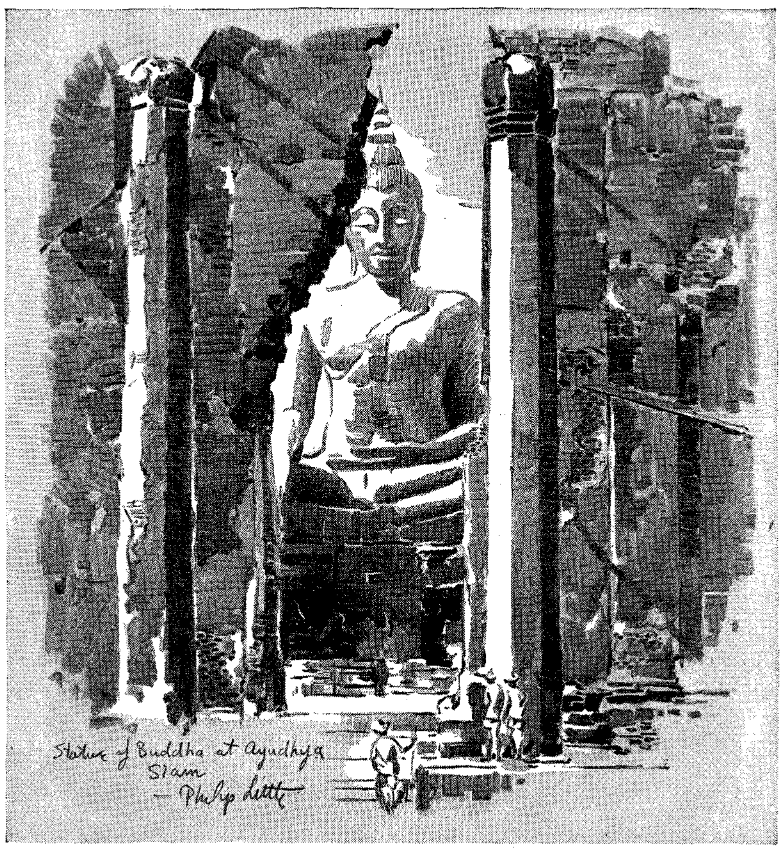
When a member of the tribe dies he is buried on a little hill in the center of the settlement, under the maples and elms and poplars. The grave is covered with a little house. This little house has a hole in the front end, and into this hole you will find stuffed, if the occupant of the grave is a man, an old pipe, an old boot and similar belonging of his; if a woman, a lot of feminine apparel—all votive offerings to the spirits.

While the visitor was viewing the cemetery a horde of youngsters clambered over the miniature huts of the graves, whooping and yelling. They are full of play. The only plaything observed, aside from mongrel pups, was a device of native manufacture, the round top of a tin can nailed to a stick, which every other child wheeled about with him wherever he went.

The school-teacher lives in a one-room addition to the schoolhouse. His furnishings are a cook-stove, a trunk, a table, and a chair. All is neat and clean here and in the schoolroom, which is whitewashed and has the regulation seats and desks of a country school. Some of the specimens of lesson work on the walls were strikingly good.

The native cabins are generally one-room affairs, densely populated and scantily furnished. Some of them appear to be cleanly kept.

The men of the village work their own acres, and in the lumber camps near by—when they are not hunting or fishing or just loafing.


Statue of Buddha at Ayudhya Siam
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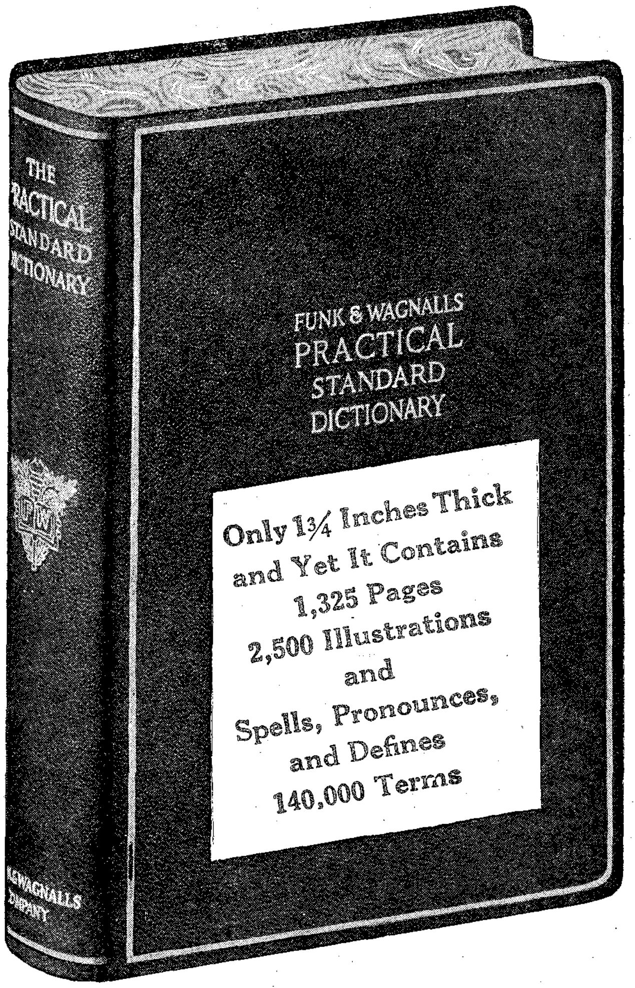
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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

RUBBER UNRESTRICTED

There was removed last month "one important source of friction between the London and Washington Governments," when the British rubber control was discontinued, remarks Ludwell Denny, writer for Scripps-Howard newspapers. Other press writers find much to say about the lessons of the failure of the Stevenson Act, which restricted rubber exports, and predict lower prices for consumers in the United States, the greatest rubber-using country. It seems clear enough to the Manchester *Union*, for instance, "that government interference with the economic working of the rubber industry has proved a mistake," and the failure, in the Brooklyn *Eagle's* opinion, "should warn Britain and every other Government against similar future experiments." Several newspapers declare themselves in agreement with Frank Henderson, President of the New York Rubber Exchange, when he says that "no nation can succeed permanently in raising the price of a basic commodity unless such nation definitely controls the commodity." It is evident to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, that "nothing has proved so completely as the British rubber fiasco that monopoly can not always survive in this day and age of inventiveness and ambitious industry." After all, reflects the Dallas *News*, the Stevenson Act has really been of decided benefit to the world:

> It not only put the Dutch producers on par with the British and thereby stimulated open competition, but it turned the ingenuity of scientists to developing rubber from adaptable plants in other parts of the world and to producing adequate substitutes for pure rubber. In both directions progress has gone so far that the world can be reasonably sure of being free of dependence for its rubber supply on one-quarter of the globe.

The Stevenson scheme was "perhaps the most ambitious scheme ever undertaken by a government to arbitrarily fix the price of a world commodity in time of peace," and it "has ended in a confession of failure," says the Nashville *Tennessean*, which recalls that:

> When the original scheme became effective on November 1, 1922, the Malayan possessions of Great Britain enjoyed almost a monopoly in the production of crude rubber. This plan sought to limit exports so that the price of rubber in London would be stabilized between 25 and 31 cents a pound. It was proposed to set up in the colonies machinery to limit the exports, quarter by quarter, of a percentage of the standard production according to the average price in London for the preceding quarter. Subsequently the pivotal price was raised to 42 cents a pound.
>
> This scheme not only stimulated the production of rubber elsewhere, but it has transferred the center of the world's rubber control from London to New York City. There were several causes that contributed to the failure of the plan. When the price became almost prohibitive the manufacturers of America began to reclaim old rubber and to practise drastic economies. The Dutch growers refused to cooperate in the British restriction scheme, and capitalists opened up new rubber-producing areas. As a result of all this, Great Britain's production of rubber has fallen from 72 per cent. of the world's total to less than 50 per cent. The production of non-British estates has increased from 134,000 tons in 1922 to 308,000 tons in 1927. Whereas six years ago only one ton in five was reclaimed now one ton in every two is reclaimed.

"What chiefly forced abandonment of the restriction scheme?" This question the Boston *News Bureau* answers as follows:

> True, considerable credit must be given American manufacturers for their campaign to reduce waste and to encourage the use of reclaimed rubber, but were there these efforts alone, the British dictatorship would have continued unimprest, as it had been unimprest with American official protests and propaganda.
>
> The really effective argument was provided by the growing output of the Dutch East Indies. To their success in the rubber-producing field America owes considerable thanks. The reason for Britain's abdication is more easily understood when it is recalled that whereas in 1922 Malaya and Ceylon supplied 70 per cent. of the world's rubber supplies, Dutch growers then were furnishing much less than 25 per cent. To-day, however, the Dutch are supplying 40 per cent. of the world's demands, (incidentally, America consumes between 70 per cent. and 80 per cent. of the world total) and Britain's possessions are marketing less than half of the total.
>
> Despite frequent efforts by the British Colonial Office to interest the Dutch in some sort of a pooling arrangement, that together they might control the world's supply, the Dutch held aloof. They stedfastly refused to combine with the British, thus assuring for the future a rubber market with prices more in line with the natural conditions that should prevail, namely, the time-honored law of supply and demand.
>
> The net outcome of the whole rubber episode has been a somewhat involuntary reversion by the British to a traditional principle of *laissez-faire*, or non-intervention artificially by government. It had been abandoned for a while for what seemed to be strong reasons of expediency or even exigency. But eventually it was recognized—like other adventures by governments in valorization or other artificial influencing of commodity markets—to have been a mistake.
>
> Readjustment was painful enough all round, including the inventory losses which large American consumers had to take. Among to-day beneficiaries may be cited the rank and file of American autoists, now getting their tires at record low prices—for ever better tires.

There was practically no change of price when the restriction went off the first of November because the market had discounted it earlier in the year when the British Government's intentions were made public, notes the Alexander Hamilton Institute's *Business Conditions Weekly*, the price having dropt from 41 cents per pound in January to 17½ cents in April, and having been stabilized around 18 or 19 cents ever since. The impression exists among rubber men that prices can be counted on to remain at a comparatively low level, which, according to J. C. Royle of the Consolidated Press, "explains in some part the announcement of a cut in tire prices by all the principal manufacturers, which ranges from 2½ to 5 per cent. on first grades and 17½ to 20 per cent. on second grades." This financial writer expects a record consumption of rubber in this country next year. There may be some voluntary restriction to keep prices up, or there may be a price war between British and Dutch producers. At any rate, the producers "know that America will need nearly 500,000 tons of rubber in the next year, and that despite the starting of plantations by Americans on their own account, the manufacturers must come to the foreign grower for most of it."

But a careful analysis of the rubber market, according to a market letter of the F. R. Henderson Corporation, rubber specialists, "brings one back to the same conclusion—that a definite upward trend in rubber is justified by all the contributing factors." This conclusion seems to be based on the rapidly decreasing stocks of rubber and the increasing demand in this country.

Whatever the effect on prices, the Washington *Post* believes that British rubber-growers are not likely ever to recover fully from the effect of the Stevenson plan:

> Abandonment of the restriction act in a way constitutes a double victory for the American manufacturer and consumer, for not only will the United States be able to buy British colonial rubber on a fair commercial basis from this time forward, but it will be able, within a few years, to supply so much of its own rubber that any similar attempt in the future would be ineffective.
>
> The current *Review of Reviews* points out that in Liberia the Firestone Company already has planted much of the 100,000

acres leased from the Government in 1926. In Brazil Henry Ford is creating the world's greatest rubber farm, of more than 4,500,000 acres, upon which planting soon will begin. The United States Rubber Company has increased its holdings in the Dutch East Indies and Malaya to 135,000 acres, of which 87,000 are planted, and the Goodyear Company now controls 50,000 acres in Sumatra. These companies, the article points out, will be in a position, when their holdings are fully developed, to supply the total rubber needs of the United States.

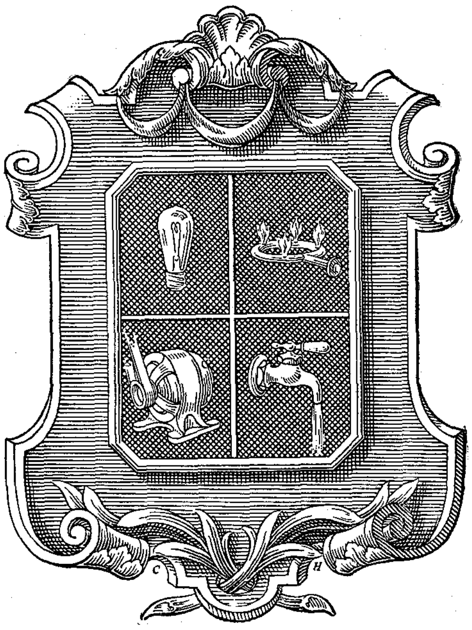
HOW EMPLOYEE STOCK OWNERSHIP IS WORKING OUT

EMPLOYEE stock ownership of the sort noticed on page 14 has now been tried long enough in this country and on a sufficiently large scale to give us some idea of the results. It is evident to *The Index*, published by the New York Trust Company, that the plan is no heaven-born panacea. While the movement has spread, there have also been a number of withdrawals. In the opinion of *The Index*, "the experience of those company plans which have failed as well as of those which have succeeded indicates that this form of stock ownership must be safeguarded within certain definite limits." In a recent study the National Industrial Conference Board found that 315 representative American corporations—as contrasted with 60 in 1915—have employee stock ownership plans to which approximately a third of their 2,736,000 employees have subscribed; "the amount of stock so owned was considerably over a billion dollars, and the average holding per employee was approximately $1,300." Professor Willard C. Fisher is quoted as saying in an article in *The Journal of the International Electrical Workers and Operators* "that from an investment standpoint employee stock ownership must inevitably violate one of the accepted canons of sound security holding":

> The investor can not practise diversification; his savings are placed entirely in the stock of the company for which he works—and these stocks are common stocks twice as often as they are preferred. In the absence of repurchase agreements or other special arrangements made by the corporation, therefore, a temporary market depression in the price of the common stock may frighten him into selling and thus seriously reduce the savings which he had accumulated over a period of years.

In the words of the former Professor of Economics at Wesleyan and New York University, the promoted purchase of stocks by employees "is not at all investment, but speculation, and speculation of an extremely venturesome sort. Distinctions are made, of course, but taken altogether, the purchases must be characterized as speculation."

Recently both the National Biscuit Company and the F. W. Woolworth Company abandoned their stock ownership plans because of speculative activity in their respective common stocks, we read in *The*



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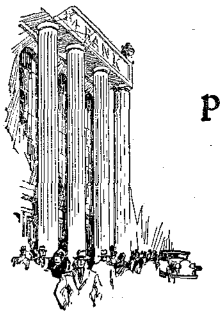

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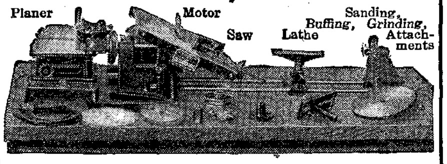

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

Index; "there are a number of other companies, also, which have failed to find their employee stock ownership plans of any particular benefit." But "these decisions represent the exception, and not the trend," and efforts are being made to eliminate unsatisfactory features. Three methods are now being generally followed in the sale of stocks to employees:

> The company will buy it upon the employee's order in the open market and deduct the payment for it in instalments from his wages or salary. A second and more common policy is that of offering the stock to employees at a price which is considerably below the current market price, thus reducing the psychological effects of price fluctuations. A third policy encourages the continued holding of the stock by offering employee stockholders, in addition to the regular dividends, a special reward or bonus, which frequently increases from year to year. In a few instances the corporation has safeguarded its employees against loss by guaranteeing the repurchase of securities at the subscription price.

There have been very large gains in stocks purchased under some of the older plans, and in a number of cases there have been considerable losses. The writer in *The Index* would have us realize that "most of the stock ownership plans have been developed in the past few years, in a period of rising stock prices; industrial stocks at the close of 1927 were three times as high as in the depression year of 1921." In this connection the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics is quoted as saying:

> One of the important factors in the success or failure of a plan of stock participation is the influence of the stock market. Thus, while in some instances employees have kept their holdings in spite of their greatly increased value, most of the companies have had the experience of having their employees sell and take profits as the price of the stock advanced. When, on the other hand, the price of stock goes down the companies may feel forced to repurchase it, for if they fail to do so the good-will gained through the plan will be lost.

On the one hand the employee "has the advantage of making an investment on unusually easy terms and securing a comparatively high yield," and on the other it is clear that "stock ownership is not the most certain of investments, and the effects of a decline in the value of the employee's investment are not beneficial to either the employee or the corporation." This is why the National Industrial Conference Board says the employee "should not be encouraged to invest in company stock unless he is adequately protected against adverse fluctuations in its price." To continue the discussion in *The Index:*

> The factor of participation in ownership has probably been greatly overemphasized as an inducement toward the purchase of

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stock by employees. While the number of employees owning stock in their company is fairly large, the amount of stock owned is small. In an analysis of twenty leading companies with employee stock ownership plans, the National Industrial Conference Board found that the total stocks owned under these plans was only 4.26 per cent. of the stock outstanding. This is so slight as to make the employee's influence negligible even if he had any intention of exerting it. The time when this employee stock holding will represent a controlling interest in the business seems to be fairly remote.

Nevertheless, there is a definite psychological value in the sense of participation inherent in the idea of stock ownership. It is for that very reason, probably, that employee stock ownership has not met with favor from the labor unions, because it helps to destroy the distinction between capital and labor, and thus would leave the labor movement without a cause. It is a trend, in other words, toward the creation of one group of stockholders in which both capital and labor will be merged.

Certainly this sense of mutual interest has been one of the inducements to corporations to offer stock to their employees. It is believed that the loyalty of the worker will be enhanced thereby. He will be more concerned with the prosperity of his company and will be given a new incentive to remain with it. The companies have also been influenced by the fact that here is an investment market which can not be disregarded.

Employee stock ownership represents a method of reducing labor turn-over and increasing capital, and with many companies these two objectives have been very satisfactorily realized.

The extension of employee stock ownership will depend upon the security with which the corporation is able to surround the investment, appealing to the many who merely want a place to put their money, and not to the few who are interested in obtaining a voice in industrial affairs.

HOW TO LOSE MONEY IN A BULL MARKET

EVEN when everything is going up in Wall Street, it is quite possible for a speculator to lose. A financial authority quoted recently in these pages ventured the opinion that more people have lost money during these five years' bull market than have made money. In other words, a bull market isn't fool-proof. "Any experienced broker could describe many ways of losing money," remarks the editor of *Barron's Weekly*, whose further comment is interesting in view of the enormous public participation in stock speculation at present. To quote:

> A favorite method is to buy a little stock at first, and a little more, if the price goes down. As the broker says, why not buy all of it at the low price? Another way is the failure to cut a loss quickly, with the result of establishing an impossible position. But one of the most expensive ways arises out of the mental inability to sell out a pyramided position when the market is strong. To the speculator who will not get outside himself and take a detached view, it looks as if the rise could never stop.
>
> Not much logic enters into stock speculation, but sound reasoning is possible. You have a position in the market showing large paper profits. Ask yourself honestly

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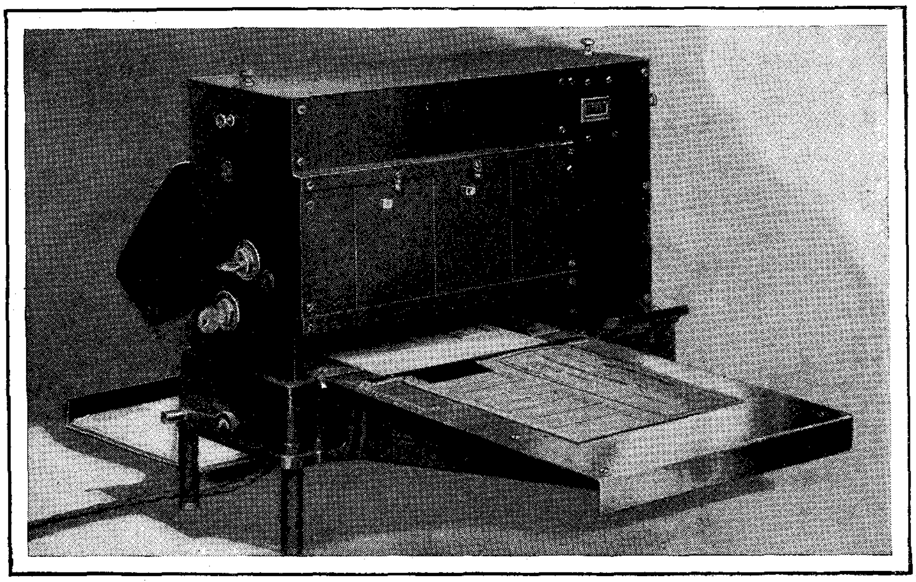

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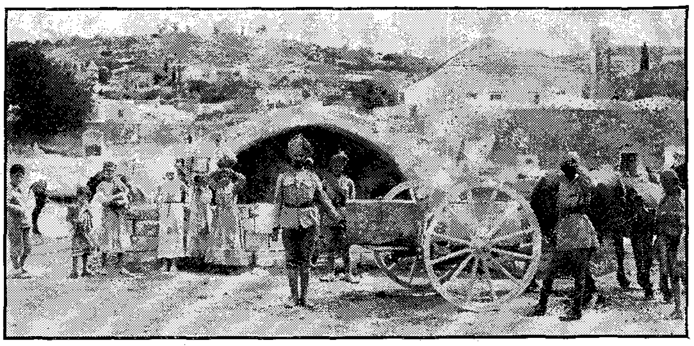

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

if you would buy more stock at present prices. If you can not answer yes, then why not sell what you have? If the market is too high for the purchase so far as you are concerned, it is telling you as loudly as it can that you should take profits. Nobody ever got the last eighth except by an accident. Low and high points can be approximated only so far as the individual trader is concerned. It often happens that a decline is over when the brokerage offices are empty, while there is always too much company at the top. What is often forgotten, until it is too late, is that a decline in the market of twenty points can, and usually does, wipe out the profits of an advance of sixty points. The reason for this is that the trader gets in and out during the advance, but is always found with his largest holding at the top. He is exactly like the rest of the market in the respect that he has become vulnerable, because overextended. A military commander likes to advance on a comparatively narrow and manageable front, with his flanks well protected. The wider his front, the more his vulnerable points multiply for exactly the reasoning which says that a chain is as strong as its weakest link.

It follows that when only 50 per cent. or even less of the potentially active stocks are attracting speculators the technical position is far safer than when 75 per cent. of such stocks are finding customers and the ticker is half an hour behind the market.

A TRADE ITS OWN LAW MAKER

A NOTABLE conference has just been held by the grocery trade—notable, according to a weekly bulletin sent out by the accounting firm of Ernst & Ernst, "because it is an example of how a trade, harassed by its internal competition, may undertake the formulation of its own 'law merchant,' obtain government sanction, and avoid the interferences of clumsy public laws." The writer reminds us that this is one way to attain an end which is sometimes sought after by the laws against price-fixing and by the activities of the Federal Trade Commission. Of the grocery-trade conference we read further:

> It was unusual because it represented more divergent interests than any previous trade-practise conference—foodstuff manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers. Each of these three groups was split within itself, as, for example, the independent retailers vs. the chain-stores. Yet the trade was able to agree on an advanced code of "fair" practises.
>
> Here are some of the significant resolutions: Terms of sale shall be open and strictly adhered to. Secret rebates or secret allowances of any kind are unfair methods of business. Price discrimination that is uneconomic or unjustly discriminatory is an unfair method of business. (This is a mild declaration, yet it is considered a step in the direction of abolition of price discrimination.) "Free deals" are frowned upon. Commercial bribery, even with the consent of the employer, is condemned. There are many other declarations, some applying only to the grocery trade, some suggesting models for other lines of business.

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

November 15.—Premier Poincaré's new Government of Republican Concord receives a vote of confidence in the Chamber of Deputies, 330 to 129. The Premier announces that settlement of reparations and war debts is the chief responsibility of the new Government.

The Grand Council of the Nationalist Fascist party is placed on a constitutional basis as the supreme organ of State by an almost unanimous vote of the Italian Senate. Premier Mussolini announces that the rights of the crown will not be jeopardized by the Grand Council.

The outflow of lava from Mount Etna practically subsides, after destroying almost 10,000 acres and making 7,000 people homeless.

November 16.—Twelve million Chinese in nine provinces are living under famine conditions, announces the International Famine Relief Commission, meeting in Tientsin.

November 19.—Addressing the Reichstag, Foreign Minister Stresemann says that Germany will not accept an offer to evacuate the Rhineland at the cost of extending Allied supervision or control over the Rhineland after 1935, the statutory period provided by the Treaty of Versailles.

DOMESTIC

November 14.—Revised figures show that of the 326 persons aboard the S. S. *Vestris*, 213 were rescued and 113 drowned.

November 16.—In addressing the National Grange convention, President Coolidge advocates an extension of the cooperative-marketing system, strengthened by additional Federal support, and an administrative board as a solution of the farm problem.

November 18.—Floods in the river basins of eastern Kansas and western Missouri cause the death of nine people and tremendous property damage.

A national committee of seventy prominent persons interested in education from twenty-five States is organized in Washington to combat propaganda in American schools in behalf of "special interests, groups and causes."

November 19.—President-elect Hoover leaves San Pedro, California, on his good-will visit to Latin America.

The United States Supreme Court upholds the New York law aimed at the Ku Klux Klan, and requiring all oath-bound secret associations to file with the Secretary of State full information as to their nature and membership.

November 20.—Col. Robert W. Stewart, Chairman of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, is acquitted in the District Supreme Court at Washington of a charge of perjury in his testimony before the Senate Public Lands Committee concerning the bonds of the Continental Trading Company of Canada.

Bright in Snatches?—"I never worry about my husband paying attention to other women—he's crazy about me."

"But perhaps he has lucid intervals."—*Tit-Bits.*

The new Bissell is what Mother needs

It Sweeps Every Surface
with Magic Ease!
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The "Hi-Lo" brush control is the secret

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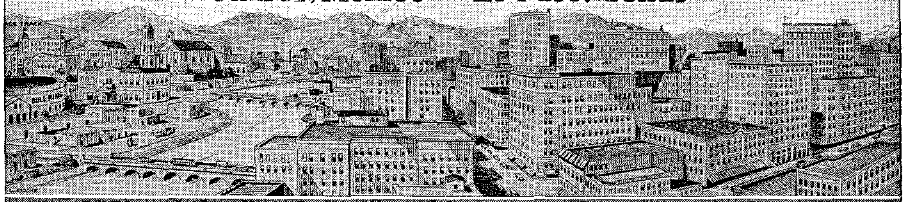

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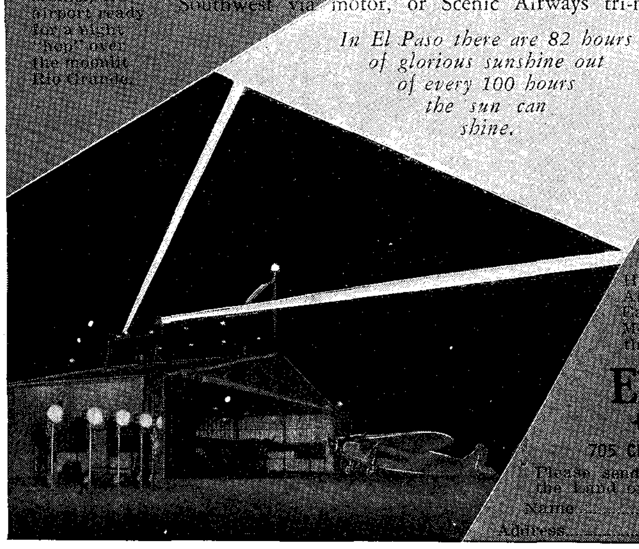

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Henry L. Mencken, editor of American Mercury, says: "If the East knew about Juarez, Old Mexico, nobody would stay in the East except to do business."

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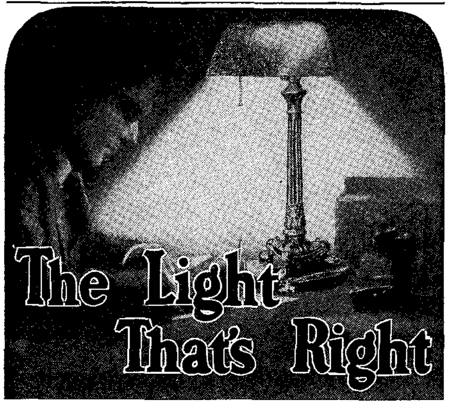

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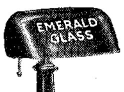

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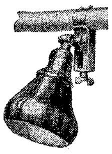

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Sex Equality.—24 thoroughbred white leghorn hens; and 2 roosters; just beginning to lay.—*Ad in the Nashville Tennessean.*

Fifty Per Cent. Seer.—Did you hear about the one-eyed Scotchman who demanded a half-price ticket to the movie?—*Pointer.*

Pain in the Fender?—The automobile in which she was riding with her husband suffered a severe shock and minor bruises.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Chooses His Own Time.—MAGISTRATE—"Is your husband a temperate man?"

WOMAN—"Yes, but only when he's sober."—*Boston Transcript.*

Fifteen Minutes for Breakfast.—The 5-cent air mail stamps have on them a picture of an airplane passing a radio bacon station.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Emulating the Girls.—

STREET DEPARTMENT IS
BUSY CLEARING LIMBS
—*Chico (Cal.) paper.*

O. K. as Is.—FAIR YOUNG REAL ESTATE AGENT—"Could I interest you in Culver City?"

SUSCEPTIBLE—"Lady, you could interest me anywhere."—*Wampus.*

Bricks Always Win.—

PRE-ELECTION RIOT
INJURES THIRTEEN EGGS,
BRICKS USED
—*Head-lines in Toronto Star.*

Swapping Masks.—"Yep, I had a beard like yours once, and when I realized how it made me look, I cut it off."

"Well, I had a face like yours once, and when I realized that I couldn't cut it off, I grew this beard."—*Frivol.*

Smart Dog.—George Simons of 1412 East Street complained to the police to-day that a dog killed 20 chickens last night.

Home made chicken pie supper $1. First Cong. Church, Tues. 6 P. M.—advt. —*New Britain (Conn.) paper.*

Dauntless Ambition.—FATHER—"Now I'm giving you a good job in my mill. I want you to work your way up."

SON—"But, father, there's no future in it. I want to work in some place where I can marry the owner's daughter."—*Life.*

Mass Production Vindicated.—Mixed in the throng along the roads are hundreds of automobiles, filled with curious sightseers, including many English and American tourists and also herds of cattle and goats.—*Taormina (Sicily) dispatch in a Regina (Canada) paper.*

And No Cover Charge!—The Apple Restaurant opened last Monday. The menu consisted of roast beef, boiled ham and chicken; potatoes, cabbage, beans, corn, and sweet potatoes; pies and cake, coffee and milk. It was the general remark of one and all that for the sum of 20 cents they never ate a better dinner.—*"Fifty Years Ago," in the Salem (Ind.) Democrat.*

Somebody Blundered.—Wanted—Good Home for young male dog, almost an Airedale.—*Ad in a Southport (Conn.) paper.*

Bumper Crop.—BARBER—"Is there any particular way you'd like your hair cut?"

FRESHMAN — "Yeah. Off." — *Cornell Widow.*

"Grand" Is the Word.—Thirty automobiles bearing Col. James W. Byrnes, the grand marshal of the parade.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Doing Their Stuff.—High compliment was paid to Mr. Stevens and his sinners for their splendid ensemble work.—*Butte Montana Standard.*

All Wet.—A Russian was having trouble in translating "Coming Thro' the Rye."

"We have no rye," he explained, "only vodka."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Tit For Tat.—

MAN KILLED AS HE
STRIKES AUTOMOBILE
—*Birmingham (Mich.) paper.*

Monotonous Life.—OLD GENTLEMAN—"I see that in London a man is run over every half-hour."

OLD LADY—"Poor fellow!"—*London Punch.*

Fair Exchange.—Lady who got my trousers by mistake, both myself and yours, please call or return same and get your hemstitching. — *Ad in the Arkansas Democrat.*

Grateful Victim. — WIFE (showing husband expensive fur coat)—"One really can't help but feel sorry for the poor thing that was skinned for this."

HUSBAND—"I appreciate your sympathy."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Training for Speed.—At the Lincoln County picnic at Vineland, the rolling-pin throwing contest was won by Mrs. W. H. Upsall, who threw the rolling-pin sixty-seven feet. Mr. Upsall won the 100-yard dash for married men.—*English paper.*

'Rah for the Muzzle.—WILLIE—"Did Mr. Edison make the first talking machine, pa?"

PA—"No, my son. God made the first talking machine, but Edison made the first one that could be shut off."—*Bell Telephone News.*

Wisdom of the Humble.—

KIWANIANS TO HEAR
MUSKRAT TALK TO-DAY
—*Great Falls Tribune.*

FLY TO TALK TO HOOVER
—*New York World.*

New Queen of the May.—

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear."
That was often said to mothers by the girls of yesteryear;
But the girls now tell their maters, as they start out for a spin,
"You must wake up early, mother, someone's got to let me in."—*Judge.*